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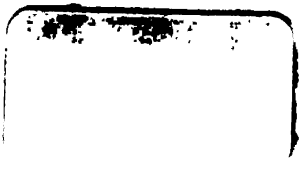

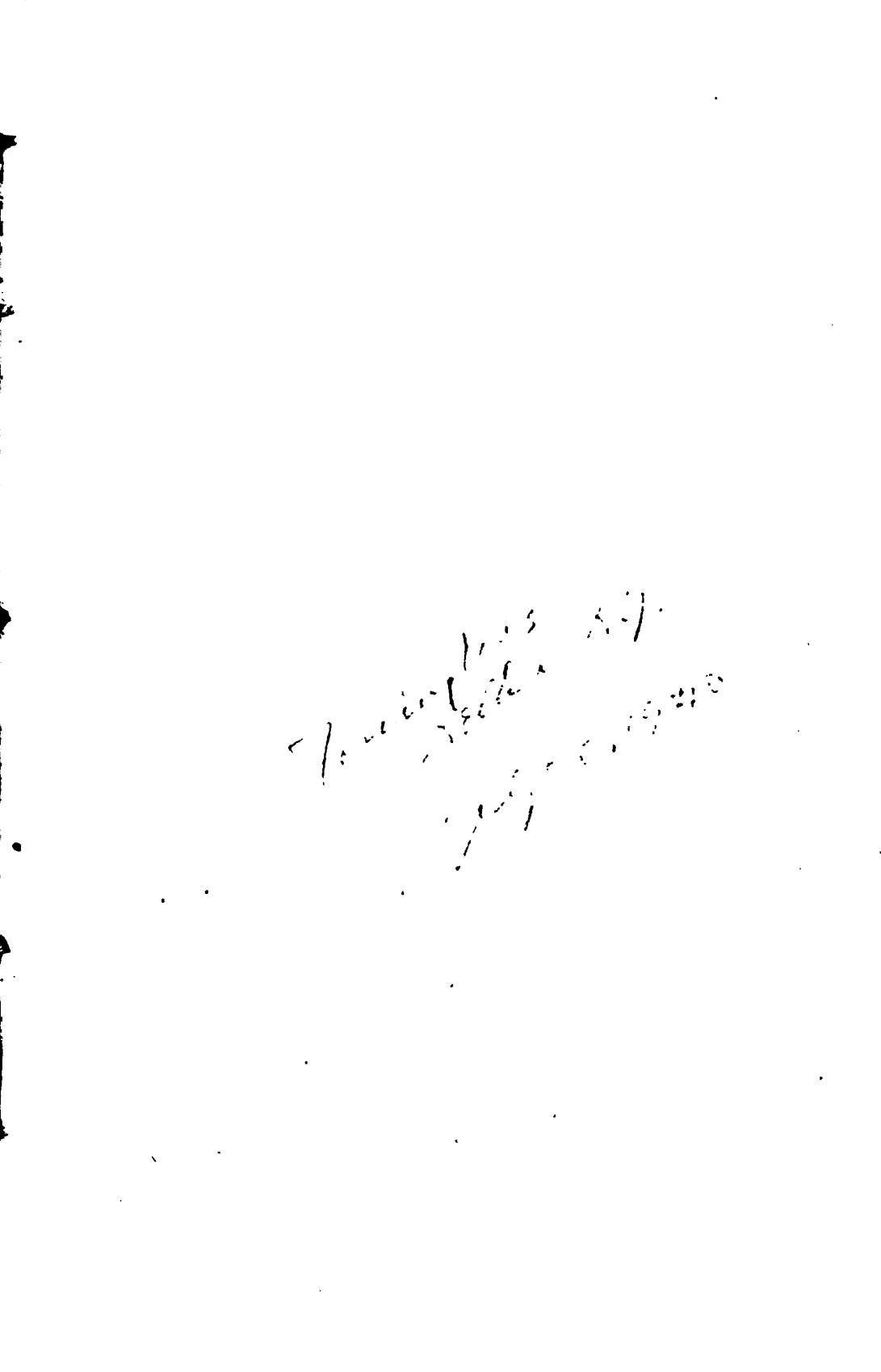

TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE AND THE EAST.

BY

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D. & P.

"(*Patriam*) *absens, absentem, auditque videtque.*"—VIRG.

TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE AND THE EAST,

EMBRACING OBSERVATIONS

MADE DURING A TOUR THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, FRANCE, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, PRUSSIA, SAXONY, BOHEMIA, AUSTRIA, BAVARIA, SWITZERLAND, LOMBARDY, TUSCANY, THE PAPAL STATES, THE NEAPOLITAN DOMINIONS, MALTA, THE ISLANDS OF THE ARCHIPELAGO, GREECE, EGYPT, ASIA MINOR, TURKEY, MOLDAVIA, WALLACHIA, AND HUNGARY,

IN THE YEARS 1834, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39, '40, AND '41.

BY

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW-YORK, AND PROFESSOR OF SURGERY, &c., &c.

NEW-YORK:

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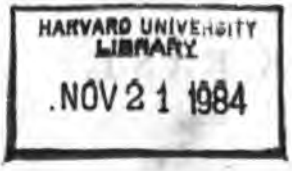

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PREFACE.

In reflecting upon a suitable subject for an introductory lecture, after accepting of the Professorship of Surgery in the University of this city, with which I was honoured before my return from abroad, I knew of nothing that seemed more appropriate than a summary of the general observations which I had made on the progress and condition of medicine and surgery in the different countries I had visited during my six years' absence.

I found, however, that, to do justice to the theme I had proposed, it expanded to such volume on matters of miscellaneous interest to the general reader as well as on those strictly professional, that it might more properly assume the form of a book of travels.

In Great Britain, France, Germany, and Switzerland, it will be perceived that I have studiously avoided touching upon those tedious and trite subjects which have been completely worn threadbare by guide-books and tourists, and become repugnant and insipid by their repetition. My attention has been confined, in those countries named, almost exclusively to subjects of more special and piquant interest in my own profession. Instead of dilating on castles and cathedrals, palaces and parliaments, crowns and coronets, chateaus and courtiers,

peers and princes, the military or commercial power, and statistical condition of this or that people, I have selected a theme which more deeply interests the welfare of the whole human race, and appeals more directly to all the sympathies and charities of the heart than anything which is purely political, or which relates merely to that artificial state of society which constitutes the difference between one nation, or form of government, and another.

The *healing* art is one which concerns alike the whole human family; and wherever I have travelled I have endeavoured to study the masses of population in all those physical and social relations, habits, and customs, mental and corporeal pursuits, localities and climates, which might seem to me to suggest anything curious or useful, in illustrating the progress and present condition of the most useful of sciences, that which may remove or relieve human suffering, and add to the general amount of human happiness in every part of the earth.

While, therefore, the first third of this book, under the heads of Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, will be found to embrace almost exclusively matters seldom dwelt upon by tourists, and that relate to medical science and to details of interviews with some of the more extraordinary individuals of my profession, and visits to the more celebrated hospitals and medical schools; it will be perceived that, as we advance into the more ancient countries of Southern Europe and the East, the degraded

condition of medicine there, and the consequent prevalence of various endemial and epidemic diseases which have thereby become almost hereditary among those enslaved nations, furnish again occasion to revert to the prouder epochs of their history in bygone ages, and which are vividly recalled to us in the magnificent and classic ruins which they have left as monuments of the elevated intellectual and social rank which they once had reached.

In the greater and concluding portion of this volume, therefore, which comprises Italy, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Turkey, it will be found that professional subjects necessarily occupy but a very limited space, and that we have consequently dwelt upon those objects in that part of the world which so intensely absorb and captivate all who make a pilgrimage thither to mourn over the ruins of a land that was once adorned by the most powerful and polished nations that ever existed.

At every step some vast edifice, some shattered column or mouldering temple, some pointed obelisk or towering pyramid, furnishes a theme for fruitful meditation, and admonishes us of the transitory duration of human glory. They foretel that the same sceptre of power and of civilization which has passed from the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, from Cambyses and Xerxes, and Alexander and Titus, and the Cæsars and the Caliphs—which descended successively to the Egyptian, the Mede, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman, and the Saracen, ultimately into the possession of Northern and Western Europe—will, in all probability, continue its onward

course to this other and American hemisphere, to whom, next to Western Europe, seems to be assigned the destiny to become the inheritors of the unextinguished and unextinguishable and Divine light of mental and of moral culture, but which may again depart from us to be revived once more in that benighted Eastern Asia, which was, perhaps, the first cradle of its existence.

When I left my country, the impaired state of my health too much occupied me to suppose that I should ever have it in my power to undergo the perils and fatigues, the severe personal sufferings, in fact, from climate, want of food, and every comfort, which I found myself, as I advanced in my travels, more and more capable of enduring. My nerves became strengthened and hardened, in truth, by these privations; and to this, therefore, am I indebted for being enabled now to present some of the fruits of the trials and dangers which I cheerfully and voluntarily submitted to, and which I hope may not prove unacceptable to my countrymen.

The following observations, which comprise the exordium of the introductory lecture to which I have alluded, will explain the object of my visit abroad, and the fortunate issue which it had in the restoration of my health.

INTRODUCTION.

THROUGH the favour of a Divine and Superintending Providence, which has protected me in my long absence, and restored me to health, am I indebted for this opportunity of addressing myself to my fellow-citizens.

To my countrymen, in truth, am I placed under lasting obligations for their very kind and flattering opinion of me; and to this, doubtless, am I greatly indebted for the many courtesies extended towards me during my residence abroad. Their sympathies for me, when my health and energies were overtasked by laborious professional duties, tended to cheer my darkest hours of despondency, in whatever land or clime I travelled or sojourned.

The efficacy of foreign travel, as a remedial measure, is felt in a particular manner in that distressing class of maladies commonly known as *Nervous Diseases*. They are, for the most part, imputable to exhausted excitability, from over exertion of the mental and corporeal faculties, undermining that primary source of life, of sensation, and motion—the brain. The pressure of unremitted and severe application had, in my own case, wrought a dangerous dilapidation of all the vital forces. The digestive organs partook largely of the general debility; and, as is usual in such cases, a train of alarming symptoms were produced, which closely counterfeited, by sympathetic influence, all the phenomena of radical organic disease. Though our medical judgment, under such circumstances, may come to the full conviction that no serious lesion or injury of an organic character exists, and that the symptoms may be legitimately deducible solely from those of an atonic or debilitated condition of the nervous functions, yet is the *fac-simile* to real disease so ex-

act and perfect, and the sufferings of the patient, both in body and mind, so entirely in accordance with those of positive mutations of structure, that argument can but poorly contend with the fearful and depressing images with which our morbidly excited feelings and ideas are discoloured. In their effect, therefore, upon the mind, these idiopathic or purely nervous derangements of the *functions* only of the cerebral tissues, are as painful and distressing in their results as where actual organic alterations have become hopelessly ingrafted upon the system.

To pluck out these ideal sorrows from the mind, no other alternative remains but that of severing, for the time, all connexion with those associations, scenes, or pursuits which have been the fostering and insidious source of the mischief. In resorting to this expedient, my friends may be assured that the trial was one of intense suffering to me. But neither the pleasures nor attractions of foreign climes have had sufficient power to make me forget my native land, or to corrode or break that chain which must forever bind me to my country.

When the invalid, whose health has been broken down by the causes mentioned, bids adieu to his own shores, his mind clings with fond recollection only to the brightest side of the picture that he has left behind. It revels on all those endearing thoughts of home, of kindred, and of friends, that have from birth, and the joyous days of childhood, twined their treasured associations around the heart. It finds a delightful solace in recurring to that valued esteem with which our name or usefulness is cherished in the memory of those from whom we are separated, and which, to me, has been my support and consolation throughout my wanderings. The darker side of the picture, the lacerated and wounded feelings, the humiliated pride, which our profession are doomed to encounter at the bedside of the sick and dying, when all our efforts to give relief prove vain; together with all other painful reminiscences, are

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

In exchange for these, the mind is renovated and refreshed by the tonic influence of those ever-changing novel scenes, which the *tableau* of human life in the Old World is constantly unfolding to our observation. New ideas, and feelings, and impressions arise, upon the ruins of corroding thoughts, that have been suspended or crushed; and while the intellectual repast is thus constantly being offered to our acceptance, in some more and more grateful excitement, none are permitted to imprint themselves so deeply upon the mind as to fatigue or weary by their monotony or insipidity. The magic wand of health is in our own hands, and may be called to dissipate all morbid fancies, or summon to our aid whatever is most pleasing.

It is true that no American, with the sound and luminous conceptions of political rights in which he has been educated, breathing from birth the pure air of liberty, and nurtured under the sun of our own brilliant and transparent skies, that shine alike on all, can, in other countries, much as he beholds to astonish and delight him, feel otherwise than disappointed with their political and social abuses, and proud when he compares the population of the New World with that of the Old.

Beautiful as are "the solemn temples and gorgeous palaces," which cast the shadow of their ivy-mantled towers over widely-extended fields of flowery verdure; instructive as are these ancient monuments which we behold, of the glorious achievements of the past, the reflection involuntarily forces itself upon the judgment of every American who contemplates them, that these proud productions of human art and skill are but too often the chroniclers of human suffering, of the triumphs of overgrown monarchical power, and of the reign of dark superstition.

Even in that second Eden, England, that "imperial gem set in the silver sea," these evidences of the concentrated wealth and overshadowing dominion of Church and State, strike the observer with peculiar force. But even here, where every hamlet and hedge seems invested with the enchantment of poesy and of fable; where every le-

gend, ballad, and tradition of by-gone days are mirrored in each mouldering battlement and clustering woodbine; where such outward and imposing signs of comfort and opulence arrest our notice at every step, we cannot exclude from our thoughts the conviction, so revolting to the sensibilities of a true philanthropist, that, even under this pleasing exterior, the most deplorable extremes of poverty and affluence constitute the two dominant attributes of social existence.

To my own beloved country, then, I gladly and exultingly return, with attachments tenfold stronger, if possible, to her matchless institutions, than even those which I felt pressing and crowding around my thoughts as I lingered on the last crimson gleams of the twilight, fading behind the blue hills of the Neversink, and bade my native land adieu! I come back, if possible, a still better American than when I left; and, from the comparison I have made of the condition of the populations of other countries, feel still more deeply impressed with the conviction, that our own republican form of government is infinitely and immeasurably preferable to that of any other that has ever existed. That the blessings of liberty and equality, and of that bulwark and ark of our future hopes, *education* and the *freedom of the press*, are here alone prodigally and equably diffused, and alike shared and enjoyed by every citizen; that the laws under which we live are here enacted and enforced, and may be modified or abrogated by our own free-will and consent; that there are no hereditary classes, nor lordly castles, nor grasping nobles, nor mitred prelates, to arrogate to themselves a divine authority over their fellow-creatures, and the privilege to hold in bondage, and depredate upon the rights, the person, and the property of vassal serfs and peasantry.

To our own bright skies and pure air, to our own spangled banner, whose

"Hues were born in heaven,"

I look upward again with unmingled pride, as emblems of the land whose people have had the inborn grandeur of mind, and nobleness of heart, and directness of purpose, to project

and complete a superstructure of government, which confers the same measure of political and social privileges, and a far greater amount and aggregate of human happiness upon every citizen, than was ever distributed to any nation, either in past or present times.

That political edifice is the *chef d'œuvre* of *two hundred years* of sleepless toil, of patient investigation, and bloody struggles in the discussion and defence of human rights, through the long and dark night of colonial servitude, till the sacred principles of civil and religious liberty, which our early forefathers planted upon these then wild and inhospitable shores, were consummated to ripe maturity under the bright dawn, and through the matchless heroism, of our immortal Revolution.

That beautiful structure possesses the elements of enduring strength and prosperity; for the parts of which it is composed have been carefully and wisely selected, and joined together in felicitous proportions; not forged from the chains and bolts of dungeons, nor commanding obedience through the embrasures of frowning battlements. Nor can it decay and crumble into ruins, like the gloomy fabrics that have passed down the stream of time, to be replaced by others that are tottering on their base, so long as we cherish with unabated love the wholesome and legitimate principles of democracy, upon which the plan of its organization was designed and executed.

Often in my travels in distant lands, when meditating upon the depths of human misery, and of moral and political degradation to which our fellow-creatures have been ground down under the iron hoof of oppression, have I turned with innate and shuddering horror from the contemplation of their majestic and magnificent ruins; because I could not help reading in them but the history of the accumulated wrongs and crimes which, for so many ages past, cruel and despotic forms of government have wantonly inflicted upon the great human family.

Even in those European monarchies where the shadow of human rights is respected by the bayonet; even in Eng-

land, where there is at least some portion of liberty preserved to the subject, my republican education, and the feelings of commiseration with which I have looked professionally upon human suffering, have caused me to shrink from the scenes of misery and unnatural social distinctions I have everywhere encountered, and to revert back with emotions of inward delight and conscious satisfaction to my own, my native land.

Whether amid the enchanting scenery of England—the gay vineyards of France—the gloomy fortresses of the Rhine—the snowy avalanches and gorges of Alpine Switzerland—the pageantry and splendours of the European capitals—the architectural ruins of the Roman Empire—or the chaste monuments of fallen, unhappy Greece—the godlike Pyramids, scattered over the burning sands of wondrous and mysterious Egypt—or the mosques and minarets of the debased hordes of the Ottoman; the thought that this outward pomp conceals within it so vast and frightful an accumulation of human wretchedness, and that it is but the painted sepulchre or the funeral *cortège* in which the dearest rights of our fellow-creatures are consigned to a hopeless tomb, has dominated at times over every sentiment or association of a pleasing character with which, in the rapid change from place to place, I might otherwise have regarded them, and carried me forcibly and vividly back in my imagination to the substantial comforts, the inappreciable blessings, to that priceless treasure above all other treasures—HUMAN LIBERTY—allotted by Divine Providence to our own favoured and happy people.

When bidding adieu, therefore, forever, as I doubtless have done, to the wide-spread scenes of human wo that I have so often had cause to mourn over, especially in Eastern countries, that are still enduring the yoke of Mohammedanism, I have, in my unavailing regrets, welcomed the moment when the curtain was drawn between me and the appalling suffering I could not relieve.

And when our gallant bark had speeded me over the wide waters of the Atlantic, and I hailed again in the western sky the waving outline, and the clear and cloudless heaven

of my own beloved and romantic shores, I felt, as my feet pressed once more the virgin soil of my own home, of my own kindred and my countrymen, that I could kneel in devout prayer and gratitude to that All-merciful Being, who had shielded me and brought me safe through every peril, and that, with undissembled fulness of heartfelt joy, I could kiss the very earth on which I trod.

TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE AND THE EAST.

ENGLAND.

During thirty-five years' absence from England, being the period elapsed since I was completing my education there, I found almost a new medicine had sprung up, a *novum organon*, under the extending and wholesome conquests of the Baconian philosophy, which holds, it may be said, the *juste milieu* or equipoise of inductive reasoning between the finespun abstractions of theory and an undue multiplication of embarrassing details. A philosophy which must prevail and spread its light over the earth, while founded as it is on such just principles, to whatever science those principles be applied.

I had scarcely set foot in London, when my natural anxiety to see my old preceptor, Sir Astley Cooper, induced me almost immediately to call upon him. I found him out, but, wishing to surprise him, I did not leave a card, and, ascertaining the hour he would be at home to receive patients, repaired thither the following day. While waiting in the antechamber, Sir Astley and lady arrived in their carriage and passed through the hall. I awaited my turn with the crowd that daily resorted for professional advice to the mansion of this

now deceased and lamented man, one of the greatest ornaments of our profession; and when the number came to my turn, made my appearance before him, and, standing face to face, could not resist the pleasure of offering him my hand. He returned the salutation, and I remarked, "Do you remember me?" He paused, and gazed for some seconds, when I was going on to explain, though at that time my ill health would have well justified me in appearing under the plain cognomen of a patient. But the gratification of once more beholding my revered and beloved preceptor was too great to allow me much longer to conceal myself under an assumed *incognito*. Sir Astley, seeing me about to unravel the mystery, exclaimed, "Stop! don't tell me!" and instantly afterward said, "It is Dr. Mott;" when, of course, mutual greetings ensued, and a most refreshing and agreeable interview, in glancing at the reminiscences of the past, and in *booking-up* and comparing notes for the long interval that had elapsed since we had seen each other.

In conversing with Sir Astley upon the immediate cause which had led to my visit to Europe, he fully accorded with me in the belief that I had embraced the only remedy left for me; and that all the ills I was labouring under were imputable to the broken-down state of my nervous system, from incessant and unwearied occupation in my profession. For, said he, no man but a surgeon knows the exhausting demands made, not only upon our physical, but upon our moral and mental energies. Indeed, I asked him if he did not believe that the vulgar opinion in respect to the proverbial insensibility or apathy of surgeons was, in fact, the reverse of the truth. For certainly, I remarked, no persons are thrown into situations so peculiarly calculated to harrow up the feelings even of those whose hearts are deemed

to be of stone, and their nerves callous to ordinary impressions. He replied that such was the truth, and that, for that very reason, there were no classes whom he had ever remarked to be so liable to *diseases of the heart*, both functional and organic, as soldiers and surgeons. And this may not seem so paradoxical when we reflect that the attractive brilliancy and applauding honours that follow those who have acquired distinction by master operations in surgery, invite to our profession men of the most finely-constructed minds, and keenest perception and sensibility. Such men are strongly influenced by the motive to acquire and win the approbation of their fellow-men, and are prompted also in the pursuit of surgical distinction as well by the virtuous ambition for honourable fame, as by the enthusiastic impulses of benevolent sentiments to devote their lives to the relief of their fellow-creatures.

Sir Astley said he had no doubt, if I relaxed myself by travel from the pursuit of my profession, I would entirely recover. And the judgment of this truly eminent man was in this, as in so many other cases, verified to the letter.

We frequently met at each other's residences during my different visits to London, and he often reverted in our conversation to the delight he felt in recollecting his American pupils, and what our country had done for surgical as well as medical science. I never shall forget one of those interviews. Even at the advanced age of *sixty-eight*, he insisted on my accompanying him from his study to his dissecting-room, which, as is usual with surgeons of his rank in Europe, was in his own house. Here he commenced showing to me the fruits of one of his last curious and interesting researches, the *thymus gland*, of which, while he discoursed with

all the intense ardour of youth, he exhibited to me a series of most remarkable preparations, completed by his own hands, and demonstrating an anatomical accuracy and pathological acumen which, though astonishing, did not astonish me, who from my youth had marked the course of his life, and knew that there was nothing of a patient or investigating character in our profession that his great mind could not encompass. A mind not brilliant, but sound, inductive, and of sleepless energies, and specially adapted for abstruse anatomical inquiry; while, also, his dexterity with the knife enabled him to give to his operations a finish and a neatness seldom or never surpassed. There could not, perhaps, be offered a more beautiful testimonial of his passion for his own profession than the subject to which I have alluded, and upon which he bestowed so much attention. Though apparently humble and obscure, the *thymus gland* was, for that very reason, one that he deemed of sufficient importance to require the light of his most profound examination. And let me here add, in tribute to the virtues and abilities of this illustrious surgeon, that there are none who are more indebted to him than the fairer portion of our race; for to them he devoted the last energies of his life, and for them accomplished one of his noblest triumphs. We mean his work on the *Diseases of Female Breasts.* In this his last labour he expired; and it may truly be said that he died with the harness of his profession upon him.

The last interview I had with my honoured preceptor was the evening before I left London, when he called at my lodgings; and before I grasped his hand, which I feared would be, as it mournfully proved, for the last time, he in the most touching and affectionate manner begged me to accept a beautiful case of surgical instru-

ments, of his own invention, as a souvenir of his regard, and as a token of friendship for me.

Another case of splendid instruments (being for amputation) was also kindly presented to me as a souvenir by his distinguished nephew, *Brandsby Cooper, Esq.* They are of rare and exquisite beauty, the handles being of the wood of *Old London Bridge*, and the blades of the iron from the same. The wood is of old English oak, and in perfect preservation, though, as appears by the date engraved on the handles, they were taken from timbers laid down in 1176, and not removed until 1831, being a space of 655 years.

I cannot leave the subject of Sir Astley Cooper at this moment, when we all deplore his loss, without a retrospective glance at some incidents connected with his brilliant professional career as a surgeon.

While a pupil of his in 1807, I saw him perform the first successful operation ever performed of tying the *common carotid for aneurism*, this now everyday operation being then deemed one of the boldest strokes of scientific surgery: a fact alone sufficient to show what rapid strides the art has made within the short space of thirty years, among the actors in which scenes of its greatest triumphs Sir Astley Cooper could have truly said,

"Quorum magna pars fui."

He was among the first, also, with his distinguished and original contemporary, *John Abernethy*, to tie successfully the *external iliac*. This his *first essay* in that operation I also witnessed. And he was also the first in the bold attempt, though unsuccessful for want of the *improved American artery instruments* used to-day, to tie the *left subclavian within the scaleni muscles*.

Amid all his arduous occupations in the practice of

his profession, he never lost sight of that primary and useful object, the transmission to posterity of the valuable results of his own labours. The professional world owe to him the publication of his well-known gigantic work on *Hernia*, in all its anatomical and surgical details: a work of which we have seen ourselves the translations in various languages, disseminating thus his name and his fame to remote parts of the earth, where the modest author little dreamed, perhaps, that he was so well known, and held in such high appreciation.

His next great work was on *Fractures and Dislocations*, which, though a common and everyday subject, for that very reason required a master mind like his to give interest and originality to its dry details. But, with the true feelings of a philanthropist and of a sincere lover of his profession, he preferred to walk in the paths, however beaten, in which he could render himself most useful to his fellow-man.

Besides all these great and original works, he constantly contributed some of the most sound and practical papers to the periodicals of the day, showing a mental activity and energy, as is proverbial in our profession, which curtailed with him also the period of his life within the average age of those of other occupations; for the temper of his mind, like that of the Damascus blade, wore out its own scabbard: in this respect unlike his immediate contemporary, *Sir William Blizzard*, whose death happened in my previous visit to London. Inquiring of Sir Astley what had finally put a period to the protracted life of this almost centenarian, who attained the extreme age, we believe, of *ninety-nine*, I was answered by him that, like the last flickering glimmer of the light in the socket, he literally went out.

To crown all it can be said of this great surgeon,

that in the latter years of his life he was a faithful observer of the important rites of Christianity, and lived in the conscientious conviction of the truth of that religious faith, and in the daily observance of those ennobling duties, which, when all worldly sources of consolation—that "keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope"—have deserted us forever, can alone extract the thorn from the couch of pain, disarm death of its terrors, and bring hope and cheering joy to the wounded and wearied spirit.

And it gives me particular gratification to be enabled to present in this place the example of so illustrious and sincere a convert to Christian truth as this ornament of our profession, in contradiction to the erroneous and proverbial reproach, that medical men are too often insensible to the imperious obligations of religion.

I was happy to see in London, in all the hospitals —*Guy's*, *St. Thomas's*, *Bartholomew's*, *Middlesex*, *St. George's*, &c.—everywhere strong evidences, in the amplification and extension of all the means of accommodation, comfort, and relief—that the police of these establishments, like the schools of medicine and surgery, had kept pace with the march of the age, and with the vigorous impulses which those sciences have received within the last *thirty years*. The accommodations for the sick are now on a scale of much greater magnitude, better ventilation, and more perfect cleanliness and discipline. All the *new operations* which surgery, in its brilliant progress, has added to our art, are now performed by English surgeons with admirable skill and dexterity; and by the more perfected modes of treatment, discovered through the conjoint improvements that have taken place at the same time in medicine, strictly so called, far more successful results, the great

criterion of the utility of an art, have been obtained than in former years.

In visiting the hospitals, I was treated with the most marked and flattering civilities by my friends *Mr. Lawrence*, *Mr. Travers*, *Sir Benjamin Brodie*, *Mr. Guthrie*, the veteran *Samuel Cooper*, *Mr. Mayo*, *Brandsby Cooper*, and last, though not least, Mr. Liston, who may decidedly be said to be the *master operator* now living in that great metropolis.

SCOTLAND.

HAVING gratified my curiosity by a sojourn of some weeks in London, I now wended my way to another old and much-cherished *alma mater*, *Edinburgh*, a metropolis which, in whatever aspect we may regard it, is perfectly unique in its character, and justly deserving of the feelings of pride inspired in the bosom of every true-born Scotsman who rejoices in the enduring fame which the learned men of "Auld Reekie" have won for their country throughout the world.

Here I found, like the trunk of an old tree stripped of almost all its branches, the venerable *John Thompson*, the same professor of surgery whom I had followed when I was a pupil in that celebrated university. I received from him and his two sons, both eminent surgeons, kindnesses and attentions which I never can forget. There appears to be something more tenacious of life in the texture and grain of the Scotch constitution than in that of the English. For here I found also moored in his laboratory the veteran *chemist*, *Professor Hope*, as distinguished now as he was when I followed his lectures near *forty years* before. He was anchored, it is true, in person to the same locality where I had left him, and where he had ever been; but, unlike those immovable and inanimate objects at whose feet the stream of time passes unnoticed and unfelt, he had been ever watchful of the progress of events, and closely sympathized with, and participated in, every scientific improvement that had taken place in the brilliant department which he teaches. *Home* and the *younger Duncan*

were also there, as in former days, but the eloquent voice of the *accomplished Gregory* was heard no more within those walls. His spirit, with that of the great and wise *elder Duncan*, and that of the immortal *Cullen*, had forever fled from that university, where admiring crowds had once gathered around them. They had gone to a better and a happier world; but they have left their virtues and their usefulness to be treasured and cherished as among the brightest pages in the annals of medicine.

Dugald Stewart, too, that monument of intellectual power, which, like some mighty pyramid or proud obelisk, peers on high over the sandy wastes of time, and whose brilliant and most profound and logical discourses I myself have so often listened to with delight, had also been gathered to his fathers, not to perish unknown among the unhonoured dead, but, in the language of our own beautiful poet, Halleck, to be registered among those

> "Immortal names
> That were not born to die."

Of Edinburgh it may truly be said,

> "Salve Magna Parens, Frugum Saturnia Tellus
> Magna virum."
>
> VIRGIL, *Georgics*, lib. ii.

At Edinburgh I was not unthoughtful that I was breathing within the atmosphere that had been enchanted by her own *Great Wizard of the North;* that there his orb had risen to its highest splendour, and there had sunk forever to rest; leaving a rainbow arc in the wake of his renown that time itself cannot efface. I felt that, even for an American as humble as myself, it would not seem extra-professional to make a pilgrimage to the yet green turf of the grave of that inspired genius, who, like his great prototype Shakspeare, has portrayed with

such truth the alchemy of the mind and the anatomy of the passions. I accordingly repaired to *Abbotsford* within a year after his death, and visited his mansion, which, though it knew him no more—its armour-garnished walls and his favourite library were all there—his very vestments hanging round—and that Gothic door, which he has immortalized in story, unchanged and undisturbed, yet did they everywhere seem to impart a balmy fragrance, redolent, in every relic and in every antique gem that stood out from the tracery, of the blameless life and consummate witchery of the great master who had here, from his own throne, wielded his magic wand with such stupendous power.

I visited also, near Abbotsford, that exquisite ruin, *Melrose Abbey;* and when one evening I was there, and beholding the moon shining through its windows, I was forcibly reminded of those well-known beautiful lines, where the author of Ivanhoe thus speaks:

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

From thence we proceeded a little farther on to *Dryburg Abbey*, where all that there is of mortal or earthly of the great bard and dramatist, reposes beside his father, and mother, and daughter beneath a plain and unadorned tomb, in one of the cloisters of that sacred ruin, that he so often visited and admired, and had himself selected for his last resting-place.

"That a poet and a novelist should have chosen the shades and ruins of Dryburg for his monument, I am not in the least surprised. They are extensive and romantic beyond my feeble powers of description. The peaceful solemnity of the Abbey forbids even the most idle and trifling to forget that its crumbling walls are to

the living a *memento mori*, and the ivy which clings so tenaciously to its time-worn arches, like the Christian's hope, outliving the vigour of youth, and cheering even death's portals with its bright expectation of a green eternity."*

Before I part with Scotland, I owe it to surgery to pay a passing tribute to the memory of one whom I well recollect while I was a pupil in Edinburgh, and whom, in after years, my more mature judgment has ranked as one of the most Herculean minds that has ever appeared in any country. I mean *John Bell*, whose name is still fondly and justly cherished, both by the preceptor and pupil, as a household treasure, throughout all the varied walks, the elementary paths, as well as the most intricate mazes of anatomy and surgery. The boldness and originality of his conceptions and execution in both those departments; his wonderful erudition and his peculiar felicity and terseness of style, his writings alone, in fact, surpassing in graphic power and elegant diction any other compositions in the whole range of medical literature; his rare genius, communicating a charm to everything he touched, not only through his pen, but also his pencil, for he was an accomplished limner, combined traits of character that threw a halo and flood of light over the schools of Edinburgh, that was not limited by the *Tweed* or the *Thames*, but shed its effulgence through all distant lands where the healing art is known.

But though the source of that light, not the radiance that emanated from it, is now forever extinguished, his illustrious brother, *Sir Charles Bell*, still lives to hallow his memory and to perpetuate his fame. Consociated with him in all the great works on which they laboured together during life, he survives after the premature

* Extract from a MS. Journal of Mrs. V. Mott.

death of that brother, to whose grave in a foreign land [Italy] he recently made a pilgrimage, and will prolong by his own individual achievements that lustre which will forever adorn this revered name. It may be said truly of Sir Charles Bell, that his physiological and pathological inquiries into the anatomy of the brain and nerves have, like those of Sir John Herschel in the mechanism of the heavens, penetrated farther than those of any other *savant*, and opened an entire new world to our observation, that promises to revolutionize many of the received opinions in medicine, and overturn, or, rather, subjugate to the control of his newly-propounded theory of the hitherto mysterious functions of the *sensific* and *motific* powers, not only the humoral, but other reigning hypotheses.

Sir Charles, in the declining years of his life, felt that his happiness would be most consulted by leaving the great metropolis of England, which he had chosen for some years as his residence; and returning once more, and for the last time, to the land of his fathers, and to his favourite city, Edinburgh, he was there immediately chosen to the professorship of surgery in the University, which chair he continues to fill with distinguished honour and usefulness as one of the ablest teachers of the age.

IRELAND.

We have not space to dwell as long as we could have desired on that famous land of the Scots, whose deeds, diminutive as is the territory they occupy, have filled the world with their greatness, and must therefore hasten, before passing to the Continent, to Erin's green isle, so renowned in song, in fable, in poetic interest, in chivalry, and in genius.

I visited the Irish capital, Dublin, and found there her schools well-ordered, her hospitals ample, and her professors maintaining that high rank for which they have ever been so celebrated.

Here I was welcomed not only with the courtesies which I had elsewhere received, but with all that warmth and fulness of Irish heart and Irish hospitality which must be seen and felt to be enjoyed. I can never erase from my memory the home-like cordiality, the touching attentions, the almost brotherly affection and endearments which with prodigal generosity were opened to me at every door. There was I most feelingly greeted by that patriarch in surgery, Dr. Colles, with whose name and services I had been so long conversant, and with whom I had already been on familiar terms of intimacy for years by our frequent correspondence. He, too, spoke in terms of high commendation of the surgery of our country; and in remarking upon the great subject of aneurisms and the tying of great arteries, said that America had won laurels for herself that would never fade, and that the *American instrument for tying deep-seated arteries* was adopted by them all, and was by

far the best that had ever been invented. He is still in the possession of vigorous health, and long may he enjoy his well-merited reputation as the *first surgeon of Ireland*. He has not written largely, but what he has written has been the fruit of such exact and minute investigation, and of such ripe experience, that every line may be said to tell the truth, and to be a sterling acquisition to our art. Not less kind and assiduous in his civilities was also my friend *Cusack*, who now, since the partial retirement of his great contemporary, Colles, from the field of operative surgery, may truly be said to hold the first rank in that department of our art. As it is the most dangerous and difficult path to eminence, and the only practical and demonstrative test of the utility of surgical science, it is, for these reasons, the most intensely captivating to an ambitious mind, and the most richly rewarded with the approbation and applause of public opinion.

I, perhaps, may be permitted to say, that in my opinion, no surgeon in the British kingdom or on the Continent of Europe, has gone through the range of the great modern operations of *exsecting the jaws* for osteosarcoma, as successfully and brilliantly as this our distinguished collaborateur of Dublin.

There also resides *Sir Philip Crampton*, another distinguished luminary in surgery. He it was, permit me to add, who also followed me in the steps of my first operation upon the *common iliac artery*. Though this first attempt in Europe did not succeed, I was favoured with a more fortunate issue; and the patient still lives in a neighbouring county, literally a monument, it may be said in a double sense, of the triumphs of modern surgery. For it was not only the *first time* that this great operation of the tying of this artery had ever been

accomplished successfully, but the *first time* that it had ever been performed for aneurism. I hope it may not be considered egotistic in me to say, that it was with emotions of peculiar gratification and pride, both as a surgeon and as an American, that I saw this my first attempt to interrupt the vital current in this great arterial trunk, crowned with such complete success.

To all my friends in Dublin, as though they were named, permit me on this occasion here to return my warmest acknowledgments, and deep sense of gratitude for their unremitted and heartfelt kindness to me.

FRANCE.

HAVING now thus revisited the three principal capitals of Great Britain, with which my associations, thus flatteringly renewed, will hereafter be still more agreeably and closely blended, I hastened onward to that most renowned and enchanting metropolis, Paris, which, it has been well said, is all France; and well and greatly does she represent that noble kingdom. A world of colleges, hospitals, museums, and scientific men; embracing within its precincts every character and variety of institution which human ingenuity could conceive, and human charity, in its most enlarged benevolence, could devise. Here a new and vast drama presented itself to me. In this capital and epitome of the European world of civilization—the heart of the realm, and of its court and splendours—this protectress and patroness of the arts and sciences, of belles lettres, and of polite taste, that not only woos men of genius and literary merit to make their home within her domains, but extends to them, be they of whatever nation they may, her fraternizing and fostering encouragement, with a liberal and prodigal hand which we meet with nowhere else—in a place which thus concentrates within itself such an amount of mental power, and where greatness and rank in every pursuit and occupation of life are such common commodities, favoured indeed must be his lot, who, in such a galaxy of intellectual strength, has the good fortune even to attract notice; much more fortunate and truly complimented if he obtains the rank of pre-eminence for anything that he may have done.

It will not, therefore, I trust, be deemed vain in me to say, that it was with feelings of undissembled pleasure, which I cannot well describe, that I found my humble name had already preceded me, and that I had been honoured, shortly before reaching the great capital of France, with the high distinction of *Foreign Associate of the Royal Academy of Medicine*, a branch of the celebrated *Institute* founded by Napoleon.

In this unrivalled metropolis, which contains within its circuit the most extensive and varied facilities for surgical and anatomical education, I found every leisure moment of my time most agreeably and profitably occupied in accepting of the kind attentions of my professional brethren; in visiting their hospitals, museums, and schools; and in witnessing the brilliant display of scientific triumphs in our art, which have within a few years grown up on this fruitful soil, and given such celebrity to this capital. Such, indeed, is the vast variety of objects and sources of instruction and knowledge; such the liberal patronage of the government in all charitable, as well as literary and scientific institutions; and such the pride of the Parisians themselves in encouraging more especially their *medical* schools, and every department collateral thereto, that the *healing art*, and its almost *hundred* renowned teachers, may, in fact, be said to constitute a little empire of itself within Paris, an *imperium in imperio*, exercising a most important and moralizing control on the social character of the metropolis.

The long and well-merited fame of the ancient hospital of *Hotel Dieu* naturally first attracted my attention. There, by my excellent and much esteemed friend, Mr. Roux, I was formally introduced to his class in the amphitheatre, with many compliments and enco-

miums which it would scarcely be proper for me to repeat. Mr. Roux stands in bold relief in this great capital as the successor of the illustrious *Baron Dupuytren*, whose name and fame are identified with all the leading features of modern French surgery. That great operator, one of the most dexterous of his age, had, but a few months before my arrival, paid the debt of nature. He, like most surgeons of distinction, and fortunate and popular operators, also came to a premature death by overtasking the energies of his brain, by wasting the sensorial powers with the continued and absorbing, and, let me add, often painful and fearful excitement created by all the circumstances attending a succession of novel, brilliant, and daring operations.

While again alluding thus to the peculiar cast of diseases that afflict more particularly, as we have before said, the surgical profession, it occurs to us to mention one notable instance of former years, that of the celebrated and original *John Hunter*, who, naturally of an excitable temperament, was rendered more so by his arduous professional duties as an operator and teacher, and fell dead in his own hospital by sudden congestion of the heart.

These observations also recall to us another eminent surgical professor at Paris, *Mr. Lisfranc*, whose friendship I made, and who assured me that he felt within him the certain and sure premonitions of decay, or, as the French call it, *défaillance*, entirely attributable to the effect of oppressive professional occupations. He told me that it was that which had broken up my health and was fast undermining his own; that such were his increasing susceptibilities of the nervous system, that he rarely now performed a great operation without immediately thereafter requiring repose at home.

While visiting the Hotel Dieu I could not help recalling that this had been the field also of some of the greatest names of surgery in by-gone days. Here *Desault* and *Moreau* both flourished, both taught to admiring pupils like their illustrious and worthy successor Dupuytren, and, like him, are heard no more. Such have been the prototypes of that distinguished surgeon Mr. Roux, who now walks the wards and fills the clinical chair of this noble charity: a charity almost coeval in years with the far-famed Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, whose ancient towers overshadow its portals.

Some travellers have erroneously thought and spoken of the Seine, one branch of which passes through archways directly under this hospital, as emitting stagnant exhalations prejudicial to the inmates. This, in our opinion, is a great mistake, as there are few streams so proverbially rapid in their current, and none more free of mud, or that have a purer bed of sand and gravel, which latter are constantly being taken up by small boats in the river, and made a great article of commerce in the city. Instead of being injurious to the health of Parisians, this great artery, which traverses the very heart of the city, and the oldest and most densely populated and most unwholesome parts of it, must, on the contrary, in our opinion, by the velocity and force of its current, not only sweep away all impurities and filth from the streets, but also, by its mechanical action on the superincumbent strata of air, serve as a great and valuable ventilator.

Upon Mr. Roux, the distinguished successor of Dupuytren, it is my duty as well as my pleasure to bestow a passing encomium for his surgical attainments and personal worth. He possesses in an eminent degree the high-minded qualities of a private gentleman and the

true attributes of a great surgeon. A steadiness and a boldness of execution are prominent traits in his character as a surgeon. This confidence emanates from the immense opportunities he has had in the practice of his profession. One instance will illustrate the truth of my remark. But a few days before I left Paris, and next to his last visit to my house, he insisted upon my coming to witness some of his operations for the last time; after which, in walking with him from the hospital, and in speaking of his frequent performance of certain operations, he stated to me that he had *extracted the cataract* more than *six thousand times;* and having just witnessed him perform the lateral section of *lithotomy*, and bestowed upon it my commendation, he added that he ought to be expert in it, having performed that important operation about *six hundred times!*

My next interview was with the justly-distinguished VELPEAU, a surgeon with whom I had long been in correspondence, and whom I felt that I already intimately knew before the pleasure I had of meeting him face to face upon his own element in the noble *Hospital of la Charité.* No man could have treated a brother more kindly and cordially than he did me. Velpeau ought to be the admiration of every one, for, from the humblest beginning of an uneducated, poor boy, he has, by his own unaided efforts and unflinching ambition, risen to the most distinguished rank in his profession. He is an able operator, an admirable teacher, a profoundly minute anatomist, and by far the most scientific and best-read surgeon I have ever met with. His works, apart from his lectures, give abundant evidence of the truth of this remark.

In passing along among the numerous hospitals scattered over every quarter of this great metropolis, I must

not omit some interesting reminiscences of my visits to that of *La Pitié*. At the head of this establishment is the celebrated surgeon LISFRANC, whom we have already alluded to. He was a pupil of Dupuytren, and is another example of a self-made man, illustrative of what genius, and effort, and industry may accomplish when fostered by the liberal encouragement, free competition, and almost gratuitous instruction everywhere dispensed by the judicious arrangements of the schools of this capital.

For it is not here, even under this strong monarchy, that unprotected and untitled talent can long languish in obscurity, or justly complain that "chill penury," disheartened by the aristocratic privileges of gloomy cloisters and close corporations, may dampen the holy fire of ambition, and "freeze up the genial current of the soul."

This bold and original operator, however the world may choose to designate him as proverbial for the *imperturbable sangfroid* of his surgical character, is, as we have before remarked, a striking instance of an acutely sensitive temperament, showing how erroneous often is popular belief in relation to the private history of eminent individuals. He enjoys a high reputation in his profession, and I can justly say of him, that he deserves a pre-eminent rank as the first *curative* or *medical surgeon* of France. This is exemplified by the remarkable success of his operations, and which is altogether imputable to the sagacious judgment and practical tact he exhibits in the previous and subsequent treatment of the patient. I am delighted to have it in my power to say, that in one of my visits, by express invitation, to examine a great many cases of a peculiar and distressing malady of the female sex, for which he had performed in

previous years more than *sixty* operations [exsection of the neck of the uterus], he now stated to me that he readily effected a cure by a much more simple and less painful process; a fact highly honourable, I consider, to his humanity, and denoting clearly the advancing march of surgical science.*

But the *Hospital of Necker* must not be forgotten; for here presides the ever-illustrious and unrivalled CIVIALE, the projector and the author of that greatest of all triumphs for science and humanity, of that master-innovation in the treatment of calculus, the operation of *Lithontrity*. How much pain, how much agony, has not this great and good man saved to his fellow-creatures! And how perfectly in keeping with his mild and unpretending demeanour and his benevolent heart, has been the victory he has gained over one of the most afflicting and excruciating torments which it is the lot of mortals to endure. Civiale is, in truth, one of the noblemen of our profession, in all the charities that adorn our nature. In his speciality, of all the men I have ever seen, for delicacy of tact and adroitness of execution, he surpasses. It is utterly impossible for any one to imagine the highly-finished style of his manipulations. I have often remarked to the pupils of our country during my residence in Paris, that a visit to Civiale would alone amply compensate them for their journey to France; and that it was worth all the expense to a young man to learn a lesson from him. For it would teach, above all other things, what apparently almost insurmountable obstacles persevering resolution and matchless skill in the use of instruments can overcome. Happily for the honour of mankind, and for the gratitude of those who owe to him their exemption from the anguish of a distressing and

* This remedy is merely the application of Lunar Caustic to the part affected.

excruciating malady, he has been richly rewarded for his noble discovery, and amassed a fortune which is not exceeded by that of any of his brethren in the French capital.

I must be here allowed to acknowledge in general terms to my numerous other friends in Paris, among whom, indeed, I might take the liberty to reckon almost the entire profession, my deep sense of gratitude for the unceasing and numberless kindnesses bestowed upon me there, as in so many other of the great capitals of Europe. I cannot forbear, however, particularizing the names of *Breschet*, *Sanson*, *Leroy d'Etiolle*, *Amusat*, *Dubois*, *Ricord*, *Louis*, *Cruveilhier*, and others; and that venerable *nonagenarian*, and still enthusiastic advocate for the *high operation* in *lithotomy*, *Doctor Souberbielle*. This really *surgical* curiosity as he is, and the only surviving pupil of the celebrated *Frère Come*, I have assisted in the performance of this operation, which may almost be considered a phenomenon at this era of surgical science. It might have done a century ago; but the light of anatomical truth and the advancement of surgery are now too brilliant and too strong to countenance so harsh and hazardous an expedient.*

In adverting to the great medical schools of Paris, I must be permitted to make a passing observation upon the interior administration and police of the hospital establishments. The important consideration of cleanliness in the preservation of health and life, had for ages past caused to be substituted stone pavements and floors for wood, throughout all these public charities in every part of the kingdom. It has, however, been ascertained

* Although my excellent friend, Leroy D'Etiolle, only second to Civiale in the *crushing* operation for calculus, is an advocate for the high operation under certain circumstances of a large stone, still I must be permitted respectfully to differ in opinion from him as well as from Dr. Souberbielle.

with perfect certainty that, while a greater degree of coolness, during the summer heats, may thus be obtained, the disadvantages of accumulated humidity, with a *tomblike* chilliness of atmosphere during winter, greatly overbalance any possible benefit to be derived at other seasons. The replacement of wooden floors has of late commenced, and been demonstrably tributary to the more rapid recovery of the sick, as has been strikingly exemplified in the *Hotel Dieu* and the *Maternité;* in both of which the more frequent recoveries from disease have fully established the superiority of this mode of construction. For it is to the want hitherto of this important amelioration, and also to the vitiated constitutions and habits of the greater portion of their hospital patients, that the lamentable failure in surgical operations in Paris hospitals is generally to be attributed, and not to the absence of skill in performing them. But it is a truth too glaring and self-evident to all who look with a practical eye on the condition of the hospitals at Paris, and the character and description of their patients, that in the treatment before and after operations, the principle of *irritability of the nervous system* makes a much stronger feature in their cases, than that condition of the vascular tissues called *inflammation*.

There is nothing more important in the walks of medicine and surgery than for the practitioner to make a just distinction between these two opposite states of the system. And if great opportunities of observation in various countries could authorize me to pronounce an opinion, there is no fact more incontestably established than that the most fatal results in the practice of our profession are to be imputed to a total misconception of these lines of demarcation.

Perhaps it is not going too far for me to state, that of

all the countries I have visited, there is no one in which so little attention is paid to this cardinal distinction in our profession as in France. The practice of *depletion*, I regret to say, even in the always more or less impure air and worn-out constitutions in their hospitals, is too often heedlessly pushed to a point of extreme and hopeless exhaustion, where it is obvious, from the universal indications of *debility* and *consequent irritability* present, that nutritious and tonic treatment alone would save the patient. I have witnessed with pain and surprise, and I regret that candour and truth oblige me to make the declaration, that after formidable operations, when the suppurative process had attenuated and wasted the system with hectic irritation and erythema, and that *apthæ* of the mucus membrane had supervened, leeches and poultices to the epigastrium, even under the alarming symptoms mentioned, were too often pertinaciously persisted in, instead of the restorative means so urgently and imperiously demanded.

We are readily anticipated by our medical friends in stating that this deplorable system of therapeutics owes its origin to the *monomania* which the almost omnipotent influence of, and infatuation for, the doctrines of the justly-celebrated Broussais had exercised over the minds of the Parisians.

The fatal error in that doctrine was, not so much in its physiological axioms, which are generally based upon sound views of the organization, but in the pathological deductions of that great physician, in too frequently mistaking the effect for the cause, and therefore, by misdirecting the treatment, aggravating the evils which it was desirable to remove.

Though the pernicious results of the spread and propagation of the *therapeutical* recommendations of

Broussais are still at this moment, as we have said, seen in the treatment of diseases throughout France, the doctrine itself of *physiological medicine*, less objectional than its false application to treatment, is manifestly on the decline. The sun of its glory is sinking fast into that oblivion which sooner or later is the inevitable doom of every theory that begets erroneous and mischievous deductions.

This great and original physician had the misfortune to survive his own doctrine. He lived to see it entombed before him. He who had charmed, by the novelty and beauty of his theory, the *thousands* that thronged his amphitheatre and clinique at his famous hospital of the *Val de Grâce*, lived to behold the ranks of his followers thinned and decimated to less than *half a hundred* listeners, as I myself had the mortification to witness on several occasions; and, what must have been galling to the acute sensibilities and proud, imperial mind of this giant intellect, he daily saw that even these few scattered and reluctant attendants scarcely lingered to hear his concluding admonitions, but hastened with hurried step and eager curiosity to join in the pressure of the crowded multitude that rushed in to do homage to his successful rival and colleague, the indefatigable and talented *Andral*.

May I be permitted to hope that my friends will place a proper construction upon the criticism I have hazarded on the *pathological misapplication* of the doctrines of so profound and truly original a philosopher as the great Broussais?

For fear, however, that some may misapprehend me, I will briefly add that the master features of the *physiological* system of *Broussais*, *La Medicine Physiologique*, as he called it, are without doubt strictly conform-

able, in their anatomical sense, with the true and immutable principles of the animal organization.

In fixing upon the *mucous membrane* as the seat for the primordial evolution and final extinction of the vital forces, he has unquestionably struck upon the true track, in following out and opening up which we may at some future day hope to unravel the intricate mysteries of organic life.

In tracing out the structure and the functions of the mucous membrane, it will be found, that throughout all the varying plans of organization, and multitudinous groups and classes of animals, that this tissue, as it is the one which is *most universally present*, and that which can alone be detected in the extreme and ultimate simplifications of vitality, as seen in the *infusory* animals, and that *terra incognita* in which, through *radiary* and zoophytic tribes, they blend with the vegetable kingdom; so is it necessarily, therefore, that particular and ruling organic texture which is absolutely essential to, if not more indispensable than any other structure to animal existence.

In according every encomium justly due to this extraordinary man, we should not forget also the invaluable and original contributions to physiology made by his illustrious contemporaries *Bichat* and *Beclard*. These two latter, in fact, may be said to have laid the foundation of that ever-memorable system of physiological medicine deduced from almost endless and incessantly-multiplied anatomical investigations and dissections; which, like *logarithmic* calculations in astronomy, have brought us nearer and nearer to, and, in fact, almost in actual proximity with, the truth and with the knowledge of the exact character of the agencies which propel and regulate the machinery and mechanism of life.

That immortal *triumvirate* of physiologists, *Bichat*, *Beclard*, and *Broussais*, have established an era in medicine, and shed a lustre upon the laws of organic life, which will forever be the subject of admiration to the remotest posterity.

But we have to lament in this, as in so many instances of a similar kind, that the enthusiasm with which these doctrines and pursuits have been embraced and cultivated by their contemporaries, has led to the neglect, however paradoxical it may seem, of the important and paramount science of *therapeutics*, or the cure of diseases by remedial means; which is, in truth, the first and the last great object of all our professional inquiries. It must strike every observer who walks in the hospitals of Paris, that the great ambition of her medical men seems too much absorbed with the desire to verify the justness of their *diagnosis* and *prognosis* by the *autopsies* and *post-mortem* examinations of their patients, rather than scrutinizing and seeking sedulously with unremitted vigilance for remedies for healing the maladies of the sick.

But they are nevertheless laying a mighty groundwork in sound pathology, and their labours are justly the theme of eulogy and admiration in all countries, though we have not, from the causes stated, yet reaped the full fruits of them. Upon this platform, however, sooner or later will be reared the noblest superstructure of therapeutics that the world has ever beheld. We venture to predict, from our own observation, that ere long the scientific men of every country will award this just meed of praise to the great pathological school of Paris.

Before passing from the lamented Broussais, some interesting circumstances connected with the last moments

of so great a man, as they fell under my more immediate notice, may not seem misplaced.

I had often seen him, and often listened to his powerful eloquence, which spared neither friend nor foe, ancient nor modern man that stood in his pathway. He died only about a year since, and while I was at Paris.

If his fame for several years previous to this event had declined, and if there had been any lukewarmness in that impassioned admiration that the medical world entertained for him, that indifference in public feeling expired with him. For when his corse was brought out for sepulture in Père la Chaise, the streets were thronged with thousands to pay a last homage to his remains. Even the hearse was drawn by hundreds of medical students from his house to the grave, and in its route was stopped at the foot of the column of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme, in testimony of the admiration which the deceased when alive, and while a medical officer in the grand army, had ever cherished for the great Captain. A few days after his interment, I participated, by special invitation from my excellent friend *Amusat*, his attending surgeon, in a reunion of a few of his friends to hear and see the result of the autopsy.

Characteristic of the correct judgment of Broussais and the sagacity of his diagnosis, as well as of that of his skilful medical attendant, the morbid appearances were found to be in exact accordance with the detail and explanations of the symptoms as recorded in the *diary* of the deceased, as kept by himself up to the day of his death, and which I myself saw and examined.*

Immediately following his death, a bronze statue of this eminent physician, of the size of life, was cast by

* It was a cancinomatous affection of the rectum.

order of the Institute. I saw it at the foundry. He is seated in the chair of his library; his noble form, of Roman-like grandeur, stern as he looked—erect and commanding. Under one foot, prostrate in the dust, lie the ponderous tomes of *Hoffman*, *Boerhaave Van Swieten*, and *Cullen*, occupying the position in which his doctrines placed these justly-revered fathers of medicine, who for him had lived and laboured in vain. In his right hand were seen the volumes of his own dear system of physiological medicine. Alas, what presumption! Great as was the merit of Broussais, is it not consummate weakness, pride, and folly, to have falsely represented him thus, as having annihilated, by one stroke of the pen, such treasures of wisdom and of practical experience, of laborious research and profound acumen, as are scattered like pearls and diamonds through the pages of these immortal authors?

We have purposely deferred until this place noticing the most extraordinary man, perhaps, of all the great men of our profession congregated within the walls of Paris. We mean the celebrated BARON LARREY, the constant friend and companion of the Emperor Napoleon during all his memorable campaigns, from that time when fortune seemed forever to perch on his eagles, till, in the revolution of events, the glories of that great commander set forever on the field of Waterloo.

At the age of almost *fourscore*, this veteran in surgery, having survived a *hundred campaigns*, reposes upon his laurels in his favourite capital. Did ever any man, in ancient or modern times, witness the one tenth or one hundredth part of the bloody scenes of battle that he has participated in? What surgeon has ever looked upon, and been in the midst of such awful carnage? From the burning sands of Egypt, to the frozen snows

of Russia, and the final close of the drama at Waterloo, he was ever by the side of his beloved chieftain.

He told me on one occasion—for I may with pride say that I enjoyed the intimacy of this great surgeon, whom Napoleon, in his will and elsewhere, often spoke of as "*the best of men*"—that for twenty years of his life he slept, it may be said, on the same straw, and was wrapped in the same cloak with his great master.

I very much question whether any man since the days of *Ambrose Paré*, ever enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the whole army as much as Larrey. This I myself have witnessed again and again in his walks through the hospital of the celebrated *Invalides* at Paris, of which he was *surgeon-in-chief*. It was delightful to behold the almost religious veneration with which his old companions in arms received and welcomed him as he passed from bed to bed. The eyes of these decrepit warriors would glisten with joy at his approach; and, if sad from suffering, he would cheer their drooping spirits by recounting to them some memorable victory in which they had both participated. I have heard him sound in their ears the magic words, *Lodi! Marengo!* and *Austerlitz!* and *Mont Tabor!* and the effect was electric and wonderful. It was like the neighing of the war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. Can this be wondered at, when they saw in the person of Larrey the very form and figure—"the counterfeit presentment"—of their great Captain; and when they saw and knew, too, that the favourite *tri-cornered chapeau* which Larrey wore on his head as he walked from ward to ward, was that identical hat, made for and worn by Napoleon himself, and by him presented to Larrey, because, as Napoleon delicately remarked, it seemed to fit him best.

This incident of the present of the hat was related

to me by Baron Larrey on one occasion, when I was accompanying him through the *Invalides*, when he pleasantly transferred the hat from his own head to mine, and added that *that* hat Napoleon had worn.

As an illustration of his immense experience, he told me that he amputated *fourteen arms* at the *shoulder joint* the morning after the battle of *Wagram*, and that he performed more than *two hundred amputations* after the battle of Austerlitz; and persevering in his efforts to relieve the wounded soldiers, his knife fell powerless from his exhausted hand.

Nothing shall I ever cherish nearer to my feelings in my reminiscences of Paris, than the many and delightful conversations which I enjoyed with this truly virtuous and most estimable man. I recollect on one occasion at his house, while speaking on the subject of the wealth of professional men generally, he stated to me with great frankness that he was comfortable, but that his means were not ample. He said with much energy and emphasis, "I have often had it in my power, had I availed myself of the opportunities that offered, to have amassed as princely a fortune as Dupuytren, who left more than three millions of francs." He said that, after the conquest of Germany, Napoleon told him to go to the great capitals of that country, then subjugated to his imperial sway, and take from the museums, cabinets, and collections, every object that he desired that in any way pertained to his profession. Larrey replied that nothing there belonged to him, and that he could take nothing; showing an ingenuousness and delicate sense of honour, and a scrupulous honesty, which have ever marked and still characterise this great man.

It was no doubt to this rare example of probity, in those times of rapacity and conquest, that Napoleon had

reference when he pronounced the brief and eloquent eulogium, that Larrey was the best and most virtuous man that he had ever known.

In speaking, on one occasion, of the ingratitude of the public to professional men, he related the thrilling circumstances which occurred when a part of the French army were cut off from the main body a few days after the battle of Wagram, and intercepted upon the island of *Inder Lobau* by the burning of the bridge of the Danube by the Austrians. Larrey himself was with that portion of the army, and their food consisted for several days, as he related to me, of soup made of *horse-flesh* cooked in their *cuirasses* and seasoned with *gunpowder*. On this occasion, among the wounded superior officers was one whose arm Larrey had amputated, and who was in a state of extreme exhaustion. The baron gave him his last bottle of wine from his own stores. That officer recovered. He is now a wealthy peer, and barely recognises his benefactor and best friend.

The Baron Larrey is at present surgeon and inspector-general of the armies of France, with the pay of 12,000 francs per annum. He has retired from the hospital of the *Hotel des Invalides*, where, however, I had previously frequently had the good fortune to accompany him, and to bear witness to his extraordinary merits as a surgeon. At this period of his life, it could not be expected that he should be a brilliant and adroit operator; but, of all the men I have ever seen, he excelled in the neatness and in the manipulations of his dressings. In no hospital did I ever see so much order, cleanliness, and discipline. The military principle appeared to pervade every part of it. It was surprising the labour he would patiently go through in adjusting his dressings to

his patients, in which he was an example worthy of all praise and imitation, even for surgeons, and especially for pupils.

His invaluable surgical memoirs of the various campaigns of the Emperor are too familiarly known to require particular encomiums. I asked him whether we should not have the last volume brought down to the memorable events of Waterloo. He replied with much feeling, "I could not do that." Remarking of that fatal battle, he said that on the night of the third day, when all was over, and while absorbed in attendance upon the wounded, in the confusion and darkness of the night, alike assiduous as he was to friends or enemies, two English soldiers espied him by the glimmering light of the night-lamps, and cried out, "Here's Napoleon!" They seized him immediately, believing that they had captured the Emperor. They treated him roughly and dragged him over the ground, by which he was wounded in the forehead and bled much, his long black locks, as he always wears them (so peculiar and well-known), matting in dishevelled masses over his face. The brutal soldiers, intoxicated with their supposed prize, and maddened with victory, declared they would kill him. An English officer, passing by at this moment, accosted them, and hearing their story that they had taken Napoleon, instantly recognised the person of Baron Larrey, and directed them to release him immediately. But for this, the Baron told me, his life would have been sacrificed.

Among the objects in the hospitals and charitable establishments of Paris, as well as in those of all other Catholic countries, the most pleasing to a benevolent mind, are those meek and neatly-clad, and most efficient and kind-hearted females, whose lives, with a supreme

sense of religious duty, are exclusively devoted to the care and comfort of the poor and the sick. We mean the *Sisters of Charity* [sœurs grises, or sœurs de la charité], as they are denominated from the order of Nuns to which they belong.

The field of their pious labours is not confined and secluded within the damp and gloomy cloisters of a convent, but spread abroad through the world like the light of heaven, or that Divine mercy which, "as the gentle dew, falleth alike on all beneath," occupying itself in acts of humanity and in the tenderest charities to all their fellow-creatures. They, too, rigidly observe the vow of celibacy, but they are wedded to the charities of the human heart, and wisely judge that, like their great master, the Christian Saviour, they cannot do better service to the Lord, than by that practical benevolence which ministers to the sufferings of the helpless poor and sick.

This heavenly, I might almost say Godlike office, so peculiarly appropriate to *Woman*, involves a self-denial and sacrifice of every worldly object and enjoyment, that woman alone can endure. Next to the duty of being a mother, this is truly the most morally sublime and angelic of all human employments.

No more striking proof could be given, of the importance of a great and perfectly-organized medical school, in a densely-populated capital, than the mighty changes, reformations, and improvements which have been wrought in the healing art, through the influence of the great school of Paris, at once the capital of Europe and of France.

Mental energy has been stimulated into intense and concentrated activity, by the encouragement given to honourable rivalry in that vast arena. It is the only

capital where high intellectual merit in every department of knowledge is sure to meet with a liberal and fostering protection, without regard to the clime or people, to which those belong who enter into the lists of this bloodless tournament of mind grappling with mind.

To the brilliant march of medical and surgical science in this capital for half a century past, may, in fact, be imputed the moral interest which it has created there in society at large, the deservedly elevated rank and consideration which our profession holds in the estimation of the French people, and all the nations of Northern Europe; and, lastly, the more efficient charities of the heart which have thereby been called into active exercise, as we see beautifully illustrated in the religious order of females of whom we have just spoken.

We have glanced at the astonishing progress, within this time, that has been made there in every department of zoology and comparative and human anatomy, which sciences are the groundwork and true basis of all that is valuable in the practice of our profession.

We have already dilated at some length upon the physiological and pathological investigations which distinguish this great school. We must here say a passing word of the equally brilliant and more directly practical and useful discoveries achieved in the department of pharmacy, without the materiel of which the boasted healing art would be null and void, so far as unassisted though provident nature is inadequate to accomplish the removal of disease. It will redound with honour to the analytical genius and inventive powers of the French in chemical science, at the head of which stands the distinguished PELLETIER, that the accuracy of their processes, and the profound results of their experiments have placed within the hands of the physician all the

most valuable medicaments that we possess, in beautiful and simple forms, and stripped of all gross and extraneous matter. The extensive class of *alkaloid* preparations extracted from the vegetable kingdom, such as *morphine, quinine, strychnine, veratrine*, &c., and a range of others with which the world are now becoming familiar, have, by their direct and potent efficacy, their concentrated purity, and the exact measure with which we are enabled to compute their force, absolutely established a new era in the practice of our profession.

It was my happy lot, even at my advancing time of life, to have resided in this capital, and to have witnessed, also, the dawning as well as the meridian splendour of another new and illustrous era in the healing art. We refer to that beautiful and exact science *limitedly* denominated ORTHOPŒDIC SURGERY. Though the first essays in Myotomy were commenced about two centuries ago, it was then, and for a long period after, exclusively confined to a single operation: that of *Torticollis*. And it is only *within the last three years* that surgical and mechanical means have been successfully directed to relieve almost every description of human deformity originating in the muscular system. In this great and important work the *French* hold a distinguished and primary rank; and among them at present stand in bold and prominent relief the names of GUERIN, *Bouvier*, *Vidal*, and *Travernier*.

The institutions that have been founded by these distinguished men in and about Paris are the just admiration of all who take an interest in the march of sound practical surgery. Among the many travellers whom I have met at Paris, and whom I have accompanied to these *Orthopœdic Schools and Hospitals*, I may mention, besides my own countrymen, *Sir Benjamin Brodie*, of

London, and *Mr. Cusack*, of Dublin, who were in raptures at the extent and perfection of the curative processes they witnessed.

The princely establishment of my excellent friend, Dr. Jules Guerin, at *Passy*, in the environs of Paris, and near the former residence of our illustrious countryman, *Franklin*, may be cited as far surpassing all the rest. The ingenious and distinguished founder has done more than all his contemporaries in enlarging the principles and applying the practice of Myotomy and Tenotomy *to almost every muscle and tendon of the body.*

But, to secure the success of these sections, the cure can only be completed by the most ingenious and beautiful apparatus of mechanism; all of which has been consummated with an elaborateness of perfection and skill which almost transcends belief.

This great improvement both in *mechanical* and *operative* surgery is destined to be to the human form what vaccination has been and is to the human features. As the discovery of Jenner has rid the world of a loathsome pestilence, and banished from our sight those disfigurations which made the most lovely lineaments and complexions hideous to behold, so will Orthopœdic Surgery, by its magic touch, unbind the fettered limbs, restore symmetry to the distorted form, give mobility to the imprisoned tongue, and directness to the orb of vision.

Like many other of the glorious achievements of surgery, it is based upon such simple and self-evident principles that it cannot but be attractive, and carry home conviction to the plainest capacities. Its adoption, therefore, must be universal; and the more so, because, liberally and extensively as the knife may be used, untwisting, as it literally does, the most misshapen, and revolt-

ing, and convoluted masses of deformity, by dividing deep, yet safely under the skin, through the thickest and broadest muscles, until, as I have seen Guerin do, and in one operation, some half a hundred nearly* of these ropes of the human body were cut asunder, and the patient stretched out upon the table in his natural shape; yet are these operations, in many instances, almost *free from pain*, and without a drop of blood!

And another remarkable feature, and which gives the charm of magic to this truly brilliant triumph of our art, is the almost instantaneous restoration of every distorted part as soon as cut, and the righting of the limbs, and trunk, and head, to their wonted beautiful symmetry and proportions; as the proud ship that has been bent down to the rude storm recovers her position and resumes her stately course when the shrouds have been cut away.

Having myself pursued this new branch as a student with my friend Guerin for the last three years, and personally traced it through every step of its rapid progress, from its birthday, I may say, to its present perfected condition; and having also supplied myself with every instrument and apparatus employed, made at great cost, and under the special supervision of M. Guerin, and as a particular favour granted by that gentleman to me, I have thought that I could in no manner so well express my gratitude to him, to my country, and to my friends, for the kind feelings with which they have been pleased to cherish my name, as by attempting to found in this city an *American Orthopædic Institution*, by which the principles and practice of that inestimable science may be diffused far and wide through this my native land.

I am sure, in addressing these observations to parents

* In the case I refer to forty-three muscles and tendons were divided.

and friends, I need make no apology for having introduced myself in connexion with this subject. I am persuaded they will hail with cordial approbation the establishment of an institution, and the introduction of a new department of surgical practice, hitherto a desideratum, and unexplored but most important region in the geography of Surgical Anatomy, and which is destined to supply such pressing wants and to fulfil such high purposes; in short, to redress the evils of feeble nature and to repair the injuries of misguided art.

Well knowing, from a long career of experience in my own country, the parental anxiety which naturally attaches to all kinds of deformities, I am satisfied that, in appealing more directly to fathers and to mothers, they will welcome any efforts which have for their object the relief or removal of the most unpleasant class of affections that can afflict their offspring.

In founding an orthopœdic establishment in this country, it has not been my design to serve myself only, but a higher and nobler feeling, I trust, has actuated me in this step, which I cannot doubt will be properly estimated by all who know me. I design it as a *national* establishment; and, should my life *not* be spared, trust to be enabled to make such arrangements that others may be benefited by it.

BELGIUM.

From Paris, accompanied by my young friends Dr. Schmidt and Dr. King, of New-York, we proceeded to Belgium, Holland, and Germany, and in our route stopped a short time at the capital of Belgium. We find, indeed, the beautiful city of Brussels abounding in charities of all descriptions and hospitals of great extent.

Here we notice a union of English with French practice; this mixed tone originating from so many of both these nations having selected this place for their residence. The English usages, however, and the English practice of medicine and surgery rather predominate. Netherlands has produced men of great merit in our profession; among whom I must be permitted to name *Mr. Seutin*, the author of the new system of healing fractures, now much adopted in that country and in France, denominated "*La Bandage Immobile*," or "*L'Appareil Amidonnée*," so called from the starch or *dextrine* with which the bandages are saturated, forming, when they and the successive layers of pasteboard are dry, an *immovable* encasement to the limb, as much so as if it were enclosed in a dried paste envelope of plaster of Paris. An admirable contribution to practical surgery under many circumstances.

We had the happiness of knowing the author, and of being shown by him every step of the process, and of hearing his proofs and arguments in favour of it. As is natural to an inventor, he is perhaps more enthusiastic in its favour than many who listen to and witness his illustrations. Many surgeons, with great justice, will object to the immediate application of this apparatus at

the moment of the fracture, and of this number we profess ourselves to be, from a fear of the perfectly inelastic character of the *appareil*, and the natural tendency we all know there is to vesications and excoriations when a recent fracture is too tightly bandaged, and the heat thereby is made to accumulate.

From instances which I have known of severe inflammation caused by this practice, extending frightfully through the limb, and from suppurations permanently impairing the functions of motion, I would advise great circumspection in the use of it immediately after an accident.

This was strikingly illustrated in the case of one of my surgical friends, *Dr. Doubovitsky*, professor of surgery in the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburgh. He had this appareil applied to a simple fracture of the left arm, involving the elbow joint, immediately after the accident. And so intense was the inflammation, which extended to the ends of the fingers, that contractions of the muscles and tendons, and such deformities of the forearm, wrist, and hand were the consequence, that I am confident he never will have the perfect use of the limb, notwithstanding all the aid that *orthopædic* surgery, directed by so great a master as Guerin himself, whom he came to Paris to consult, could offer to him. An inconceivable misfortune to a young and distinguished surgeon as he is.

But unquestionably, after the inflammatory symptoms have subsided, this process adds vastly to the comfort of the patient, and abridges greatly the irksomeness of confinement.

Seutin, however, stoutly maintains that an important part of the efficacy of his method consists in its immediate application after an injury. He cited to me ex-

amples of attempts made to depreciate his practice, in which the application was delayed for a number of days instead of being used instantly, as he insists it should have been.

In army practice, where soldiers are to be transported, and in civil life also, under such circumstances, Seutin's method will be in every point of view justified.

As for ourselves, we admire the simplicity, the everything surgical, in the admirable dressings of the *modern father of military surgery*, Baron Larrey.

His flat and cylindrical cushions of rolled-up straw sewed in common linen cloth, composed thus of materials accessible on all occasions, and which are placed longitudinally next to the limb and beneath the splints, forming with the latter an open framework around it, have an advantage over all other dressings, by their elasticity, coolness, and cleanliness, and at the same time giving an opportunity for the limb to be daily examined.

This simple and cheap apparatus is, in fact, an imitation of Nature herself in the adjustment of the action of the long muscles, by which their antagonist powers, in an unfractured healthy limb, exert, like so many levers, a proper equipoise of extension and flexion in preserving the bones in a correct position upon their hinges or joints.*

* It is due to my friend Dr. P. S. Townsend, of this city, to say, that this apparatus of Baron Larrey was first introduced into this country at the hospital of the Seamen's Retreat on Staten Island, in the vicinity of this city, about the year 1831–2. This charity was founded chiefly through the instrumentality of Dr. Townsend.

HOLLAND.

Journeying on through many cities of less importance in Belgium and in Holland, we alighted at ancient *Leyden*. At the name of Leyden, every historic association dear to our profession is summoned before us. It was here, in this great school of learning, that lived the immortal *Boerhaave*, and a galaxy of so many great names in every department of science; giving a metropolitan renown to this otherwise inconsiderable though beautiful city.

We visited the lecture-rooms, the hospitals, the museums, which were once walked and occupied by Boerhaave. His humble dwelling, a rural villa, is yet to be seen in the environs of the town. In the *Botanic Garden*, attached to the now very small *School of Medicine*, they take great pride in showing a tree which was planted and nursed by the great champion of the *Humoral Pathology*. From this tree we took and preserved a leaf with great care, as a souvenir of the spot hallowed by the footsteps and consecrated by the fame of that master-mind in medicine, whose name is not more illustrious by his profound learning and extensive reputation as a professor and a physician, than it is by his exemplary virtues as a man and a Christian.

But Leyden was—and is no more. Its spirit departed with him who gave it life. It now stands like a city of the dead, deserted, alone, scarce a voice heard within its walls—the rank grass growing in its streets—the scum of the green conferva gathering on the surface of its stagnant canals, whose waters are never ruffled or

disturbed, save by some solitary bird gliding through them and leaving its track behind.

There was an awful solemnity and a sepulchral feeling in passing through the streets of this far-famed town, once thronged and alive with its thousands of medical students from all quarters of the world, attracted by the fame and talents of its ruling star and master-spirit. Scarcely could we imagine to ourselves that such things had been, and were gone as though they never were.

Salernum in Calabria, and Leyden in Holland, were successively the two great fountains of medical instruction on the Continent of Europe. Not a vestige of the former, when we visited it, was to be found. All its professors and their edifices had crumbled alike in the dust; and Leyden, its successor, is fast passing to the same tomb. The schools of Edinburgh and of Paris have risen upon their ruins. And may we not anticipate, with fearful forebodings, that these, too, are destined, like all mortal things, to decay, and that another Leyden may arise in this western world that shall unite the fame of them all; and that, in their turn, the pupils of the Old World shall come to seek instruction in the New.

America, for what she is indebted to the *father-land*, may then have it in her power to make restitution fourfold to her ancient benefactors.

I passed through the old cities of *Harlem*, of *Amsterdam*, and *Utrecht*; familiar and endeared names, that vividly recalled my own native state during the sway of the ancient burgomasters of the province of New-Netherland, now the "Empire State of New-York."

In the two latter cities there are extensive hospitals and schools of medicine, but nothing remarkable of a distinctive character.

PRUSSIA.

From Utrecht I proceeded *en route* to the town of *Hallé*, in Prussia, rendered famous by the name of the three *Meckels*, whose labours and publications in anatomy must ever be the admiration of all students and practitioners.

The third and last of the name, and the greatest, had paid the debt of nature a few days before my arrival. From the vastness of his researches in anatomy, as shown in his published volumes, I anticipated a rich treat in the examination of the *Meckel Museum*. In this I was not disappointed; for, in extent and variety of human and comparative specimens, it is only surpassed by that stupendous monument of anatomical labour, the *Hunterian Museum of London*, which was the work of one individual only, and must ever stand as an example of untiring and prolonged investigation that has no parallel, and is calculated to humble our pride and make us feel our own insignificance.*

The private museum of the Meckels, though the labour of only three persons, far exceeds in extent any national museum on the Continent of Europe. And it is a matter of surprising wonder how so small and insignificant a town as Hallé, containing only a few thousand inhabitants, and remotely situated in the interior of Prussia, could have ever furnished the *materiel* for such a collection; or how a medical school, whose anatomical

* have in my possession two *lancets* that belonged to Mr. Hunter. They were presented to me by the conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and are in fine preservation.

theatre can scarce accommodate *fifty pupils*, could have supported the founders or enabled them to complete so vast a work.

I examined with great interest every compartment of this remarkable establishment. There were specimens there of immense beauty and infinite variety, in anatomy, comparative anatomy, and pathology, and in zoology in general, all tributary to the illustration of physiology and the cure of diseases.

When about to leave I was offered to select a souvenir, and contented myself with a single *Clavicle*, which I prize highly, as having belonged to such distinguished anatomists as those who founded this museum.

Perhaps my affection for so small a part of the human fabric, might have made my friends at Hallé consider me particularly moderate; but I had a reason which my American countrymen will pardon me for having wished to gratify. It was that I might have in this memorial of the labour of the illustrious Meckels that bone, so small, yet so important in the human body, and frightful in some of its diseases, which I conceived to have myself given—I hope I may say without vanity—still more consideration to, by *exsecting* it through its entire extent for a tremendous *Osteo-sarcoma*. I attached more value to this operation from its novelty and originality, and from its never having been performed before; and, let me add, from my deeming it, from the character of the vessels and parts involved in its steps, the most important, difficult, and dangerous operation that can be performed on the human body. The patient who was the subject of it still lives, as a monument of the benefit of modern surgery. It has only been performed successfully on one occasion since. I have ventured to call it my *Waterloo* operation, as it was performed on the seventeenth day of June, [1827.]

I had the curiosity to inquire what value the widow of the last Meckel put upon this wonderful accumulation of anatomical specimens, and how much she demanded, as I understood it was for sale. The answer was, that she asked 40,000 *thalers*, which would be equivalent to about $32,000 of our money, a sum which appeared to be by no means extravagant.

There are few professional gentlemen in any country that could compass such a purchase and spare such a sum of money. No individual applicant, therefore, appeared for it. The late King of Prussia, much to his honour, afterward ordered it to be purchased to add to his royal school at Berlin; which is much the most preferable disposition of it, as it is now on the great thoroughfare of the Continent, and accessible to all tourists and students.

From Hallé we journeyed on a few days through Brunswick and Hanover, and arrived at *Berlin*, the famous capital of Prussia. I had long anticipated the delight of taking by the hand the celebrated surgeon, Baron Graefe, who first followed me in the original operation of tying the *Arteria Innominata*, or great *Brachio-Cephalic Trunk*, within about three inches of the heart. Everybody must make allowance for the intense interest I naturally felt to have an interview with the first surgeon of the kingdom of Prussia under such peculiar circumstances connected with myself. He was therefore the object of my first attention on reaching this great capital. On inquiring for his residence, all seemed to be familiar with him. We repaired to his house, and what was my great disappointment to learn that he was absent, from indisposition, on a visit to the country. I was referred to a younger brother, a surgeon of great respectability, who for many years had

been attached to the Prussian service, and was now a private practitioner in Berlin. My name was perfectly familiar to him, and he received me with all the cordiality and kindness that I could possibly desire, and expressed his sincere regret at the absence of his brother, and stated that he knew well the extreme disappointment it would be to him not to have had an opportunity to meet me; as what I had done in surgery was often the subject of his discourse.

Within a year after my operation just referred to was published, and translated into the German journals, Baron Graeffe had a case in which he deemed it proper to perform it, after reading my account; and, as he mentions in the statement of his own patient, he followed, therefore, in the steps of my operation.

This great ornament of our profession, distinguished also for his skill in *Opthalmic Surgery*, died shortly before my return to this country, and while he was on a visit to Hanover to operate on the eyes of the son of the king. He is one of the rare instances in surgery, with Dupuytren and Sir Astley Cooper, who have been richly rewarded for their professional talents and labours. Dupuytren, as we have already stated, left a fortune of about *three millions of francs;* Sir Astley Cooper no less than *half a million sterling;* and Baron Graeffe the sum of *fifteen millions of francs*, equal to three millions of dollars!

The operation upon the *Arteria Innominata*, to which we have alluded, is properly deemed among the boldest essays of modern surgery, and has now been performed about half a dozen times. Among those who have performed it, I may mention the private surgeon of the Emperor of Russia, *Mr. Arendt*, with whom I had the satisfaction of an interview at Paris, where he sought me

out, and seemed much delighted at having his wishes gratified to see, as he ardently desired, he said, the surgeon who first projected and performed that remarkable operation. Mr. Arendt's ligature upon this great artery is the last attempt that has been made to save human life under those peculiar exigencies and difficulties which have justified this most formidable and hazardous expedient.

My friends, I hope, will excuse this narration, which relates so much to myself, but which, for fear of the imputation of self-praise, I would not have touched upon, were not the operation itself one of historic interest, and of such magnitude as to make the discovery of its practicability—permit me, with a due sense of my own humble pretensions, to add—an epoch in the annals of surgery.

While on this interesting topic, I will add, that my original operation, as I stated and published at the time [1818] in my memoir describing it, established the *four* following important principles in surgery:

1. The practicability of tying that great trunk in the living human body.

2. That, when tied, it occasioned no disturbance to the action of the heart or function of the lungs.

3. That totally interrupting so great a column of blood, comprising *one third* of what is propelled from the heart, and one half of what supplies the brain, produced no inconvenience.

4. That the right arm, which receives all its blood from this great trunk, experienced no want of supply through the innosculating channels.

Unpropitious as has been the result of all these operations, I nevertheless indulge the hope that some one

more fortunate among my countrymen is destined yet to have the honour of the *first successful* trial.

Other great operations upon the arteries have failed in their first essays, which should not dishearten us in our anticipations of one day being yet enabled to record a triumphant issue to this.

For my own part, I am satisfied with *my* share, and my best wishes will ever attend all future attempts to add new laurels to surgery, to extend the domain of its usefulness, and to mitigate or relieve the calamities that afflict my fellow-beings.

In the capital of the kingdom of Prussia, we take great pleasure in mentioning, also, the name of the distinguished *Dieffenbach*, no less renowned for his skill in what is called *Rhinoplastic* surgery, than as the author of the brilliant operation for the complete cure of *squinting*, or strabismus, as it is called in the technical language of surgery. It was Dieffenbach, also, who first proposed directing our attention to some surgical operation upon the tongue, for the distressing impediment called *stammering*. His plan for the removal of stammering was the excision of a triangular piece from the upper part of the base of the tongue, by which *both lingual arteries* were necessarily cut, and secured with great difficulty by ligature. It imposed the necessity, also, of sutures, to bring the edges of the wound together, in order to diminish the length of the tongue, which was supposed to be the source of the difficulty. This serious and formidable attempt was fatal in the *second* case from hæmorrhage. It has always appeared to us that it is an unjustifiable expedient, because so dangerous in the hands of the inexperienced and unskilful. In surgery, it ought not to be an axiom that an operation is justifiable because there are *some* that can

perform it. It is only morally and professionally right to recommend that which can be performed with safety by the *generality* of surgeons.

The *French operation* for stammering has advantages far surpassing those of the distinguished German surgeon. It is performed upon parts free from danger, is far more philosophical in its principles, and in the division of the restraining muscular bands (the *genio-hyoglossi*) beneath the tongue, beautifully accords with the established doctrines of the new science of orthopœdy.

If the division of the muscles and tendons sets at liberty, as it certainly does, the distorted limbs and joints, and the deformed trunk of the body, through the triumphant discoveries of orthopœdic surgery, does it not look reasonable that the same principle may be applied to another organ, embarrassed and restricted in its motions as the tongue must be in stammering, and that the division of its contracted muscles must likewise liberate that member also and set it free? Part or the whole of the benefit of this operation may, perhaps, be attributed to the interruption of the unnatural or dynamic action of the muscles, as first suggested by *Rudolphi*. If this view be just, is it not in consonance with sound surgery and the well-known laws of speech, that we should cut the restricting fibres that impede the natural motions of the organ?

From the great variety of cases that have been presented to me, and upon which I have operated, both in private practice since my return to this country, and at the recently-established *Surgical Clinique* of the Medical Faculty of the University of this city, I am happy to state that it will soon be in my power to arrive at a just estimate of the value of this practice. And should it not be found sufficiently efficacious to warrant its continu-

ance, it will doubtless prepare the way for something more successful.

I am delighted to award to the distinguished Dieffenbach, to whom I owe many personal obligations of gratitude for his courteous reception of me during my stay at Berlin, the brilliant honour of being the *first* to propose and perform the novel and singularly felicitous operation of dividing the contracted muscles of the eye for squinting, which, from its simplicity, and the almost instantaneous, as well as radical and perfect cure that it accomplishes, and comparatively without pain, in restoring the eye to its true direction, has caused it to be universally adopted, both in this country and abroad, as one of the most popular fascinations and charms of orthopœdic surgery.

For the performance of this beautiful operation there appears to be no uniform plan except to carry out the *orthopœdic aphorism* of the division of the contracted muscles. The methods adopted are of every possible diversity, though all based upon the same unchanging principle as proposed by Dieffenbach. In truth, we never saw either in Europe or our own country two surgeons operate in the same way: some holding the eye with hooks on the sclerotica, others the conjunctiva with forceps, and others, again, without either; some dividing the muscle with scissors, and some with the bistory, and others with another form of cutting instrument. Guerin makes a *puncture* through the conjunctiva; and, therefore, in correspondence with his phrase of the *subcutaneous section*, as applied by him to orthopœdy in general, denominates his method for curing strabismus the *sous-conjunctival* operation.

In reflecting upon this operation and the frequent failures that are reported, we would venture an opinion,

founded on our own experience, that, if the vaginal aponeurosis, which is formed conjointly by all the muscles on the anterior part of the sclerotica, be divided also *freely* along with the muscle, there ought not and cannot be any failure. We would therefore strongly urge this practice, which we deem important and essential to secure the success of the operation.

A no less important contribution in operative surgery has been made by Dieffenbach in his proposition to heal congenital urethral deficiencies by making an artificial opening posterior to them, and then introducing the catheter when required, by which means we are enabled to carry on successfully the processes necessary to the cure.

Our estimable friend is more generally known and distinguished throughout Europe for his *Rhinoplastic Operations.*

We have no hesitation in saying, without recurring to what has been done in the East by the Hindu inventors of this ancient operation, there called the *Taliacotian*, that he has made more new noses out of old material than all the other surgeons of Europe put together. We were utterly astonished, in one of our visits with him to his hospital, at the number and variety of his *new noses*, which were all neatly trimmed and fashioned according to the most approved patterns, presenting altogether a most ludicrous but most ingenious and successful spectacle of *surgical tailoring*, and one of lasting importance and satisfaction to the feelings of the patient. Some were made to derive the stuff from the arm and others from the forehead, the usual furnishing shops. We recollect to have once seen at Paris an amusing extension of this principle to heal a breach, in which the patch was taken from a very remote part of the body connected by a neck of not much less than a

foot in length, and the result of which proved that there was more neck than head in the experiment.*

The University of Berlin, with its extensive hospitals, forms a great practical school of medicine and surgery. The *Anatomical Museum* was founded by the WALTHERS. It is of great extent and variety; and now, since my visit, from having had added to it, by the munificence of the late king, the princely Meckel collection from Hallé, must be rich indeed. It contains the original wet preparations of the adult subject in excellent preservation, from which were taken the plates in the great work of the Walthers on the Nervous System. Among the many objects of interest and beauty contained in this admirable collection, was one exhibiting the *arteries of the head*, which struck me as the most exquisitely and elaborately injected and dissected preparation I have ever seen in any country. It was in spirits, as a wet preparation, and was exhibited as a *bijou*, as it really is, of anatomical skill. The young man who was successful in his preparation at Berlin received a royal premium, and was farther compensated for it by some post of honour in his profession.

* Within a few centuries past, while chirurgical science was in its rude infancy, surgeons were denominated barbers; or, rather, barbers performed most of the few coarse and simple processes in surgery then known, while surgeons, on the other hand, did the duty of barbers as an appendage to their profession. Within our own time, even military surgeons of the Hessian regiments quartered here during the American Revolution shaved and dressed the chief officers of the staff; and some old inventories on our records indicate that the utensils of shaving constituted a much more costly item with the "chirurgeons" of those days than their surgical implements. How mighty, then, has been the progress of surgical science, to have been thus in a few years literally redeemed from barber-ism, and placed in the rank of one of the noblest of arts. Metaphorically, surgery has been called the carpentry of medicine. The extension of rhinoplastic surgery may perhaps lead some to give it another epithet, and to declare that it has invaded the dominions of tailoring.

DRESDEN.

FROM Berlin I proceeded to *Dresden*, the capital of Saxony. In this ancient city, the favourite resort of all travellers for its models in the fine arts, and for its wonderful collection of paintings by the ancient masters, the only object of professional interest that I met with in the hospitals, was the extraordinary variety of the minor operations of the *Anaplastic* order; which general term *Anaplastic*, adopted for the whole class, has been now subdivided into the following species, named according to the part to which the principle is applied, thus:

Rhinoplastic, of the nose.
Cheiloplastic, of the lips.
Blepheroplastic, of the eyelids.
Otoplastic, of the ear.
Bronchoplastic, of the larynx and trachea.
Staphyloplastic, of the velum and uvula.
Keratoplastic, of the cornea.
Genoplastic, of the cheeks and lips.
Palatoplastic, of the vault of the palate.
Uretroplastic, of the urethra.
Elytroplastic, of the vaginal septa.

And all branching from the original rhinoplastic principle, as the extended applications of orthopœdic science sprang from the section for *Torticollis*, or the various forms of *Talipes*. Truly, indeed, may it be said of this last-mentioned and now comprehensive department of surgery, "Ex pede Herculem." In the city of Dresden, *Dr. Von Ammon* holds the same distinguished rank in *Anaplastic Surgery*—as the general science of patch-

ing the skin may, for want of a better term, perhaps be denominated—that Dieffenbach occupies in Berlin in the Rhinoplastic department.

AUSTRIA.

After leaving Dresden I proceeded to Prague, where meeting with nothing of special interest in a professional point of view, we continued our route to Vienna, the famous capital of Austria.

In this great and beautiful city, one of the most charming in Europe, and one to which the admiring world have been for ages attracted by its renown as the seat of all the refinements of civilization and the elegant arts of life; that capital where music has held its undisputed throne, and where the greatest composers have lived and flourished under imperial patronage, the graver sciences, also, and that of our own profession, have risen to commensurate importance.

The most distinguished man in *Ophthalmic Surgery* in Europe, Mr. Yaeger, resides here, and also his colleague, Mr. Rosas; and in no part of Europe is this branch of surgery cultivated and practised with more success than in Vienna. Yaeger has given an elevated character to it which it nowhere else enjoys, and his celebrity as an operator upon all affections of the eye is without any parallel. Such, in truth, is the just renown of the ophthalmic school which he has founded, that students of medicine from all countries now properly resort thither to complete their education.

There is an immense civil general hospital connected with this school, and it is, in my opinion, the best regulated, the most perfectly neat and admirably ventilated, and the most practically useful in all its arrangements, of any establishment of the kind in any part of the world. They have adopted a practice there deserving of imitation everywhere. It consists in placing at the head of the bed of every patient a *label*, with a brief history of the case, and all the prescriptions which are addressed to the malady. This gives great facility to the student, and to all professional persons who visit the hospital, thereby enabling each not only to see the name of the disease and the method of treatment pursued, but sparing also the patient from the annoyance of harassing interrogatories, one of the greatest evils to the sick in public institutions. We trust this practice will sooner or later be universally adopted.

The hospital, including the ophthalmic department, is composed of no less than *twelve spacious quadrangles*, and accommodates about *four thousand* patients, which will give some idea of its astonishing magnitude.

Yet, besides this, there is also a large *military* hospital, with a rich, extensive, and most beautiful museum, altogether furnishing, with the *civil* establishment, unsurpassed opportunities for professional instruction, and made admirably and usefully tributary to the *University*, one of the most flourishing in Europe.

Though this University is not distinguished for the promulgation of any particular doctrines in medicine, nor for having struck out any new path in operative surgery, the professors nevertheless are eminent in their respective branches; and though they have, for the most part, not wandered far out of the usual routine of practice, still their course has been *pari passu* with the great

improvements of the day; and as an evidence of the reputation they enjoy, they attract to the capital from six to *eight hundred* pupils annually.

In addition to the superior advantages enumerated, which are had by the medical pupils at the Austrian capital, there is also the choicest collection of *wax* preparations to be found in the north of Europe, and called the *Josephum*, in honour of that munificent emperor, *Joseph the Second*, whom every true-born Austrian is so justly proud to name.

He ordered this costly assemblage of anatomical preparations to be made in Italy; and such was the enormous expense thereby incurred, that he never permitted the amount to be divulged to his subjects. It is perfect and complete in all its details. There is no part of the human body but what is here faithfully and most beautifully represented in all its varieties; and the collection may be studied with equal interest by the professional man as by the painter and sculptor.

I would name this fascinating capital as one peculiarly calculated for the residence of invalids during the milder months of the year. The hours glide peacefully and agreeably along in the midst of its literary and scientific treasures, in its polished society and refined amusements. There is no metropolis, containing so large a population, where the invalid may lead a life of so much tranquillity and repose, and have at his command so wide a range of rational gratifications. For it is here that the ameliorating influence of the imperial protection, conceded to the cultivation of all the elegant arts of life, has exerted a happy and most benign moral power over the relations of society and the domestic charities of the heart, and been, no doubt, a principal and controlling cause of the practical results of that in-

fluence which we behold in the foundation of such noble and ample institutions for the relief of suffering humanity.

Among others of our profession at Vienna who are ably endeavouring to advance the reputation of sound medical science on the only secure basis upon which it can march, that of practical experience at the bedside, and in autopsic examinations, we must, before concluding our visit to this capital, not omit to mention *Professor Rokitansky* and *Dr. Akoda*. The former [Rokitansky], professor of pathological anatomy, availing himself of the wide field of inquiry which his position gives him, has, after years of the closest and most diligent application, recently published a work, than which none was more wanted by the profession; and which, being a faithful description of what he himself saw in more than *twelve thousand dead bodies*, and a well-digested theory of the greater number of morbid processes, which he has minutely traced throughout their stages, will form a most invaluable accession to pathology and therapeutics. Akoda, now *Primarius* in the General Hospital of Vienna, has, after a number of years of the most laborious application to the subject of percussion and auscultation, brought out a great work on those modes of applying the principles of *acoustics* to the illustration of pathological phenomena, which probably will give it the precedence over all others. It is founded wholly on his own observations on the living subject, confirmed by numerous post-mortem examinations. Akoda believes that he has succeeded in reconciling nearly all the phenomena of respiration, circulation, &c., with the laws of physics as observed in inanimate matter. I am gratified in being able to announce that my friend Dr. Arthur Fisher, an American physician,

now abroad, is engaged in translating both the above works into the English language.

The streets and houses of Vienna are more uniformly fine than those of any large city we have yet seen. There are no splendid palaces, as at Paris, and the imperial residence called the Palace of *Schoenbrunn* is far eclipsed by the *Tuileries;* but this city is far cleaner, far more cheerful in its general aspect, and infinitely better paved than the capital of "La Belle France." The shops remind us, however, of those on the Boulevards, but generally have a large painting in front characteristic of the trade or occupation. Nothing strikes the traveller so forcibly as the immense extent and number of the *public gardens*, which, as *wholesome respiratory organs* and ventilators, contribute largely, with the unusual cleanliness, to the superior health of this capital. The *Prater* is the most considerable. The whole city, in fact, is surrounded by a belt or zone several hundred yards wide, which is truly a "cordon sanitaire," and thickly planted with trees, completely separating the town from the suburbs. This is merely called, however, with great modesty, a *Parade*, as the Viennese, with so many other superb parks to adorn their city, will not dignify this with the name of garden.

The *Vaux Gardens* I think the most beautiful, though less extensive than some others. The evening we were there it was crowded with the *élite* and fashion of Vienna. The display of variegated and illuminated lamps eclipsed all I could have conceived of beauty in that way. They were wreathed around columns and statuary, suspended from tree to tree, and worked in the form of necklaces representing the colour and brilliancy of all the precious stones. Nothing but music was wanting to make it a complete fairy scene, and that was there

in masterly perfection. If the Viennese excel the rest of Europe in anything, it is in the perfection of their instrumental music. There were four bands stationed among the trees, sometimes playing in concert in imitation of an echo of each and every instrument alternately; or, again, each taking up successively the parts of an opera, as of Der Freischutz, &c., making most delicious concords of sweet sounds. The gay dancers seemed to be in their Paradise, especially the parties who partook of the favourite waltz of this people. The velocity with which they whirled round, to the most rapid and difficult music, was truly marvellous, and seemed to present a fair scope for surgical casualties.

The galleries of paintings, sculpture, &c., are superb, and most richly endowed.

MUNICH.

From Vienna we passed to Munich, the capital of Bavaria, which, for its inconsiderable size, has evinced a steady zeal in the promotion and establishment of literary and scientific institutions nowhere else surpassed. The Bavarians are much indebted for this to the liberality and public spirit of their worthy monarch, who, descending from his throne to mingle familiarly with his people, has taken a personal and individual interest in giving an elevated intellectual rank to his capital.

Here resides that most distinguished surgeon, Walther, who for many years was co-editor with the illustrious Baron Graeffe, of Berlin, in the publication of a Medical Journal, the most extensively known of any throughout Germany. Walther enjoys a distinguished reputation at home, and an extended fame upon the Continent.

FRANKFORT ON THE MEIN.

The last place we shall here notice in Germany is Frankfort on the Mein, a flourishing and interesting capital.

This was the residence of the great Sœmmering. Eager to pay my respects to so celebrated an anatomist and surgeon, I hastened, on my arrival, to search out his residence, and found the family in gloom and mourning. He had died a short time before. I saw his son, who is a respectable representative of his illustrious father. He treated me with marked attention; and when I inquired, as I naturally did, for his father's celebrated museum, he referred me to his sister, who seemed to take a much deeper interest in her honoured parent's fame than the son himself. She accompanied me to the museum, and presented me a handsomely bound volume containing a catalogue of his invaluable preparations, which are remarkable for their exquisite beauty and perfection in the most minute details.

She handed down for me, and exhibited successively, the most interesting specimens in the collection, and I was delighted to see she took great pride in stating to me that they were made by her own beloved father's hands. I confess that in my absence abroad no incident has occurred, in all my rambles, that made a more delicate and touching impression upon my feelings than this. In no instance have I seen filial affection more strikingly and pleasingly shown, or more appropriately bestowed, than it was as exhibited in this interview. For a daughter to be the anatomical biographer of so

honoured and illustrious a father, though it might be considered by some of the sex to be *unfeminine*, appeared to me a triumphant illustration of devotional attachment. She informed me that the collection was for sale, and the price demanded for it was 10,000 thalers, or about $8000 of our money.

It may be said of the lamented Sœmmering, that he was one of the brightest lights in anatomical and physiological science, and that his name and his writings will be transmitted to the latest posterity, as among the highest authorities, for the accuracy and fidelity of his statements and the soundness of his deductions.

In travelling through Belgium, Holland, and Germany, particularly the latter extensive country, I was struck with the general health and robustness of the population, attributable mainly to their frugal and regular habits of life, and to the general absence of all luxurious indulgences. The limited means of obtaining a livelihood compel every individual almost to a rigid economy and industry. And in Prussia the healthy moral and physical condition of the people is still better secured by the solid intellectual culture extended by the admirable system of school education and athletic exercises, to almost every individual, it may be said, of that dominion.

Nor do the titled classes generally, I think, consume so large a portion of the fruits of human labour as in some other countries. Neither is their time passed in the usual voluptuous idleness of courts, but devoted to intellectual improvement and practical attention to the wants of the people, with whose welfare they seem directly to sympathize.

It ought in justice to be stated also in honour of our *Anglo-Saxon* kindred, that there is more rigid cultiva-

tion of the higher order, and more useful branches of mental pursuits to be met with in the courts of northern Europe, than elsewhere upon the Continent.

There is one habit common to the countries of northern Europe, which, however loathsome and annoying to some, and however severely reprobated by others, is, it may be said, almost universal. I mean the use of *tobacco*; which, though apparently everywhere most freely indulged in by all classes, and even by both sexes, was not, as it appeared to me, attended with those injurious results which the denunciations it has received in our own country would have led me to anticipate.

If this "good creature" and "precious weed," as it was called when first brought into vogue by Sir Walter Raleigh, were so extremely deleterious as some would have us believe, it appears to me inconceivable how we should find the most vigorous constitutions and well-developed forms among those very people where it is so profusely employed, chiefly in the form of smoking.

My impression with regard to the humid climate and locality of Holland, and it accords with observation there, is, that its use is more or less prophylactic or preventive of the endemial fevers of low and marshy countries. The moderate use of this weed, we are inclined to think, may, under many circumstances, be not only harmless, if not also preventive and remedial.

In France its consumption is certainly on the increase, and in England we should judge that it is getting more and more into vogue. It is not our intention to dilate upon this disputed question; but our experience leads us to the conclusion that much more censure has been cast upon our American Virginia plant than it merits. In one very fatal and distressing form of disease, to wit, *Laryngeal Phthisis*, and *Bronchitis* among pub-

lic speakers, the fact is very clearly established, that the moderate habit of smoking, by the drain it accomplishes and its anodyne qualities, has been eminently useful, at least as a preventive of that peculiar malady so frequent in the northern part of the United States, especially among the clergy.

SWITZERLAND.

After leaving Germany I passed up the Rhine and visited *Strasbourg*, the birthplace of the immortal *Cuvier*, that giant in every branch of science that touches upon animal organization, modern or antediluvian.

From this *en route* we entered Switzerland by *Schaffhausen;* and thence passing entirely through this wonderfully romantic and unique country, visiting nearly all its interesting towns, lakes, mountains, and other objects of importance, we finally reached *Geneva.*

Without entering into any particular notice of this city, so famous in history, I must be permitted, as a professional man, to caution all my countrymen who are threatened or affected with the least pulmonary disease, or predisposition to it, to avoid a residence even of a few weeks here, or in any part of Switzerland. This I do from observation during two visits to this capital. The remarkable and sudden changes of temperature to which persons are constantly exposed, during summer more particularly, by the cold winds from *Mont Blanc* and other mountains in the vicinity, covered with glaciers and eternal snows, subject them to perpetual danger of an aggravation of their symptoms. The humidity, also, which arises from the extensive surface of *Lake Leman* and its outlet, the commencement of the *Rhone,* make the city of Geneva more particularly, however fashionable and attractive a resort it may be for travellers, a most objectionable residence for pulmonary invalids.

The melancholy instances of such persons which

have come under my observation, have fully demonstrated this fact to my satisfaction; and this was farther confirmed by my visits to the hospital, and my conversations with one of the most intelligent physicians of that city, *Dr. Lombard.* In early autumn, in my last visit, I was forcibly struck with the large proportion of pulmonary affections which he showed me under his care in the hospital; and in expressing my surprise, he remarked that they always constituted also a large share of his practice among the inhabitants. I think I may venture to say that I have never met in any hospital establishment with anything like so large a proportion of affections of the lungs.

I am happy of having this opportunity of acknowledging my thanks to Dr. Lombard for his polite attentions to me, and of expressing the high esteem which I entertain for his professional abilities. He is one of the most ardent admirers of the stethescope, and one of the most skilful in the use of it that I have met with out of Paris. So confident is he of the truth of its revelations, that he assured me that *he could mark, from day to day, with a pen upon the chest,* the increase or diminution of the inflammation within.

We avail ourselves of the following graphic tableau of our journey through a most interesting portion of Switzerland, copied from a MS. journal kept by Mrs. Mott, who accompanied me in this part of my tour:

"One of the most memorable spots we visited in Switzerland was *Goldau,* which, thirty years ago, was overwhelmed by the fall of a mountain, and which buried no less than five villages, including old Goldau, and 467 persons. This awful catastrophe is still remembered by some who were eyewitnesses to the heart-rending scene. As we wandered over this mountain-

tumulus of the dead, imagination pictured the spot, which now spoke only of blasted hopes and desolation, wild as even it was on the very eve of that fatal day: a rich valley, inhabited by youth and age, each indulging in the hopes and pleasures peculiar to their years; looking forward to the morrow with anxious care or joy, little dreaming that an awful fate was hanging over their devoted heads, or that the mountain, which had so long yielded to their comfort and support, would in a few short hours spread death and destruction over all who dwelt beneath its shadow. The infant slept in its mother's arms as sweetly that night as it had ever done before; the jocund laugh went round; the merry song of the shepherd rang through the parting mountain with the same joyous sound; sorrow—for there is sorrow everywhere—hung with the same deadly weight upon the mourner's heart, as though it were to feed through a sad and protracted life upon its prey, while the afflicted, to whom the grim messenger alone could have spoken words of comfort, still bent the head in pious resignation, waiting their release, but not daring even to hope for it. The weary traveller, too, slept as peacefully through that night, as if the morning sun would only rise to show forth to him Nature's beauties with still greater lustre, when he would wander as fearless o'er the mountain side and through the pleasant valley, as we who now stood gazing on the fearful wreck, little dreaming that night would be their last. The scene was awful. Rocks of an immense size—huge hillocks or mounds of earth—lay beneath our feet, wrapped in one common winding-sheet; the mountain earth their sepulchre.

"On the morning of the thirtieth anniversary [Sept. 22] of this awful event we commenced the ascent of

the *Rigi*. The mist-like clouds hung over the Lake of Zoug and the surrounding country, so as completely to obscure the sight of everything twenty yards beyond us, producing the effect of a wide, extended sea, as it broke away and gradually settled in the valley below. The ascent of the Rigi is by a broken and precipitous route, made of large logs and stones, laid so as to form stairs. Up these stairs, on the very brink of yawning chasms, were we obliged to ride, holding firmly to the mane. While the guide led our horses in this manner, we were enabled slowly and with difficulty to ascend. We passed many crosses, which mark the different stations, and serve as resting-places for the weary pilgrim or the adventurous traveller, each little shrine being provided with benches for the purpose. Arriving at the *Hospice de Notre Dame de la Neige*, some of our party refreshed themselves with a cup of goat's milk and home-made bread. Another hour brought us to the summit of the Rigi. Imagine yourself standing on a precipice of many thousand feet, the clouds below you, and the clear expanse of heaven above. Watch those clouds slowly dispersing, and presenting to your view a landscape wide and extended, bounded only by mountains clad in eternal snow, towering in cold sublimity on the far-distant horizon; below, in silvery beauty at the foot of the mountain, lay the Lake of Zoug and the lakes of the four cantons. Autumn had already gemmed the woods with its richest hues. The little pleasure-boats of Lucerne, like birds upon the water, calmly pursued their various course. Villages with their glittering spires; the peasant's cot; the princely tower: all lent their aid to beautify this wild, romantic scene.

"On turning the last angle of the circuitous path, which at this junction bordered the edge of the loftiest

precipice, we met a train of nuns and friars, pilgrims from the convent of Zoug, twenty miles distant, either for the performance of some vow or for recreation. The men were of uncommon stature, remarkably noble and erect in form. The nuns were exceedingly delicate in appearance, and one in particular very beautiful, moving with an air of dignity and elegance which excited our admiration and astonishment, and gave to imagination a bold license to conjure up some tale of deep romance, where, as is usual, early, disappointed, blighted hopes—a lover dead or false—had driven from the world of fashion and elegance the lovely, the enchanting female then before us. But there were no marks of melancholy in her fine, expressive face; no pallid cheek or sunken eye to uphold us in our fantasies. All was the brightness of youth untouched by the mildew of sorrow. A radiant smile lit up her intelligent countenance, and with sweet modesty and grace she answered the few questions politeness permitted us to address to her. The dress she wore, though coarse, was particularly becoming. It consisted of a hood made up of black cloth bound with white; a large coarse wrapper of brown cloth tied round the waist with a hempen rope, from which hung a rosary and crucifix; her neck was covered with a plaited kerchief, which also went round the head underneath the hood. She looked like an offering meet for heaven.

"The dress of the friars was similar in appearance and texture, except that their heads were bare, and on their feet they wore sandals. They were venerable-looking men, with beards long and gray, fine, nay, handsome features, and possessing the manners of courtiers rather than monks. They proceeded to the house, took breakfast, and, after visiting the observatory, departed, each

with his mountain staff in hand. A graceful inclination of the head, a kind adieu from each of the apparently happy sisterhood, and a blessing from the reverend friars, separated us from beings who, though unknown, were yet interesting from circumstances and situation.

"We amused ourselves by wandering from one interesting point to another, watching the varied appearances of the clouds, as in fantastic forms they hovered round the tops of the distant mountains, and in purchasing little articles of wooden-ware, which are carved with considerable taste by a poor man and his son, who during the summer months thus reap their harvest, and thereby provide for the necessities of a long and dreary winter. The day equalled our most sanguine hopes, and held forth the prospect of a most glorious sunset. Though late in the season, the house was crowded by travellers of various nations, feelings, and pursuits. The pedestrian in his loose blouse, fanciful cap, and mountain crook; the youthful bride, the smiling belle and no less courteous beau, together with the staid and quiet matron, and vigorous old age, all sought the point from which might be seen to best advantage the bright and glorious departure of day's radiant orb. The effect was beautiful, truly enchanting, at an elevation of many thousand feet above the level of the sea, perched, as it were, in mid air. Insensibly the mind became withdrawn from the contemplation of all earthly things, and absorbed in thoughts and feelings exalted and sublime as the lofty dome of heaven itself, which at that moment seemed entirely illumined with the last crimson rays of the setting sun, whose golden disc slowly departed to bless with his ardent beams another portion of our wondrous globe. Long before he disappeared the lakes at the foot of this precipitous mountain, and all the villages

on their borders, with the peaceful hills and forests which surrounded them, lay buried in the silence and gloom of night. Enraptured, we watched the gradual decline of day's holy light; beheld it tinge with golden red the lofty peak of snow-capped Grindenwald, rest a moment on the cold, pure, snowy bosom of the Jong Frou, then lighting the tearful mist of Pilate, something like an angel's pitying glance when it lights on scenes of human wo it cannot relieve—trembling and cheerless —fading in sorrow as it lingers yet more pure. The mantle of night, with all her bright and studded gems of sparkling lustre, covered the broad expanse of heaven, affording but a faint and dubious light. To remain any longer near the brink of a precipice so awful would have tried a heart more brave and fearless than our own. Cautiously we retired, and felt much pleasure to find ourselves surrounded by beings like ourselves, dependant on the power and greatness of Him who shall but touch the mountains and they shall smoke, and say, Be thou removed into the sea, and lo! it is done. After an anxious look at the fleecy clouds which began to flit across the summit of the surrounding mountain, and a fervent hope expressed that the morning would be alike propitious, the party dispersed, and sought repose in the frail and tottering tenement which crowned the summit of this lofty eminence.

"We slept, but not soundly; for, in truth, we had become nervously sensitive, and felt as if we were on the branch of some high tree, or on the brink of a roaring torrent; and well might we imagine ourselves strangely and unnaturally placed; for a thick white fog had covered all of earth, and nothing but the sky was visible save the moving sea of mist.

"Towards morning the wind rose and whistled round

the solitary house in most melancholy moanings. We watched the movements of the fleeting clouds. Finally the bugle sounded, and in an instant the household were in motion. The clerk of the mountain had arrived at the just conclusion that the wind, which now blew with considerable violence, would before sunrise disperse the clouds, and thereby afford the lovers of nature an opportunity of witnessing from this elevated spot the return of that beautiful and joy-inspiring orb they had seen depart but the evening before in such unrivalled splendour.

"A hasty toilet prepared us for a sortie into an atmosphere bleak and chilly as November. We ascended the tottering steps of the observatory, there patiently to await the day god's coming. At one minute before six the first glimpse of the glorious orb of day was caught above the mighty Alps. Two minutes past that hour his whole disc was entirely visible, like a globe of fire in the midst of sparkling crystals of calcareous spar; some grayish, some capped with snow, others shining and transparent glaciers, thrown together in tumultuous confusion. The scene was worthy of a painter's pencil and a poet's pen."

Feeling a great interest to witness for myself the loathsome and disgusting deformity of the Thyroid Gland, so endemic to Switzerland, and familiarly known under the name of GOITRE, and its frequent and humiliating attendant, IDIOCY, there denominated *Chretinism*, I traversed the *Valais* country for the express purpose of personal examination of this deplorable complication of disease, involving the physical as well as the mental functions.

Throughout this extended *Valais* region of Switzerland, scarcely an individual is to be seen, male or female, who is not more or less affected with this calamitous

deformity; much more frequent, as it appeared to me, in the female than in the male sex. To such a frightful magnitude does this growth sometimes attain, that it actually disqualifies the unfortunate sufferer from preserving an erect position. In one instance, indeed, at *Martigny*, the size of the tumour was of such colossal dimensions that the poor woman was obliged to crawl along the floor upon her hands and feet, dragging the gigantic dewlap and pendulous mass after her!

The deterioration of the intellectual faculties is by no means a constant attendant, and does not depend upon the magnitude of the tumour. The *idiocy* which is occasionally observed, and which obtains in such persons the name of *Chretinism*, appears to me, from my observations, to be frequently a *connate* affection, while at other times it is superadded to the *goitrous* enlargement. In those cases in which chretinism is associated with the affection of the neck, the individual is reduced to the most abject state of animal existence imaginable; a mere vegetative being, scarcely possessing the common instincts that prompt to locomotion. I was told, for example, that sometimes, when the poor creature was a few steps from his own door, he had not capacity enough to find his way back. This may truly be said to be almost a *molluscous* existence.

At the capital of the *Valais* country, *Scion*, I found more of these pitiable objects than in any other place; and I ascertained there, that, when children and adults were found to be approaching chretinism, it was a common practice to remove them to a high or mountainous situation, as the most conducive to their amendment or restoration. And I was credibly informed that this remedial measure was sometimes attended with beneficial and even curative results. A fact which

struck me as the more valuable, as it is opposed to the received opinions of those who have not visited this region and investigated the subject for themselves.

My own opinion is, that the malady is not, as has generally been supposed, imputable necessarily to elevated mountain situations, but to the *cold and sepulchral dampness of low valley regions*, apart from everything connected with the ordinarily assigned causes, *snow, or the drinking of snow-water.*

To me it appears no more remarkable that low valley situations, excluded from the sun, and *disconnected altogether from mountain elevations*, should produce goitrous and chretin affections, than that dogs and other animals should have engendered in them the most confirmed *Rickets, and softening of the bones*, by being confined in dark situations for weeks, excluded from the light and influence of the solar rays, though they may be at the same time well-fed and nourished. A fact which I have been an eyewitness to in a series of careful experiments made at Paris by my friend Dr. Jules Guerin.

These facts in relation to goitre have seemed to me to be of a most interesting character, and deserving of the closest attention and investigation of pathologists.

The admirable *Cousin* has said, "Give me the rivers, plains, mountains, and climate of a country, and I will tell you the character of its inhabitants." Would it not have been a problem of difficult solution to this philosopher to explain how topographic and climactic peculiarities, which in Switzerland may be supposed to have had their influence in moulding the character of a people famed throughout history for their high moral and intellectual endowments, and their indomitable valour and love of liberty, should have also given birth to

a race of mortals, reduced to the most lamentable condition of animal existence and mental imbecility.

From the *Valais* country of Switzerland I determined to cross the mighty *Simplon*, and to commence my route in Italy by the plains of Lombardy.

This sublime mountain pass, worthy of the wonderful conceptions of Napoleon, is an object of interest to all travellers. No one can form an idea of its fearful grandeur, scaling, as it does, the Alpine summits, up to the region of perpetual snows, and often obscured in its highest part with clouds and driving snow-storms, even during the midst of summer heats below. It was left for the gigantic mind of Napoleon, his genius soaring literally to the clouds, to project and accomplish this stupendous work, which must be seen to be realized. It is easily to be comprehended that an intellect only like that of the French emperor, associated with that daring courage and unconquerable perseverance that could conduct an army across the Great St. Bernard in the depths of winter, must be of the high order fitted to execute the magnificent work which he afterward achieved in the construction of the Simplon.

This consummated for him the dreams of his irrepressible ambition, opened to him the gates of Milan, and led to the conquest of Lombardy and the glorious victories of Marengo and of Lodi.

LOMBARDY.

The beautiful plains of Lombardy, covered with vineyards and teeming with luxurious cultivation, offered me a delicious treat, in contrast with the dangerous gorges and cold Alpine ranges through which I had passed only the day before.

The comfortable town of *Domo d'Ossola* and the expanse of *Lago Maggiore*, with its enchanting islands, are the first to greet the footsteps of the wearied traveller on descending from the lofty Alps into the Sardinian territory. Reposing here for a day or two to refresh ourselves, and to enjoy the beauties of the romantic islands of *Isola Bella* and *Isola Madre*, we resumed our journey, and proceeded to the splendid city of *Milan*, the capital of the present *Lombardo-Venetian States*.

The city of Milan is situated on the extensive plains of Lombardy, about forty miles from the Alps, and having in the distant view to the east the range of the Apennines. It is a more regularly laid out and uniformly and beautifully built capital, and reminded me more of the modern cities of Great Britain and our own country, than any other in Italy.

On entering this superb city by the *Simplon Gate*, we were struck also with the magnificence and symmetrical simplicity of this structure; and among the objects on it that must arrest the attention of the traveller, are the finely-executed bas-reliefs of numerous battle pieces with which it is decorated. Upon closer inspection of them our surprise was not a little excited by discovering that they were intended to represent the minor and incon-

siderable victories of the Austrians, the present occupants of this fertile region, rather than the truly glorious triumphs of the Great Captain who projected and completed the mighty road over the Alps, which this gateway at its termination was designed to commemorate.

Among the public edifices, one of the most attractive and beautiful throughout Italy, though smaller than many other temples of religious worship which we visited, was the celebrated *Duomo*, which is built entirely of white marble, in the Gothic style of architecture, presenting a purity and chasteness from its snow-white colour and exquisite workmanship, that seemed in admirable harmony with the purposes to which it is consecrated.

On the roof it is ornamented with a great variety of busts, among which we were pleased to see one of superb chiselling representing the Emperor Napoleon, under whose orders this noble edifice was completed. The cicerone took great pride in pointing this out to us; for all the Italians look upon Napoleon, not as a conqueror, but as their own *blood* countryman, as he was; as their protector and benefactor, the patron of the fine arts, and the reviver of their former imperial glories under the Cæsars and the Medici.

In the interior of this magnificent structure is the tomb of their favourite saint and patron, *Carlo Boromeo*, whose body, in an *exsiccated* and well-preserved state, is open to inspection, being enclosed in a glass coffin of the most elaborate construction imaginable, ornamented with the richest devices and imagery. Within the coffin are seen various pious offerings in the shape of *amulets*, *chaplets*, and jewelry of the most precious and costly description, altogether constituting this sepulchral monument a *bijou* indeed, that has, we believe, no parallel.

In a professional point of view, I found the civil hospital one of extreme interest, of ample construction, and under excellent regulations, containing many hundred patients. Among the objects of disease which most attracted my attention, was that peculiar affection of the skin and lower extremities prevalent in this part of Italy, and denominated the *Pellagra.*

In this extended and beautiful plain of Venetian Lombardy, imbosomed within the Alps and Apennines, and teeming with vegetation, it might naturally be expected, from the great humidity and abundance of malaria, that diseases of the *extreme parts* of the body, and of the *cutaneous* and *lymphatic* systems, would be produced. This malady seems to me to consist of a *languidness in the functions of the skin and debility of the lymphatic vessels*, showing itself in hypertrophic enlargements of the integuments and of the adipose and cellular tissues; and, from the observations I made, the general atony and exhaustion of the vascular system was strikingly manifested by the remarkable feebleness of the action of the heart and arteries, and the consequent diminution of energy in the cerebral functions; the latter seeming to be the effect of the progressive march of the disease throughout the system, the constitution not being originally affected, but consecutively so, by the extension of the primary disease.

It occurs, too, in the class of labouring persons, who are more exposed to the malarious influence of the climate, and who are predisposed, indeed, to all diseases of debility by the privations they suffer from defective nourishment and confined and unwholesome habitations.

In the observations which I afterward made in Greece, and in Egypt, and in other parts of the East, and which I shall shortly speak of, I was impressed with the great

similarity, in some respects, between this peculiar Italian malady of Pellagra and the *Lepra* and *Elephantiasis*.

The extreme penury of the system in the poorer classes of the Italians of Lombardy, is not unlike what we met with among the peasantry of Greece and the modern Arabs of Egypt and its deserts; for, although the climates and topographical peculiarities of these several countries are very dissimilar, there are causes operative in each which must produce similar effects. And from what we noticed ourselves in journeying in these different regions, we are convinced of the truth of the analogy in question.

In Lombardy, we may also remark that a vast proportion of the prevailing type of diseases are of *paludal* origin. Hence the frequency of Intermittents and Remittents, and of *Hepatic* and *Splenic* congestions in all their complications, which is in farther corroboration of the malarious influence which we have ventured to suggest as one of the primary causes of Pellagrous affections.

In my visits to the hospital of Milan, my attention was pleasingly arrested by several monumental tablets which I noticed in the portico; and which, upon examination, I found to be bas-reliefs and inscriptions in honour of distinguished members of the medical profession deceased, who had formerly been attached to this valued charity: a just tribute of public gratitude to their worth, and a homage to their services in the cause of humanity, which I nowhere else noticed in my travels to have been paid to our profession.

In the vicinity, and not far distant from Milan, is the renowned city of *Pavia*, distinguished as the birthplace and residence of the immortal Scarpa, who may truly be said to have been the *John Hunter of Italy*. But Scarpa is no more. The sun of surgical science in

Italy has gone down with him, and the twilight only remains. But his fame is not only spread over the country of his birth and the theatre of his labours, but has extended throughout the civilized world. His museum, like that of his great predecessor in British surgery, will ever stand as a precious and enduring monument of his indefatigable industry and of his surgical skill, as evinced in the variety and beauty of his morbid preparations. His reputation is as much cherished by his own countrymen as that of Hunter's was and Sir Astley Cooper's is by the people of Great Britain.

His imperial folio works on *Aneurisms*, *Hernias*, and other leading subjects in surgery, are no less admired for their magnificent embellishments than valued as standard productions in the science.

In continuing our route through this interesting country, we must stop a few moments at the ancient city of *Padua*, renowned in former times as the greatest medical school of its day in Southern Europe, after the decline of the famous University of Salernum in Calabria. What *Padua* was, *Leyden* was; but before Leyden rose to astonish the world, Padua was already in the ascendant, and was the resort of students and professional men from all parts of Europe, who came here to complete their education under the most distinguished professors of their time. It is now in the shade, and scarcely a vestige is to be discovered of its former medical greatness. It has an hospital and a small medical school, to remind us only of what may be met with in almost any large interior town of our own country.

It is another of the melancholy instances so frequently met with in Europe, of the constant decline of human institutions and human prosperity, showing that the light of science and of civilization, in the immense

progress which is making in liberal principles, has no permanent foothold in, but is gradually fading from, the mighty empires of the Old World, to be revived under more benign auspices, and to shine with augmented lustre in this Western hemisphere.

What must have once been the renown and glory of this University of Padua, to have attracted to its halls the immortal *Harvey* of England, who imbibed here, perhaps, some of those luminous views of *Fabricius* relative to the *valves* in the veins, which so beautifully prepared the way for the consummation and perfection of his own brilliant discovery of the *circulation* of the blood?

TUSCANY.

Our attention will next be directed to *Pisa* in Tuscany, once containing a population of over 100,000 inhabitants, and now mournful to behold, as lonely and deserted almost as if a pestilence was raging within its walls. Not 20,000 inhabitants are now to be found perambulating its desolate streets, while many of its most beautiful mansions and palaces on either bank of the classic and romantic Arno are entirely abandoned.

The day was when pulmonary invalids from all parts of Europe, and even from our own country, looked to a winter residence in Pisa as their only last hope and asylum. Of all portions of Tuscany that I visited, this city certainly presents superior recommendations in its locality; but it has been found, from sad experience, that *Pisa*, like *Nice* and Montpelier in later times, possesses no specific balm in its climate. Bright and mild as the skies are during the day, the sudden and chilly blasts of the *Tramontane winds from the Apennines* admonish the valetudinarian that this is not the *El Dorado* that he had so long sighed for.

Pisa is located about twenty miles from the sea and from the port of *Leghorn*, and certainly has advantages for affections of the chest over the latter city, as well as over the ducal capital, *Florence*, which is also on the Arno, but sixty miles above Pisa.

But the crowded condition of the *cemetery for foreigners* in Pisa, and especially that of Leghorn, though the latter in its sepulchral ornaments be another *Père la Chaise* in beauty, were sad and *telltale* memorials that

the charms of climate and all the attractions of this classic land are powerless in averting the deadly arrow from the unfortunate victim of confirmed pulmonary disease. Here now, as in all former time, both youth and age alike succumb to its despotic sway. As Virgil, at his own *Mantua*, not many miles distant, said in reference to another subject,

"Hæsit *lateri* lethalis arundo;"

or, in the language of the immortal Darwin,

"Here, fell Consumption! thy unerring dart
Wets its wide wings in youth's reluctant heart."

Pisa, to the professional traveller, has, besides its celebrated leaning tower, so often cited in scientific works in illustrating the laws of gravitation, a very small medical school, but a respectable and well-ordered hospital. I was waited upon at the hotel where I stopped by Signor Regnoli, one of the most distinguished professors of surgery in Italy, and was conducted by him on a visit to the hospital. Here he apparently took particular pride to show me many interesting surgical cases and morbid specimens which he had preserved as commemorative of his skill. He dwelt with most earnestness on several operations which he had performed for *Osteo-Sarcoma* on the *maxillary bones*, ranked in later times as among the most important and capital. At my last interview with him at my residence, he put into my hand several pamphlets containing accounts of what he had done in modern surgery. Delicacy to a distinguished *confrere*, and the respect which I have always endeavoured to have for the feelings of others, especially when receiving attentions from them, prevented me, at this moment of the conversation, from interrupting the current of good feeling which he manifested towards me, and the satisfaction he appeared to take in narra-

ting his successful practice. He spoke of his operations on the lower jaw with just pride, as being the *first* and *only ones* of the kind ever attempted in Italy.

At the conclusion of his remarks I felt it due to myself and to historic truth, respectfully to inform the professor that *I had myself been the first in any country to perform those operations.* He observed that he was *not aware* of it, and had only received the accounts of them as reported in Dupuytren's cases. He remarked that, when a pupil in Paris, Dupuytren laid claim to originality in these operations. I then felt it an imperious obligation upon me to inform him that *mine, at New-York,* were *published* at least a *year* or more anterior to Dupuytren's, and that when Dupuytren heard of them, he said he intended to give a clinique on the subject, and wished to have a translation of my cases, which was accordingly made for him at his own request, and placed in his hands. He gave a clinique on the subject before his class in the Hotel Dieu, a few days after, with *my cases in his hand,* BUT NEVER BREATHED MY NAME, *nor that the operation had ever been performed by any one. Shortly after this he did perform* the operation on the lower jaw, and then claimed it as the first that ever had been performed, and as original with himself; and, to give currency to this misstatement and gross act of injustice to myself, caused the time at which *his* operation was done to be *ante-dated.*

I avow these facts fearlessly before the world. My witness, a *surgeon* of great eminence, who made the translation of my cases for Dupuytren, and put it in his hands, lives in Paris. This fact he has stated to me over and over again.

My operation, therefore, on the *lower jaw, for osteo-sarcoma, I claim for my country, my city, and myself.*

All this I have asserted repeatedly at Paris, and there is no respectable gentleman in the profession there who does not willingly accord to me whatever merit priority in projecting and successfully accomplishing this new operation can give. And I finally here solemnly declare that, previous to my operation, I never read nor heard that any *exsection whatever* of the *lower jaw* had ever been performed for *osteo-sarcoma ;* nor do I believe that the operation had ever before been attempted by any one.

If I have had the good fortune to strike out in this, as in some other parts of operative surgery, a new track by which human life has been preserved and prolonged, common justice entitles me to the credit of it.

But I will not in this place dilate upon what would seem so much to concern myself personally, but shall leave it to be disposed of at a proper time, and on a more suitable occasion.

In the *Campo Santo*, a burial-ground at Pisa reserved more especially for the interment of the most distinguished individuals, I noticed an elegant tomb and tablet to the memory of the celebrated *Professor Vacca* of that city. In examining this beautiful and well-merited memento of this eminent surgeon, it recalled to my mind some traits that more particularly marked his professional character. He was the author and able supporter of that true and philosophical doctrine, as I believe it to be, and have always taught, that the proximate cause of inflammation is a *dilatation of the vessels inflamed* and *a diminution of their action*, accompanied with an *increased action of the vessels surrounding the inflamed part.* A doctrine which, however paradoxical it may appear at first, is the only one sustained by induction, and capable of explaining all the phenomena. Besides the able arguments used in support of it by the Italian

professor, we have ordinarily subjoined in our illustrations of this interesting subject, the *condition of other hollow muscles of the body when over-distended*, which uniformly, under that state, have their action impaired. If we view the *arterial tubes* as *hollow muscles*, as they unquestionably are, the analogy must be striking and apposite, and the argument deduced therefrom incapable of refutation.

From Pisa we passed on to *Florence*, the capital of Tuscany. Next to the Lombardo-Venetian states, Tuscany is, it seems to me, the most productive in fertility, and the most prosperous in its social and political condition of any kingdom of Italy. In the zealous cultivation of the fine arts, and their liberal encouragement, as evinced in the vast collections of the Florentine galleries and museums, those who for ages past have administered the government of this ducal territory, have made their capital the mistress of Italy, rivalling Rome herself.

Florence contains also by far the most distinguished medical school in Italy. The professors of anatomy and surgery received me with great kindness, and conducted me through the anatomical museum and hospital, exhibiting to me many things that were highly interesting.

The museum, though respectable, and the professors distinguished throughout Tuscany, is limited in extent, and falls short in interest and number of specimens to my own private collection. But the activity and ardour which the professors exhibit give a sure pledge that this school is destined to play no mean *rôle* in the south of Europe.

It surprised me, however, very much, that a classic city like Florence, abounding in public institutions and

in *wax models* of natural structures unsurpassed by any in the world, should so lately only have given attention to the direct cultivation of *human anatomy* and the formation of a collection of preparations immediately illustrative of, and tributary to, the teaching of this science, and its kindred branches of pathology and surgery. As an evidence that the cultivation of exact anatomy, and dissection for the purposes of our profession has been greatly neglected, we may mention one fact among others, which we now perfectly well recollect, in the *Great National Gallery of Wax Preparations.* This was the misplacement of the *inguinal artery upon the inside of the vein* as it passed under the *crural arch;* a blunder exhibiting such unpardonable ignorance in the relative position of these two great trunks, that it is not redeemed by the general beauty of the specimens. This fact alone would demonstrate that, in all the display met with here of models of the human form in every variety, more attention has been paid to the external contour and symmetry, and to the harmonious arrangement of the muscular proportions after some *beau ideal* of the imagination, than to a faithful and just delineation of *exact organization* as it exists in nature.

This might have been anticipated, perhaps, from the impassioned enthusiasm for the fine arts, which has for ages rendered so celebrated the Florentine school of sculpture and painting. For anatomy has only been studied in the exterior and superficial proportions of the human form, because it is these only which are subservient to the cultivation of those arts. In the museum of their medical school nothing was exhibited to me that indicated that they had kept pace with the march of surgery, or achieved any of the great modern operations, excepting one single morbid preparation of a *cica-*

twix, denoting a successful result of the *Cæsarean* operation. This was shown with much pride and satisfaction. What were not my feelings, too, of pride and exultation, when I reflected that, in my own country, this truly formidable operation had twice been performed by our fellow-countryman, Dr. Gibson, of Philadelphia, upon the same mother, with the triumphant result of saving her life as well as that of the child, each time thus forcibly taken from its parent.

The most novel and piquant treat of all others to me in the beautiful capital of Florence, was my several visits to Signor Sigato, a scientific gentleman to whom I was introduced by my excellent friend and fellow-countryman, James Thompson, of New-York, who has been residing with his family many years in Florence.

Signor Sigato possessed a wonderful art, unique, and unknown to all the world besides. Incredible, if not marvellous, as it may seem, he had discovered a chemical process by which he could actually *petrify*, in a very short time, every animal substance, preserving permanently, and with minute accuracy, its form and internal texture, and in a state of such *stony hardness* that it could be *sawed into* slabs and *elegantly polished!*

He had in this way formed a museum of various animals, such as *frogs*, *fishes*, *toads*, *snakes*, and a great variety of parts of the human body in a natural and diseased state. In my presence he threw the human liver, lungs, heart, and other parts thus petrified, about the floor with perfect impunity, and without the least injury being done to them. Still more curious, he had, with Italian taste, cut them into small polished squares, and arranged them in complete tables of *mosaic work!* so that it gave him as much delight as it did me astonishment, to find that I could with my finger designate to him, on this precious

centre-table for a surgeon's drawing-room, the appropriate name and character of each individual object thus spread out before me in a pathological chart of real specimens. Thus a *pulmonary tubercle or ulcer* here, a *hydatid* of the *liver* there, a *cicatrix in the brain* in another compartment, and a *calculus in the kidney* or *ossification of the heart's auricles and valves* in a fourth.

This extraordinary man must have inherited the magic shield of Perseus, that, with the snaky tresses of the Gorgon Medusa's head, enabled him to convert everything he touched into stone.

It struck me immediately that, for all anatomical and surgical purposes, and all objects of natural history, this was an art of inappreciable value, and the most desirable ever discovered; and with that view I conversed with him relative to a visit to our country, believing it would be of national importance if we could have the benefit of his services. I even entered into some preliminaries of a negotiation with the design of obtaining him for my own purposes, but I found him sadly involved in debt, and that his demands were too exorbitant to be complied with. I, however, made him liberal offers, and did not entirely despair that he would have acceded to them, when, to my regret, about three weeks after leaving Florence, I was informed by letter that he was suddenly attacked with a violent inflammation of the lungs, which proved fatal; and, what is as much to be deplored, that his unprecedented discovery perished with him. He never would divulge the least part of his marvellous process; but, when pressed by me on the subject, hinted that he had acquired it in his various journeys in remote Eastern countries; and it is fondly to be hoped that some one may ere long appear who, in pursuing this inquiry, will be enabled to recover the art

among those people from whom he intimated that he had obtained it.

It is worthy of observation how, in the extraordinary process we have described, art accomplishes in so brief a time what nature requires so long a period to effect, and then never with anything comparable to the perfection, we may say almost identity, with which this mode preserves an exact *fac-simile* of the original; in truth, the *original itself.*

In all the natural petrifying processes, only the external configuration and character generally, and not even the colour is retained, and rarely the texture, except in the case of ligneous substances, where both the fibres and colours are tolerably well sustained.

But in this surprising and almost magic art, not only, as we have said, the precise exterior outline is faithfully and exactly represented, but also the most minute and delicate interior arrangement of structure admirably perpetuated; as, for example, the entire viscera of the chest and abdomen, with all their varied and beautiful convolutions, were clearly exhibited, retaining even the colours of the bloodvessels, in preparations of frogs, birds, and other animals, besides the human body.

Before leaving Florence, we must be permitted to say one word upon the almost threadbare theme of its more remarkable gems in sculpture. However much we may admire the perfect and exquisite proportions of the celebrated *Venus de Medici*, perhaps the *chef d'œuvre* itself of *Praxiteles*, and all the world must admire it, or their taste, or even their reason will be impeached, we venture, professionally, to have another taste, which is decidedly in favour of the Venus of Canova in the *Pitti Palace* of the grand-duke.

In the former, everything there is of it is good, but it

is too diminutive; while Canova's is better because there is more of it.

Both being exquisite in perfection, a precedence would naturally be given to that of Canova, in contemplating them as models of that female form, truly divine, that is destined to preserve and perpetuate unbroken and undegenerate, in volume, strength, and beauty, the golden links of creation.

ROME.

On my way to the "Eternal City," I tarried a short time in the old and cheerless town of *Siena*, on one of the summits of the Apennines. The only interest I felt in this dreary and sequestered place was in the tomb of the celebrated *Mascagni*. A traveller would think, in viewing this town, that every resident ought to be an enthusiast in some pursuit or another, to reconcile him to so gloomy an abode. So probably it was with Mascagni, whose name is consecrated in the esteem of every anatomist for his matchless discoveries and delineations in that wonderful system of our organization denominated the *Absorbent*. No man before or since his time has ever been so successful in his injections and demonstrations of this minute part of our structure. His magnificent work continues, even at this day, to be appealed to as our highest authority. Though no one can question that all he has delineated was necessary to complete this intricate part of our fabric, yet some, who have been unable to extend their researches as far, have even ventured to doubt that Mascagni himself could have alone achieved the monument he has left, of an untiring industry and keenness of investigation that has never been surpassed.

No object at Siena was exhibited with so much pride and pleasure as the beautiful and full-sized statue of Hygeia, placed over his remains, and pointing significantly, and with mournful expression, to the tablet in bas-relief of a portion of the absorbent system exquisitely chiselled in marble.

Traversing the last ranges of the Apennines, we at last saw in the distant horizon the towers and domes of the "Eternal City." In common with all travellers, we venture to express our disappointment at the first glimpse that is obtained of *Rome*. The first prominent object that strikes the eye is the far-famed and holy edifice of St. Peter's, which, from the high expectations that have been conceived of it in every one's mind, appears comparatively diminutive. And this disappointment continues on a nearer approach to it, and even on entering its vestibule for the first time. But, on a closer examination of its vast interior, its pictorial decorations and majestic architectural proportions, its costly ornaments and rich and elaborate workmanship, which have been the theme of so many pens, this superb and colossal structure, at every subsequent visit, impresses itself with greater and greater force upon our minds, exciting our wonder and admiration.

After a visit to this first great object of interest, we next directed our attention to the ruins of ancient Rome; and here, also, our first impressions fell far short of the conceptions that we had formed of them. Linked though they had been with every thought almost of our early recollections and studies, the glowing colours in which they had been invested in our imagination were dispelled when we saw the reality.

Of all that is now left to verify the identity of proud, imperial Rome, the only object by which we could realize, by tangible and ocular evidence, the existence of that mighty people, and that we were treading upon the hallowed ground,

> "Where conquering eagles gilded every dome;
> Where Virgil sang; where Ciceronian fire
> Burst on the heads of guilty senators;

And murdered Cæsar, bleeding with his wounds,
Fell at the foot of Pompey's statue,"

were the ruins of the incomparable Coliseum.

In clambering over the remains of this vast structure we could readily picture to ourselves the grand conceptions of *Vespasian*, under whom it was commenced, and the Herculean labour with which it was completed by the *thirty thousand* prisoners whom his son and successor, Titus, brought from Judea after his conquest of Jerusalem.

What gratifying emotions must naturally arise in the mind of the Christian, in contrasting this pagan pile with the modern edifice of St. Peter's!

The one saw the followers of Christ brought in chains to Rome, to swell the triumphs of the imperial conqueror, and to labour as slaves in the construction of a work designed to pamper the pride of their master. The other records the advent of that auspicious era in the tide of human events, when the descendants themselves of those Christian slaves, still humbly bearing the standard of the cross, and spreading abroad the glad tidings of salvation, in their turn dictated laws to the world from this capital of the Roman Empire, as masters and freemen.

She whose military sceptre had so long held undisputed dominion over the nations of the earth, the home of that thrice-honoured Cæsarean Titus who had sacked the city of Jerusalem and laid waste the Holy Land, now became, under his successors, the fountain-head and mother of Christendom.

Even in the very arena of the Coliseum, where once was exhibited to admiring thousands those brutal spectacles of gladiatorial combats, where not only wild beasts, but human beings, were wantonly immolated at the shrine

of pagan barbarity, a small Christian chapel has been most appropriately reared, to sound the trumpet of peace and good-will, and to proclaim the everlasting song of salvation to the human race.

I viewed it one night by moonlight. The soft rays fell through the broken arches and noble windows of the ancient ruin, shedding their benign influence all around. While I stood by the side of the Christian temple, delighted with the silvery scene, and reflecting within myself how beautifully typical this soft radiance was of the peaceful conquest that Christianity had gained over the dark and revolting ages of idolatry, a priest approached me, and, kneeling at the porch of the chapel, bent in silent prayer before the altar of the living God.

The Column of *Trajan*, near the Coliseum, however much we may justly appreciate the advanced state of architecture among the ancient Romans, is far inferior in design and execution, as well as in dimensions and height, to that raised by Napoleon on the Place Vendôme at Paris, out of the cannon captured at Austerlitz.

The triumphal Arch of *Titus*, and the larger one near it of Septimius Severus, are beautiful, and of marble of the finest texture. They also are almost insignificant when compared with the colossal *Arc de Triomphe* at the *Barriere de l'Etoile* at Paris.

It is not unworthy of notice to remark, as I have while standing near the Arch of *Titus*, the hereditary execration treasured against this emperor in the breasts of the Israelites, who always studiously avoid passing beneath *the arch*. They thus visit for centuries their revenge upon the memory of the man who had slaughtered so many of their countrymen, and conducted them in servile bondage to Rome.

Yet what must have been the maddening intoxication

for military glory; what the blindness of those warlike Romans, to every other attribute of the human head and heart but the passion of ambition and conquest, when to this emperor alone, whose hands were so imbrued with the blood of Israel, was accorded by all the Roman historians the enviable title of "deliciæ humani generis," or the *delight of the human race.* Though it is universally conceded that, apart from his character as an energetic and uncompromising military commander, his private life was adorned with all the social virtues of humanity.

While viewing the *Campania di Roma*, or marshy plains of the *Tiber*, as we stood on the Coliseum, the variety and extent of the ruined *aqueducts* that traverse this region in every direction, are perhaps as well calculated as any other feature to impress the mind of the antiquarian with the former grandeur of this people. Among them, we believe, there is but one at this time in successful operation, furnishing from the adjacent hills an ample supply of pure, delicious water, for ornamental fountains as well as for useful purposes.

In reflecting upon these proud trophies of the arts in those remote days, our associations brought to mind the stupendous modern structure which is now in rapid progress of completion by our own city. This of ours, as I should judge from those I have seen abroad, will far exceed in magnificence and extent any work of the kind ever projected by man. If, as I believe, the crystal stream of the *Croton* shall as much promote the health of our citizens as the pure water of the hills of Albano did that of the ancient Romans in the various uses of drinking, of irrigating the gardens, cleansing the sewers, and in supplying the celebrated and magnificent baths and other luxuries for which it was employed, it will be a blessing indeed.

The introduction of an abundant supply of purest water will establish, I have no doubt, an era in the salubrity of our city, and elicit in after times the thanks of a grateful posterity for the enterprise and munificence of the present generation.

Modern Rome, and its numerous palaces and churches, its galleries and its museums, its splendid and matchless Vatican, and, above all, its classic ruins, have been so much the theme of every tourist, that it would be trite in me to attempt to describe what has been so often and so ably done by others.

My intention only is, in this narrative, to relate at times, in the various places I visit, the impressions produced upon my own mind by the most leading and prominent objects in works of art. The principal burden of my story I design to be on all those subjects of a professional and scientific nature, those general views on the moral and physical condition of society, upon which I may suppose that I can impart some information or suggestions that may prove of service to the welfare and happiness of my fellow-beings.

Ample provision is made in this great metropolis of the Papal dominions, as in all other Catholic cities, for the comfort and relief of the afflicted, in the establishment of hospitals and other numerous charities.

The General Civil Hospital is commodious and well arranged for the accommodation of the sick, but less numerously supplied with patients than any other hospital I visited in Italy. The apartments particularly allotted to *fever* patients equal in all respects those on the most approved plan in Great Britain.

I visited one morning, with the professor of clinical medicine, his wards particularly set apart for patients for public instruction. He called my attention to a re-

cent case of *Celica Pictonum*. I confess I was amused with a specimen he gave me of Roman practice. Though the patient evidently had incipient symptoms of the acute form of the disease, the professor nevertheless strangely recommended to his pupils that the sick man should be left to himself until a more full development of the malady should be made manifest, before anything should be done to interpose relief or to arrest the progress of the symptoms. He retired, however, into the theatre, and gave a very interesting clinique upon the nature and character of the disease.

Though it was in the Italian tongue, the analogy of that language to the Latin, and my knowledge of the French, which is of the same parentage, enabled me to comprehend it so well that I listened to it with great pleasure. The rules, however, that he laid down for the treatment, would have been of much more felicitous application had he administered them to the patient, who unquestionably was the individual most deeply implicated, and who would have been gratefully obliged to the professor had he carried them into immediate execution.

The theoretical examination of the subject was undoubtedly interesting to his hearers, but the practical exhibition of the cure would have been still more instructive, and certainly more humane and beneficial to the sufferer. This, indeed, was making a scientific display at too much cost of individual distress.

The medical school of Rome is small but respectable; but neither in anatomy nor surgery could I collect anything novel or important, which certainly produced no little surprise in my mind, when I considered the magnitude, and resources, and the antiquity of this capital.

I observed an antiquated usage among the pupils of

medicine, who all appeared to be of the most inferior class of youths, and in keeping with the low state of medical science, not only in the Eternal City itself, but in other parts of Italy. This was the practice which they had, for want of comfortable arrangements in the hospital, of each student, in his rounds through the wards, carrying a small earthen jar of live coals, held by both hands before him, to keep himself warm at the price of inhaling a deleterious gas; all of which appeared to me to be a great hinderance to investigations at the bedside of the sick, which, however, we regret to add, seemed to be a matter rather of secondary importance.

On the Campania di Roma, in the environs of this city, and already mentioned, we saw a great number of splendid villas or country-seats, some of which we visited. Upon inquiry, we were informed that many of them were totally uninhabitable in the summer and autumnal part of the year, owing to the prevalence there of the frightful *endemial* disease, or bilious malignant remittent, which rapidly runs into typhus, and proves fatal to a large proportion of the inhabitants of this district. This malady, which has prevailed from the remotest period, to judge by the graphic account given of its fearful mortality by the celebrated Italian physician, *Lancisi*, its earliest historian, appears to have become greatly mitigated in violence, or to have been made more manageable to medical treatment since the period at which he wrote.

Its type can be clearly traced to *marsh* or *paludal* exhalations from the extensive, broad margin of low, wet meadows, which border either side of the Tiber, and which extend to the commencement of the Pontine Marshes, along the greater part of the route of the famous ancient Roman road called the *Via Appia*.

This superb structure, we must stop to remark, led to

the port of *Brundusium*, no less than *one hundred and twenty-five miles* from Rome, and was completed by the consul *Appius Claudius Censor* about the 500th year of the building of Rome. The perfect adjustment and smoothness of its solid cubes of a stone of great hardness, brought from distant quarries, and which scarcely seems worn after the immense travel that has taken place upon it on a double carriage track for 2000 years, is calculated to impress us with astonishment at the elaborate skill that the Romans at that early day possessed in everything relating to masonry and architecture. These were, in their hands, subjects upon which modern professors in those departments of the useful arts, particularly in their new application to wooden pavements, which need so much improvement in their mode of construction, might well take a lesson.

To return to the disease prevalent along this ancient via, the Pontine Marshes, and the Campania, it bears a striking analogy to the severe forms of *Bilious Autumnal Remittent*, constantly met with on the river bottoms, bayous, savannas, everglades, lake-shores, and, indeed, in all marshy and swampy situations in our own country; with this difference, that the class of persons who are the subjects of it on the Campania, and who are chiefly peasants, are, by their poverty and uncomfortable condition of life, and from being both badly fed and clothed, more liable to have it terminate with them in typhoid and malignant symptoms than the subjects of it in our country, where no such class of indigence and abject want, in truth, exists.

The Roman noblesse are obliged to abandon these princely villas on the Campania during the sickly season, and, as with us, flee to the cities, as the most salubrious places of shelter. The same rule ought to be

observed always in our own country, as it is, in fact, in most of the Southern States, where it is proverbially known that the planters never think of leaving the cities on the coast until the *black frost* or ice has destroyed the germe of the deleterious miasms in their country retreats, or sand hills in the pine forests that abound all along the broad alluvial margin of our Southern coast.

With the exception of the occasional prevalence of yellow fever, the cities of our Atlantic seaboard are always more healthy in autumn than the adjacent country districts of the inland.

A fact that cannot be too strongly urged upon our countrymen, as one which I have had ample opportunities to confirm both at home and abroad.

A mystery which has ever enshrouded the laws of these endemial marsh fevers is, that even in the localities where it prevails, though the situations may apparently be perfectly similar, the disease will be peculiarly malignant and rife in one villa, while another, almost contiguous, will entirely escape; and that villas also located on hills or elevated situations upon these plains, do not thereby enjoy any immunity; all of which peculiarities constitute a problem in this type of fever which has never yet been solved.

Such is the terror of the Romans at this *malaria* of the Campania, and its malignancy, that they are no more willing to visit the regions where it prevails, than an American from the interior of the country would consent to expose his person to a city infected with *yellow fever*. I was even cautioned against passing through these unhealthy districts with more earnestness than I afterward was against entering the plague regions of the East. Although there are no *cordons sanitaires* of quarantine regulations, intercepting the communication with

the Campania, the dreaded apprehension of visiting this quarter by the Romans was far greater than I afterward found the Arabs evinced towards cities infected with the plague. The absence of any quarantine precautions in reference to the malarious disease, indicates, as is the fact, that the Romans do not believe it contagious, however fatal it may be to those exposed to the immediate action of the local causes. Whereas the adoption of the *sanitary* police in reference to the plague among the Arabs, proves their full conviction, however erroneous, of the contagious character of that disease, and of its power of reproduction through human effluvia from one person to another.

Though the Campania was always celebrated for its fertility, we are borne out in our belief of its insalubrity from the earliest periods of Roman history, by what occurred during the short reign of less than *three years* of the Emperor Titus. Not only was this tract convulsed by earthquakes during the dreadful eruption of Vesuvius, but also desolated by famine and a frightful mortality, so that the inhabitants fled to Rome for safety —more prudent then than many of them now. The mortality, we have no doubt, was of the same nature, and from the same malarious causes in operation to-day. Upon what grounds Pliny should have deemed it so salubrious as to exclaim "Felix illa Campania," &c., we cannot divine.

We proceeded now upon our route to Naples. On leaving the Pontine Marshes, which are a continuation of the Campania di Roma, and, though covered with stagnant lagunes, not more unhealthy than the plains of Campania, we entered the ancient town of Terracina, which, though it existed in the days of Horace, does not appear, from its diminutive size and the brigand

physiognomy of its inhabitants, to have merited the encomiums bestowed upon it as a naval depôt and fortified position of great strength. The Emperor Galba was born near this town.

It was upon the afternoon of this day that we were astonished with the sight of Vesuvius in full eruption. On reaching *Mola di Gaeta* we did little else but stare at the distant wonder; and looking from the windows of the hotel across the sea, we saw the fire spouting far up in the air, and reflected on the water, forming a wake like the rays of the moon.

If ever a Roman village became pre-eminently degenerated in the character of its population, it is Terracina; for I never beheld an assemblage of beings who, in form, feature, and costume, more completely realized my idea of bandits and cutthroats than did the inhabitants of this place. We do not at all wonder that it was chosen as the scene of *Fra Diavolo.*

On arriving at *Aquapendens*, I could but reflect that this was once the theatre of action for that celebrated anatomist, dignified for his eminence and achievements in anatomy and surgery in ancient times with the grandiloquent epithet of *Fabricius ab Aquapendente.* It would puzzle a modern, in looking around this forlorn and insignificant hamlet, to imagine by what opportunities Fabricius could have ever attained, from anything connected with this spot, his rank and distinction as a professional man.

The day before reaching Naples I lodged in a mansion built on the spot which is said to have been the country-seat or villa of Cicero. There is a tomb there, or a monument, which they point to as having once contained the ashes of the immortal orator. It is in a beautiful location, on a high ground upon the shores of the Mediterranean.

On reaching Naples, on the following evening, we found crowds looking anxiously at the burning mountain, from which a wide river of lava descended in a line towards the city. Another stream threatened the little village of *Resina;* and though very anxious to watch the progress of the sublime spectacle, weariness obliged me to retire to rest, and I went to bed with reports like cannon ringing in my ears.

We avail ourselves with great pleasure of the manuscript journal of one of our party, and to whose memorandums we have been much indebted throughout our travels, for the following graphic account of the visit to Vesuvius during this memorable eruption.

"About 6 P.M. of the following day we started for *Vesuvius.* A ride of six miles brought us to Resina, where we took horses and commenced the ascent. We had a guide, and there were five of us in company, with a blazing volcano in our faces.

"Our horses, though spirited enough, went very reluctantly; and as we neared the lava they would turn and run down the mountain, at the imminent risk of our necks. Whips and spurs again brought them back. The scene was now the most animating and exciting imaginable. I defy the most vivid imagination to depict what was now presented around and above us. The night was dark as Erebus, so that the immense sheet of spouting fire was brought into bold relief against the sky, while the torchlights around us (those who carried them being invisible) were not the least animated part of the scene.

"We heard the shouts of men whom we could not see. A river of lava was rolling towards us at the rate of two and a half miles an hour—so we were told—as also that it could not touch us under any circumstances;

neither of which statements could or did we believe. The thundering noise above us increased, so that our horses would no longer carry us; and such of us as were not already thrown off here dismounted, and stood on ground which burned our feet, though armed with thick boots for the occasion. The earth grumbled and so shook beneath us that one of my companions, in stepping from one rock to another, fell three feet wide of the mark. The cry now was that the lava was crossing the road beneath us. We knew there were other means of getting down without going by the road, and were not to be frightened, though most of our party here left us. We who remained now started for the *Hermitage*, jumping from rock to rock, or, rather, cinder. All upon which we trod had been thrown from the crater in the present eruption, though at this moment the wind carried everything to the opposite side, towards *Torre del Greco*. Slow progress did we make; and on a sudden ascent of 100 feet or so, we were not a little frightened to find our farther advance cut off by another stream of lava, I should think about twenty yards wide. Here was a damper: nothing but red, glowing lava before us. We had no other alternative than to retrace our steps, with ashes now blowing in our eyes, from a slight change of wind, and with the farther indications also of cinders, some of which were as large as chain-shot. After much consultation, we doubtingly placed our feet on the partly cooled stones which had been washed down with the river of lava over which we had to cross. We succeeded to admiration; and, with boots burned up and canes reduced to cinders, with the perspiration dripping from every pore, we found ourselves on terra firma, and again surrounded by the more enterprising English, French, and Italians here congregated.

"We were now about one and a half miles from the crater of the volcano, two from Resina, and half a mile from the base of the cone. Secure in the companionship of those around us, we stood here till late in the night, watching the ever-varied form of the mass of fire thrown up from the mouth of the crater, presenting the most terrific spectacle I ever beheld.

"Sometimes the noise was nearly deafening; then it would die away to a hissing sound. When the stones were sent up the most, there was a sound like a blacksmith's bellows—to compare a mountain to a molehill. We now again mounted our horses and descended to Resina, racing it nearly the whole way. We arranged the dollars and cents with the guide, again took the carriage, and reached Naples at dawn.

"After a few hours' rest, sharing to the full in the universal excitement, we again set out for the burning mountain; took horses at Resina, and our guide, the well-known Salvator, as on the previous day. One of the more enterprising of our party was persuaded to mount a dashing-looking quadruped, on the assurance of his owner that he would beat all the rest. As soon as the boy let go the bridle, the animal commenced a series of manœuvres, such as it would be difficult for any other than an Italian horse to imitate. He tipped up simultaneously fore and aft; he kicked up and came down upon his knees; plunged and jumped sideways like a goat. At length the girth broke as well as the bridle; and just as the rider, though an expert equestrian, had lost all power over him, he concluded to stop. Half a dozen ragged rascals now jumped forward, and, putting ropes over his head, held him till his rider dismounted. After putting all things straight, they had the impudence to urge my friend to get on again, assu-

ring him that it was only a playful way the creature had. Anybody else, we think, would have been thrown at the risk of their necks. A capital substitute, however, was now found in a fine animal which the Queen-dowager of England had ridden a few weeks before in her ascent to the mountain, and with which addition we now got under way. We overheard the rascally lazaroni marvelling much that the gentleman did not get his neck broken, as the horse was a notoriously vicious animal, which even they themselves never ventured to ride. The owner, however, had the modest assurance to demand money for his services.

"We passed over the lava which had crossed the road the night before, and which was now hard on the surface, and in that shape of indurated, partially metallic matter called obsidian. Not without much urging did our horses do this, treading quickly on the still heated mass as if they were walking on coals of fire. Ten minutes brought us to the other side of this petrified river, and a farther ride of a mile brought us to the Hermitage; which we were unable to reach the night before, and which we found occupied by three or four monks. Here we took a sedan for one of the party, who was injured in the race we took down the mountain the evening previous. A ride of a mile over a road now covered with cinders brought us to the spot where horses can go no farther—being at the foot of the cone of the crater—where we dismounted. Ten or a dozen ragged fellows had accompanied us thus far, and now urged us to take their sticks, ropes, &c.; declining all which, one of the party and myself, with no other information than to keep near the lava, commenced the steep ascent.

"The volcano was yet in violent commotion, not

emitting lava, but everything else in enormous quantities. It was up two steps and down one for half the ascent, when we gladly gave our overcoats to the boys, and accepted all the assistance they could give us. We stopped every fifty yards or so to rest and admire the noble view of the city, bay, and islands. Summoning all our strength for a last effort, we reached the top of the cone, as thoroughly tired as I ever remember to have been. But we were amply repaid for our fatigue by the glorious scene before us. We were now standing on the ridge of the crater formed in the eruption which, over 1800 years ago, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. For a hundred yards before us was a level plain, covered with rocks and cinders thrown out in the present eruption, while beyond, at the distance of 120 yards from where we stood, was the volcano itself, emitting fire, and smoke, and stones, in masses wholly inconceivable even to the beholder at Naples. The smoke was so dense and black that it appeared as if we could cut it. The bursting of the stones and the forked lightning through the mass of smoke, visible even under the broad glare of a noonday sun, strongly reminded me of one of our most terrific thunder-storms. The spouting masses of vermilion-coloured fire was to be likened to nothing that we had ever beheld. The showers of small stones and immense rocks were not the least frightful part of the glowing picture before us.

"One by one the party now came straggling up the mountain and stood beside us. Three of us of the more enterprising, with the guide, determined to cross to the new crater; and off we started on this most rash and headlong undertaking, the guide following cautiously far behind. We now stood upon the very innermost verge of the new crater, formed during the preceding week,

and, looking into the horrid abyss, saw the fire roll down the sides to the red, agitated sea of lava beneath. A fall of a stone or cinder would remove the earth from a spot, and then the fire would show itself beneath, and, in some instances, boil over and roll down the sides within. The lava has not in this, nor ever in previous eruptions, *overflowed* the tops of the mountain; but, after boiling and throwing out earth and rocks for several days, and the various forms of ashes called tufa, the sides of the volcano within are in some places worn to a mere shell, when the hot, molten liquid finally bursts through and runs out like a river, gradually enlarging the aperture, until it forms a deep cut to the summit or lips of the cone.

"The wind blew strongly to our backs, and kept the ashes and cinders from falling on us. These were thrown towards Torre del Greco. The stones, too, for some time, were projected in the same direction. Getting now more and more confident, one or two others of the party, who, with the guide, had all lagged behind, gradually arrayed themselves beside us. As the smoke for a moment cleared away and revealed the wonders below, one of our companions was so affected that I thought he would faint. He soon recovered himself on shutting his eyes, and made a hasty retreat, not once stopping or looking back till he had achieved the long descent of the mountain. Meantime we were placed in a trying situation. An opening from the other side of the crater suddenly commenced sending up a cloud of stones and rocks, which came directly towards the spot on which we were standing. Some of these missiles were propelled to the height of 2000 feet in the air, and I thought there would be time to avoid them by a hasty retreat. This intention the terrified guide stopped by his violent gestures (we could not hear his voice); and,

following his example, we stood still amid the falling shower, and, with eyes in the air, dodged the rocks and stones successively as they fell. It was useless to run, for more fell behind than before us. None of us were injured, though there were pieces of rock as large as a hat which fell within a few feet of us. Now that there was an opportunity, from a slight intermission, we scarcely breathed, in our rapid retreat, till we found ourselves beyond danger.

"A half hour spent on the outer crater, which we had now reached, gave one of our party and myself courage again to approach the volcano, though this time we had none to accompany us, and the guide called those around to testify that he would not answer for or hold himself culpable in the rash act we were about to undertake. Again we stood where none had stood before us in the present eruption. Long did we watch the clouds of smoke and fire; the former filled with forked lightning, and issuing in such masses as to obscure the bay and city, forming one dense, black line of clouds as far as the eye could reach. The sun had a sickly glare, and was for the most part now wholly invisible. There was not now that sound of thunder, which had become familiar to us, but a hissing noise almost as deafening as the former, resembling that made by the wind when violently forced through a narrow aperture. These explosions had the old accompaniments of cinders, ashes, rocks, and lava, though, providentially, they did not happen to fall on our side

"We again retraced our steps to the outer crater, and, stopping a moment to rest on an immense rock, which had no appearance of heat, were badly burned before we could rise from our new position. This rest-

ing-place, which we had incautiously chosen, could not have been thrown out more than two hours.

"Thoroughly tired, I threw myself on the ashes. Those who had not been frightened down the mountain did the same, and called for the *et ceteras* we had brought along for dinner. The boys cooked eggs in the ashes near us. Bread, butter, wine, and grapes formed the tout ensemble of a capital repast. We were just congratulating ourselves that our appetites were satiated, inasmuch as there was nothing more to eat, when we were brought to a sudden stop by a shower of stones sent towards us, and covering the place where we had previously stood a few minutes before, on the inner crater, with one solid mass of rocks. One of these stones fell within four feet of where we were just finishing our dinner. It was as large as a hat, and half buried itself in the sand. This bomb from the regions of Pluto was rather too much, and we descended the cone of the mountain a little quicker than it was ever done before, and, mounting our horses, we soon found ourselves in Resina, where the carriage awaited us; seating ourselves in which, we reached our hotel in Naples as they were lighting the lamps."

NAPLES.

Naples is located on the declivity of an extensive hill, and reaches from its summit to the margin of the bay. On entering the gate near the most elevated part of the old city, the *coup d'œil*, as is proverbially known, is grand and beautiful, comprising a complete view of the town, which stretches around in a semicircular manner like a vast amphitheatre. Besides the view of the city, you have the superb and widely-extended bay before you, and the islands of Capri and Ischia at its entrance. On the left, at a little distance from the dense part of the city, are seen the two eminences of Vesuvius; one long since extinct, leaving only the shell of a crater; the other a truncated cone, now, since the terrific eruption we have just described, again calm and tranquil, and emitting only a thin, spiral column of smoke, scarcely visible from the deep brilliancy of the blue sky beyond.

This city is by far the largest and most populous in Italy, containing over 400,000 inhabitants. The older and upper parts are compact and densely populated, with extremely narrow streets to exclude the sun, as is the usage in all Southern Europe; an admirable arrangement to obtain a cool and pleasant shade, but one which, by crowding the masses of the inhabitants into too close proximity, is calculated to aggravate the malignancy and multiply the extension of a contagious or infectious disease when introduced. A fact that must be familiar to those who recall the ravages of yellow fever some years back in the cities on the Mediterranean coast of Spain,

Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, Barcelona, &c. And the same may be said of that pestilence in its more fatal progress in the more densely-populated quarters of our own cities on the Atlantic coast.* There is one wide and principal street extending through the old part of the city, and terminating at the palace in the direction of the bay.

The new part of Naples is truly superb, and merits all the encomiums that have been lavished upon it. In front of it, directly on the bay, is a beautiful public promenade, tastefully ornamented with trees and shrubbery. This is called the *Chiaja;* and the houses and comfortable accommodations here are such as to cause it to be selected as the place of residence by all strangers and travellers who visit this city.

This new portion of Naples, forming on the bay another segment, as it were, of a circle, is peculiarly well adapted for invalids, on account of its being sheltered from the cold northers by the abrupt ascent of the hill above.

In this beautiful climate of Naples, with its balmy air, but not with skies more serene than our own, and never with the rich tints of our autumnal leaf, all nature seems to smile, and the very

"Air breathes wooingly,"

to court the languid invalid to its delicious repose. It is unquestionably, of all parts of Italy I have visited, the one I should prefer as a residence for invalids from the North affected with pulmonary complaints.

Even in the earliest times it was as celebrated as now for its bright skies and balmy air, whither the rich from Rome resorted to enjoy luxurious indolence and the ele-

* See works of Blane, Fellowes, Pym, Gilpin, Bally, Pariset, Audouard, Townsend, Hosack, &c., on *Yellow Fever.*

gant gayeties and refinement which its polished inhabitants, who are of Greek origin, maintained for centuries. The Consul Claudius and the Emperor Nero were among those who made this city and its environs their favourite residence.

Independent of its well-known equableness and mildness of climate, and the beauty of the surrounding country, it possesses peculiar attractions in its public establishments, and especially in its *Museo-Borbonico* of antiques from Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other ancient places in the neighbourhood. In the saloons of this wonderful collection, furnishing exhaustless resources of gratification to the inquiring mind, a literary man might most agreeably beguile away his time without danger of *ennui*, and in the acquisition of curious information.

Incredible as it may appear, it is not to be denied that the proportion of affections of the chest are quite as common here among the inhabitants, and the mortality as great, as in the city of New-York. This may seem strange language; but it must be recollected, that although the climate of Naples, taken throughout the season, merits all the eulogiums that have been bestowed upon it for its mild and moderate ranges of temperature and clear weather, contrasted with our own Protean and boisterous latitudes, yet to the enervated inhabitants, and especially to the poor, half-naked peasants and lazaroni, herding by hundreds as they lay along the bay basking in the sun, ever happy, ever singing, even in their rags, the changes of temperature from the chilling blasts of the tramontane winds and the damp sirocco or southwest from the Mediterranean, are exceedingly pernicious. Though the vicissitudes are not by any means as excessive as ours, still on the native they produce effects fully as disastrous in disturbing the equilibrium

of the circulating fluids, and causing sudden revulsions and defluxions upon the chest and respiratory passages. And I think one reason why travellers and invalids from colder countries are not so frequently subject to the influence of these changes as the natives, is, that their constitutions are more or less inured to severe atmospheric changes, and that they keep their apartments more comfortable, and take the precaution to guard themselves better with suitable clothing.

Besides pulmonary affections, and occasionally an outbreak of typhus in the more confined habitations of the poor, there are few or no diseases prevalent at any time in this city, which may certainly be pronounced, therefore, eminently salubrious.

There is, however, enough of the *materiel* of disease to have given occasion for the erection of a large hospital, under excellent regulations, and for a respectable medical school connected with it.

Among the physicians attached to the latter is Professor *Quadri*, one of the most distinguished surgeons in Italy, his *forte* being particularly in the ophthalmic branches. In this metropolis of nearly half a million of inhabitants, and necessarily, therefore, subject frequently to casualties for surgical practice, we could find no trace whatever of the great and capital operations of modern times ever having reached this part of Italy. The field of surgery, it is true, for want of extensive commerce, is somewhat limited here, excepting for what may delicately be called *punctured wounds;* I mean those of the stiletto, the weapon of the Italian's revenge, though certainly incomparably less bloody than our famous Bowie-knife, or the Cuchilla and machetta of the Spaniards. These wounds, it may be observed, happen most frequently during the feuds among the common people; and, though seldom

fatal, are frequently, in this warm climate, followed by tetanus and sometimes by death.

In travelling through this renowned country, whose history is so interwoven with that of all others that border the Mediterranean, and with the greatest portion of Europe, extended and almost universal as was once the military sceptre of Rome over the nations of the earth, I confess that I looked in vain for those evidences of advancement in medical science, which I might well have cherished the hope to meet in the land which gave birth to Morgagni and to Scarpa, to Mascagni and Tommasini. Though but few years have elapsed since the death of the famous surgeon Scarpa, and that Tommasini still sustains the reputation which his country acquired in later centuries in the healing art, but little or no progress has been made in the adoption of those discoveries and processes of operation and treatment which are now in common use in most parts of Europe and America.

The Campo Santo, or Public Cemetery for the Poor, in Naples, is situated between the city and Vesuvius, on a considerable elevation, and seemed to me, in its general construction, particularly worthy of imitation for our country, as well as for every other. It is a large enclosure, surrounded by a massive wall at least twelve to fifteen feet high; and the most simple and chaste order is observable in its interior arrangements. Nothing was seen but long rows of flat stone slabs, with the single inscription on each that denoted the day of the year to which it was appropriated. Thus there are 365 vaults, of large dimensions and of great depth, and one is opened for each day of the year. The great advantage to public health of this mode is that each vault, with all the bodies deposited in it, is at the close of the day se-

cured and cemented for the whole subsequent year. On the day that I visited the Campo, *eleven* had already been deposited in the vault for that day, and, upon my looking into it, I found all those bodies in a perfect state of nudity, and of both sexes and all ages. With the aid of a small douceur, I succeeded in having the vault of the previous day unsealed for me, where the same appearance of the bodies was presented, there being *fifteen* in number, which was the amount of interments for that day. I confess that even to me, habituated from early life to the sight of dead bodies, and to scenes of agony and suffering in the living subject, the irreverence shown even to the poor and friendless dead, by divesting them of all covering, and throwing them pellmell into a confused heap, was revolting in the greatest degree to my feelings, however much I might approve of the general plan of the construction of the cemetery. I was yet more shocked when, upon looking down into the vault which had been opened for me, I saw beneath the bodies and all around countless quantities of bones, the harvest of Death's conquests in years gone by, and the more rapidly, no doubt, disencumbered of their flesh by the quantities of quicklime thrown in, and by the thousands of crawling reptiles, which, to add horror to the spectacle, were seen busily engaged in their dreadful vocation in every direction.

I did not omit, of course, to visit those two great objects which no other part of the world possesses but Naples, and which are its greatest attraction to all travellers. I mean HERCULANEUM and POMPEII, those two ancient cities of the Roman era, which, after being overwhelmed by Vesuvius during the short but memorable reign of Titus, and hermetically sealed up, as it were, for 1900 years, as precious mementoes or medal-

lions, that were to convey to us the only *fac-simile* of real life, as it existed in that remote period, have been within our own age discovered and exhumed for the inspection of mankind. But for these, all the records and monuments preserved of the past had failed entirely to furnish to the moderns, even when enlightened by the researches of the most profound antiquarians and scholars, anything like a true interpretation of the actual social condition of man under the Roman empire. Here we have it, however, complete in every detail, and bursting upon us in a flood of light that has not only supplied chasms in our knowledge to which we possessed no clew, but afforded the most satisfactory explanations that could be desired to passages in the Roman historians, dramatists, and poets, as well as to the fragments of sculpture and architecture elsewhere found, that otherwise would have been forever unintelligible. How charmingly has the enchanting pen of Bulwer availed itself of this magic key, to unlock the history of the past to the rich resources of his fancy. It has enabled him to clothe and give life to these sacred relics, and to infuse into them, though themselves but mute chroniclers, such fires of eloquence, and such prolific incident and pleasing verisimilitude, that he has brought us, as it were, into a fireside and familiar converse with that heroic people, whose domestic history had till now been a sealed book, that had wrought intense and absorbing interest for ages upon the unsatisfied curiosity. And with what classical taste and exquisite art have the more remarkable treasures and choicest relics of painting and mosaic, both in Pompeii and Herculaneum, been faithfully and most beautifully delineated, and thus perpetuated and multiplied for the gratification of the world, in the matchless work by Sir William Gell.

We went first to Herculaneum, that being nearest to the city of Naples, and, in fact, in its immediate environs. The town of Portici stands upon the indurated black mass of lava, which constitutes, so to speak, the sarcophagus of Herculaneum. The lava in which this city was entombed soon after the beginning of the Christian era, is of a hard, rocky texture, which makes it exceedingly difficult for the labourers, though they have been at work for many years, to make much progress in their excavations. It is believed by some that Herculaneum was not so suddenly overwhelmed as Pompeii, and not by lava, properly so called, but by a species of liquid mud, formed by the congealed ashes in the higher regions of the atmosphere, thrown down in successive deposites, and afterward firmly consolidated. For, if the first substratum, at least, had been red-hot lava, the paintings discovered would not have been in such perfect preservation; though it appears that a large portion of the rolls of papyri, as the manuscripts found have been called, were so charred as to resist nearly all attempts, even those of Sir Humphrey Davy, to decipher them. Herculaneum is believed to have been a Greek city, and extremely ancient. It is noticed as a curious coincidence, that the depth of the superincumbent lava is exactly 79 feet, being the number of the year of Christ on which the fatal eruption occurred which buried this city beneath it, during the reign of Titus. More remarkable and appalling events were concentrated in the short space of two years and three months that comprised the reign of this celebrated emperor, than occurred during any one century of the Roman empire. While yet a youth he razed Jerusalem to the ground, and for this act was honoured with the title of Cæsar, and permitted to ride in the chariot by the side of his

father, the Emperor Vespasian, in a triumphal procession through the streets of Rome. His general, Agricola, discovered that Great Britain was an island, and completed the conquest of that people. The terrible eruption, too, occurred of Mount Vesuvius, that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and convulsed all Campania with earthquakes; succeeded by a universal drought, famine, and pestilence, in which 10,000 persons died daily at Rome. A fire, also, broke out at Rome, which destroyed the Pantheon, the Capitolium, and the Octavian Library; but nothing daunted by this, he soon after completed, by aid of the 30,000 captives he caused to be brought from Jerusalem, the magnificent amphitheatre, now called the Coliseum, begun by his father. Thus reigned and died, in the midst of short and tragic, but brilliant and thrilling events, the Emperor Titus.

You descend into Herculaneum by torchlight through a dark, spiral passage which has been excavated in the town of Portici, and alight upon the remains of a street in the ancient city. The building which has been most successfully disinterred is an immense theatre, from which have been taken those two beautiful equestrian statues which grace the entrance of the museum at Naples.

While rambling about through that subterranean city, we heard the noise of the carriages above, passing through the streets of Portici, like the roaring of distant thunder. It is not probable that any great discoveries will be made here, as the removal of the lava is attended almost with as much difficulty as if it were a mass of solid metal; as it contains, in truth, a large quantity of fused metallic matter, which gives it great tenacity as well as hardness.

Passing along to the other side of Vesuvius, we arrived at the wonderful ruins of Pompeii, situated on a small plain, which extends from the foot of the mountain to the margin of the bay. Of all the melancholy spectacles I ever beheld, nothing in solemnity can be more impressive than this unburied city of the past, presented to us almost perfect and entire in all its parts, and in form and substance as palpable and real as on that fatal day when it was suddenly entombed beneath the clouds of ashes and cinders that were emitted from the crater of the mountain at whose base it had so long reposed in tranquil security.

There have been but 60 skeletons discovered, and the conjecture, therefore, would appear to be that the inhabitants had nearly all fled from the city on the very first agitation of the crater. The destruction of Pompeii was not so sudden but that most of the inhabitants had time to escape, and to carry with them most of their valuables; which accounts for the fact that very little of intrinsic value has yet been discovered.

Some, however, like the sentinel on the ramparts of a besieged fortress, born and brought up as they were in the immediate proximity of the volcano, must doubtless have become in a measure insensible or indifferent to danger, which may account for the fact, that when this place was excavated some of the skeletons in the houses and streets were observed to be in a position that indicated that they were destroyed in the very midst of their accustomed occupations and pleasures.

In one palace, however, a female was found in a gallery in the evident act of escaping with her infant in her arms. She was supposed to have been a person of rank, as a rich bracelet was found upon her. From what we saw we should presume that the death of all the inhab-

itants that remained must have been almost instantaneous, and, therefore, without much suffering; as the ashes and sand are so exceedingly fine that even the wine-jars and other small vessels were uniformly found filled with these volcanic materials. They appear to have penetrated into the minutest recesses and fissures; and thus must have in the same manner, no doubt, entered the respiratory organs, and caused immediate suffocation, leaving no time for the slightest agony. The opinion that the population were at the theatre at the moment of the awful visitation is not credited by the learned and acute Professor Anthon.

The houses, much to the surprise even of antiquarians, who had heretofore thought themselves most informed on the subject, are of one story only, and exceedingly diminutive, scarcely larger, in fact, than a modern log-cabin in our own country, though built of stone. I recollect only one instance of a house in which I ascended by a stairway to something like an apology for a second story. The houses of the more wealthy classes are, it is true, of larger dimensions, and have a greater number of rooms, but still are cramped and confined, and generally of only one story. We believe we may except one building only, which is the supposed mansion of Diomede, and is composed of three small stories. The apartments are always diminutive, but the walls often most richly ornamented in mosaic and paintings, and the floors in the larger houses frequently of entire mosaic of the most beautiful workmanship. The bathing arrangements are of the most luxurious kind, and constructed of marble of the finest texture and whiteness. There are numbers of buildings in marble, which, from the character of the statuary found in them, were evidently places of worship, or where the priests made their sac-

rifices and performed their mummeries. Both theatres and amphitheatres are found in these extensive ruins, which cover a large space of ground; and still but a small portion of the city, it is believed, is yet exposed. The government is constantly occupied in removing the ashes, which generally appear to be in a stratum of less than 20 feet depth; enough, however, to have crushed in, in every instance, the flat, terraced roofs of all the houses.

The excavation is effected with great facility, as the volcanic matter is all of a loose, light texture. Such is the value attached to all that relates to Pompeii by the government, that the king has instituted a system of the most rigid regulations in respect to the workmen. Those who are employed in the digging, and even the *ciceroni* who conduct the visiters, are sworn not to permit even the smallest fragment of marble or mosaic to be carried away, under the heaviest penalties. I offered as a bribe to one of the persons employed a small sum for a single human bone as a souvenir of the spot; but was unable to procure even this trifling memento of some one of the skeletons, which, doubtless, when clothed with mortality, may have defended the eagles of their country, and shared in the glories of the Roman empire; for there were no exempts among the conscripts, centurions, and cohorts of those days; and that Roman citizen would almost scorn to live who was not permitted to bear the helmet and the falchion-blade in the maintenance of the extended military power which this warlike people had obtained at the era of the destruction of Pompeii.

The soil around is extremely fertile, producing on the very margin of the excavations the most luscious grapes and wine. The streets are small and generally irregular, but paved with large flat stones of various shapes,

without any particular order in the arrangement, differing in this respect from all the modern cities of Italy; yet in this very particular resembling the celebrated Appian Way, at least in those parts of this road that are now visible. In the largest streets, all of which are paved with lava and have narrow side-walks, I observed the marks of chariot wheels, the grooves being in some instances from four to five inches deep, and generally not more than two feet apart, showing that their vehicles, as, in truth, we already knew by many pictorial and bas-relief representations, and by one of these identical *go-carts* of iron, found in Pompeii and preserved in the museum, must have been very small and narrow, and probably destined to carry only one individual.

I was in a number of small houses along the streets, which were evidently wine-shops, as I judged from the large marble counters, as in our modern bar-rooms, having deep marks upon them, that must have been made by drinking-vessels, or intentionally so grooved for the reception of such vessels.

One of the things which interested me particularly, was the remains of what appeared to be the office or shop of a professional medical man. Among the articles found were *forceps* of different descriptions, and various other surgical instruments, all rudely constructed of iron. In some of them we saw the originals of certain instruments which have been claimed by moderns as their own invention. We could particularly notice the straight catheter, and others nearly so. This awkward form of instrument, we could readily believe, might belong to these ancient people; but how a modern surgeon could so far forget the light of anatomical structure as to retrograde in his practice 1900 years, and employ straight instruments in crooked passages, is what we have always been surprised at.

The culinary utensils found in Pompeii are of an extraordinary finish, and some of them evince a luxurious taste in gastronomical arrangements which would appear to be more refined than that of the most recherché restaurateur at Paris. In the place of the rude implements that we consign to the kitchen, the inborn classic taste of this people entered even into this department, and every object used was constructed after models that had beauty of form as well as utility to recommend them. One contrivance, we must confess, appeared to us particularly worthy of adoption in our cold climate. It was a *plateau* of metal, destined to contain hot water, and so arranged as to hold apparently the entire dinner service, and preserve the whole in a heated temperature. Hot water tin baths for each dish and tin covers are, in fact, now in general use by the moderns, particularly in our own numerous elegant hotels in this country.

In passing onward into Calabria from Pompeii, we stopped for the night at Salernum, on the lovely bay of that name. Our interest was very much excited in this place by the recollection that it was here where, many centuries since, was begun what afterward became the most renowned medical school of Europe; but, melancholy to relate, not a single vestige or relic whatever remains, by which to identify or recall the former glories of this small village and of its celebrated university. From thence we journeyed on to visit the curious ruins at Pæstum, which, though presenting columns and other remains of ancient temples in tolerable perfection, have perhaps proved a more knotty and puzzling question for solution to the inquiries of antiquarians than any other single architectural structure throughout all Italy. The style of architecture of these ruins is so different from anything Roman, and so nearly resembling the Grecian,

that the best opinion inclines to the belief that Pæstum was an ancient Greek colony. They are situated on low, marshy ground; and, to judge by the demolished wall of the ancient city, it could scarcely have contained over 1000 inhabitants, which itself would not seem to have warranted the construction of such costly temples.

From the appearance of the present inhabitants around and about the ruins, I should judge this region to be exceedingly unhealthy. There was scarcely to be seen an individual, old or young, who did not bear evidences of having suffered from malarious influence. In many, the pale, bloated, or jaundiced features, and the dropsical effusions, denoted chronic, and, no doubt, while continuing in that locality, incurable indurations of the liver, and hypertrophy of the spleen. Such was the general morbid look of all the inhabitants of this marshy region, that I felt very unwilling to tarry longer there than was barely sufficient to inspect the ruins; and the inhabitants themselves, however much they might profit by the sojourn of strangers, were sufficiently magnanimous to advise us of the danger of remaining.

Though this region is unquestionably marshy, it is not of that pestilential aspect of some of our sunken swamps; yet it appeared to have the power of emitting some form of paludal exhalation of a most pernicious character. For I never saw in the same number of small, scattered population, in any locality, such universal indications of a virulent endemic atmosphere. And I have been in no place in all my travels, not excepting Egypt, where I have visited those sick of plague, that I felt such a keen desire to escape from danger as here. This anxiety was not a little increased by the intimations thrown out, and which were corroborated by our

courier, that the moral atmosphere hereabout was not less contaminated than the physical, as it appeared that hordes of bandits infested this region. An English gentleman and his wife, on their travels, had been murdered a short time before. The particulars of this incident were related to us, and are of thrilling interest. As the chief of the bandit levelled his piece at the gentleman in his carriage, his wife threw her arms around her husband, and the ball, after passing through her hand and his body, then penetrated her abdomen, and was lodged there. He died immediately, and she shortly after, in a hamlet that was pointed out to us. From this place we returned again to Naples.

We now set out on another excursion, passing through the *Grotto of Posilipo*, a subterranean tunnel, the only egress from Naples in this direction. It is 2500 feet long, dark and cold. Emerging from this, the road passes the island of Nisida, on which is the lazaretto. The next village was *Pozzuoli* or *Puteoli*, where Paul disembarked, as did the embassy sent from Carthage at the end of the second Punic war. While our guide was procuring torches, &c., for future use, we visited the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, which, had I not seen so much in this way, I should have thought a wonderful structure. The ground has evidently sunk, as half the building is under water. Three immense columns alone are standing. We next passed a mountain formed by volcanic agency in thirty-six hours; then the Lucrine Lake; then the Lake of Avernus, the Tartarus of Virgil, over which birds could not fly from the noxious gas which covered it. This was the fabled descent to hell, and to which Virgil alludes in the well-known line,

"Facilis descensus averni."

Pluto, Proserpine, and a host of other worthies were brought vividly to my recollection as so intimately associated with the spot. We now entered with torches the Grotto of the Cumæan *Sibyl*, which was the descent to Acheron, Styx, and, what was remarkable in the Roman mythology, the common track also to Elysium. We soon came to water; and a black-looking fellow, half naked, stooped for me to mount his shoulders, I carrying the torch. The fellow waded and waded, each step carrying me deeper into the water and cave. All things have an end, and so had this descent to Tartarus; but a far less vivid imagination than mine might have fancied, from the ordeal I was passing through, that nothing short of Acheron or Purgatory would or could be the termination. Fortunately, the man concluded to stop in the Penetralia, where once sat the Cumæan Sibyl herself, who, as an oracle, was scarcely less celebrated than her prototypes of Delphi or Dodona. Those who wished to dive into futurity came from all quarters to consult this mystic shrine; in cognizance of which, as another member of our party now joined me, we invoked a response, but, alas! in vain, to our questions in reference to the perilous journey in the East upon which we were about to embark.

Our torches burned dim as we reached the upper world; and a sorry figure did we present, blackened by the smoke and sooty walls of the region below.

The Grotta del Cane, familiarly known by the illustration which it has so long afforded, in works of science, of the fatal effects of the fixed air fonnd in it, proved by confining dogs in this recess, and which gives it its name, is a small cavern or fissure in the calcareous strata in this region, within a few steps of the Lake of Avernus.

I was greatly disappointed in the grotto. It is little else than a small crevice in a rock, closed by a rough door; and the lake nothing more than a shallow pond, neither having about them the attributes of immortality. On reaching the cavern, accompanied by the keeper and his two little dogs, who appeared perfectly conscious of the disagreeable experiment they were about to be subjected to, and fractious to a degree of rabidness, the door was opened, presenting in its blackened and sooty ceiling and walls, and its small dimensions, the very counterpart of one of our meanest country smokehouses. Below the level of the door may have been 12 or 15 inches, into which one of the animals, after a fierce resistance, was forced by the guide. In a few seconds he gave evidences of asphyxia, and convulsions immediately after supervened, when he was removed and placed a short distance without the cavern upon the grass, where, in a few minutes, the convulsions ceased, and he became perfectly restored. The other dog was next placed in the cavern with his head raised a little above the level of the door-sill. No effect whatever was perceptible on his breathing. In this situation he was left a few minutes without the slightest inconvenience. His head was now depressed, and all the phenomena ensued as in the other animal, strikingly illustrating the specific gravity and ponderous character of the kind of gas, the carbonic acid gas or fixed air, found in such places, and that it always occupies the lowest situation. There is something, however, in the fanciful name of Grotta del Cane, or Dog's Grotto; for there is no old well nor brewer's vat in any country that would not equally answer for these experiments, which, no doubt, could be prosecuted upon a still more comprehensive scale in some of the gigantic and yet unexplored subterranean caverns in

our Western States. I next entered the grotto myself, and with some little difficulty, as I was obliged to remain in a stooping posture, and found it scarcely wide enough to hold one person. While in this situation I tested the elevation of the carbonic acid gas with a lighted candle, and found the stratum was entirely confined to the depth of a few inches from the floor; the candle burning very well above that level, but being immediately extinguished when immersed below it.

I had no opportunity of testing whether the surface of the Lake of Avernus was covered with a stratum of some noxious gas, as it doubtless must have been in the time of *Virgil*, if his remark be true, that it proved fatal to birds that attempted to fly across it.

A short ride now brought us to the ruined house and baths of Nero, through a narrow, winding passage, into which latter some of our party were indiscreet enough to enter, as it proved from their hastening back almost suffocated, dripping from every pore, and their hands blistered from the hot vapours and exhalations which are constantly issuing from the boiling springs within this volcanic recess, heated by subterranean fires, and which, established by Nero, have been used as valuable medicinal *thermæ* ever since.

We waited long for our friends gradually to cool, and then followed the carriage on foot to Baiæ. This ancient fashionable watering-place of the Roman noblesse presents a melancholy and desolate picture of a magnificent city in ruins; not overlaid with lava or volcanic ashes, but submerged under the bright, transparent waters of the coral-bed of the Mediterranean, extending with the ancient mole as far out into the sea as the eye could reach. Here are the temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana in ruins; and not far distant is the Piscinæ of Hortensius,

built to contain and purify water; an immense structure; and opposite is the Cape of Misenum, where the Roman fleet were anchored when the fatal eruption of Vesuvius took place, which, by means of the earthquake it produced, buried in a watery grave the town of Baiæ, and by its shower of cinders and obsidian at the same moment overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum near the crater.

The *Solfatara* near by is the best specimen that can be found of a "used-up" or worn-out volcano. Volcanic matters of all kinds abound in and around it, and among them large quantities of native sulphur, as the name imports. From a view of this extinct crater and its neighbourhood, it is remarkable that its combustible materials should not have been ignited and consumed by external and accidental causes.

Before leaving Italy, which we visited three times in the course of our absence abroad, it may naturally be expected of me to speak of it professionally, in more general terms, as a place of residence for invalids.

We feel ourselves constrained to say that, in so far as regards its climate, as we have already casually mentioned in treating of different localities, its generally mild temperature, by promoting continued activity in the vessels of the skin, becomes thereby indirectly the predisposing source of mischief, from the frequent interruption or suppression the cutaneous functions are exposed to from sudden atmospheric changes. The air is rather dry than humid, and the evil arises more particularly from the sudden reductions of temperature constricting the pores of the surface, which are more or less open all the year round. Whereas in our climate, though for a short season the heats are often excessive, and the transpiration, therefore, more profuse, and the depression of the thermometer, even in summer, often

carried to a far lower range, yet the sympathetic action of the cutaneous upon the other functions of the body is, in the aggregate, less with us than in Italy; because during the far greater portion of the year in our climate, the circulation upon the skin is comparatively dormant and suspended; being thus wisely ordered, like the covered seeds of plants of cold latitudes, to accumulate heat in the interior of the body, and prevent its expenditure by evaporation from the surface.

The sudden changes of temperature in Italy, though limited in extent, are, therefore, exceedingly pernicious, and they are caused by the cold blasts from the Alps and the Apennines alternating with the warmer, humid winds from the Mediterranean and the African coast. In the beautiful and much-frequented localities of Nice and Genoa we have particularly noticed these changes. Their position is on the coast, imbosomed within and at the base of the steep declivities of the maritime Alps, where these last and lower ranges touch the coast, and lave their foundations in the green waters of the Mediterranean. Facing the south gives them, also, by the reflected and confined rays of heat within their rocky bed, elevations of temperature more considerable than some other places in Italy. But they are constantly exposed, at the same time, to the sharp, wintry blasts that come from the snow-covered ranges of mountains of greater altitude, that are always visible in their immediate neighbourhood to the north, as they successively rise one above the other like an immense amphitheatre.

We do not mean it to be understood, however, that we discourage a resort to Italy for the promotion of health. It possesses everywhere, in its classical beauties and ruins, charms which few other countries can boast of. Every few miles opens some new and different ob-

ject of interest, some ancient memorial, or architectural or sculptural relic, of those hallowed ages when the Romans were masters of the world. And nothing certainly can be more salutary, or even remedial, to the debilitated and wearied mind and exhausted body of the valetudinarian, than these constant and renewed sources of refreshing and agreeable excitement, operating through their moral influence upon the nervous system.

On beauteous Italy, divine in the midst of her sad but glorious monumental ruins, and the yet more mournful ruins of her moral and political grandeur, the heart lingers with sickening emotions. We sympathize with all her sorrow, and gaze upon her ancient temples and her triumphal arches as a part of our own hereditaments, because her history is closely interwoven with modern times. She is the last born and only surviving child of the mysterious past; the link that binds and unites our destiny and our race to the entire chain of human events, back to the ages that are lost in the impenetrable night of time.

But it is a great error to suppose that Italy, with all its fascinations, is suited to the *pulmonary* invalid. The constant anxiety he feels to visit and examine the antiquities of a country that are exhaustless in variety and attractive beauty, and the intense excitement they occasion when seen, as well as the exposure and fatigue necessarily incurred in visiting them, are, from my own personal knowledge, often injurious to the health of such patients. It must, upon the slightest reflection, occur to the mind of every medical man, that hœmorrhages from the lungs will frequently be brought on in such patients under the circumstances we have described; a fact which we have positively known in that country, and which has aggravated the malady and expedited the fatal

issue. Even where there is only a strong predisposition to an affection of the lungs, and no incipient disease, the symptoms may thereby become more speedily matured, and positive and fatal mischief be induced. But more especially where actual disorganization exists, the exciting causes before mentioned will be attended with pernicious consequences.

If a pulmonary invalid from a colder country will travel in Italy without incurring exposure to the excitements we have enumerated, he will find its mild climate admirably suited to the mitigation of his malady; far more so, as we have already explained, than to the native Italian afflicted with these complaints.

In the great class of nervous affections, where much debility exists, but unaccompanied with organic mischief, and especially when unconnected with pulmonary disease, the peculiar attractions that are found in Italy are signally remedial and bracing, and invigorating in their influence upon the general health, as we have already remarked, by addressing themselves to the moral and intellectual faculties. Such an invalid may reside for any length of time in any of the delightful cities of Italy, with great profit to his health. But far otherwise with the pulmonary man; he, in our opinion, ought to pursue a very different course. His rule should be a constant change of place, and very little attention, much less close application, to the diversified novelties that present themselves in his travels. The exercise to his body in this climate is far more important to him, than having his mind engaged in fatiguing excitements. Too much care cannot possibly be paid to this advice.

As an illustration of the value of change of place for the pulmonary invalid, we may mention that the inhabitants of Lower Egypt, when threatened with disease of

the lungs, resort to Upper Egypt, Nubia, and Abyssinia for a change of climate, and we know with decided benefit. The inhabitants of Nubia and Abyssinia, on the other hand, when labouring under the same affections, come down to the lower or alluvial country with equal advantage.

There has been much of romance in the pictures that have been drawn of the climate and advantages of Italy. Whatever may be the malady of the patient, he must be prepared to meet with inconveniences which will constantly remind him of what he has lost by leaving home. Except in the capital cities, but few houses will be found with any accommodations that merit the name of what we Anglo-Americans understand by the significant word comfort. Most of them, he will ascertain to his sorrow, are not provided even with the necessaries of life. He must, too, often expect to encounter, after a long day's travel, meager arrangements for fire to counteract the chill of the evening, and a cold stone floor instead of a cheering carpet to tread upon before he can reach his not less comfortless bed.

I must here be permitted to protest against what I deem a reprehensible, if not cruel and wicked practice that some professional men fall into, of recommending or sanctioning, and sometimes even themselves urging the poor sufferer from pulmonary disease, after all the resources of our art have failed, to abandon his home, his family, and his friends, with the vain hope of recovering his health in a foreign land. The moment the disease appears to be confirmed, we have believed it to be our sacred duty to advise every patient to make himself as comfortable as possible in his own country, and within the immediate circle of his own family or relatives, that he may partake, to the fullest extent and up to

the last sad moments of his life, of all the rational and soothing enjoyments of their sympathies, and all the luxuries of home, rather than die in a land of strangers.

We are aware that nothing is more common than a fallacious and flattering hope, which a pulmonary patient is prone to indulge in, and that the future is always painted in his imagination with the warm and glowing tints and rainbow hues of a bright and glorious dawn, even when the night-pall of death is drawing its curtains around, and the unconscious victim has reached even the dark confines of the grave. And however painful to the medical attendant to do or say that which shall chill or dampen the sanguine and delightful anticipations of recovery in his patient, he has but one course to pursue, which is, to do his duty.

MALTA.

We next, in the order of progression of what is now, since the general introduction of steam upon the Mediterranean, becoming an everyday fashionable tour, embarked in a French steam-ship of war for Malta, so famed for its Knights of St. John in the times of the crusaders. We passed by the Island of Stromboli at night, and saw the light of its volcano in active operation, reflected to a great distance upon the sea. We continued our course through the straits between Calabria and Sicily, passing by the classic rocks of Scylla and Charybdis, which ancient poetry made so formidable to the inexperienced mariner, but which present to the eye no eddying currents or whirlpools at all comparable in fierceness, or impetuosity of movement, to our own unrivalled and domestic *Hellgate*, as it was graphically christened by our Dutch burgomasters of the olden time, who were never in the habit of calling things by their wrong names. We shall probably have our poets, too, in some future time, who will do justice to this extraordinary natural curiosity, and make much better capital out of it than Virgil and others did of Scylla and Charybdis. For certain it is that the Pot, and Hog's Back, and Gridiron, are infinitely more dangerous ledges of sunken rocks, and exhibit a far more terrific spectacle at low tide, than anything we saw on the coast of Sicily or Italy; though they may not yet have had a Vesuvius, a Stromboli, or an Ætna, to give interest to the surrounding scenery, otherwise as charmingly picturesque, perhaps, as any spot in the world.

Coasting by Sicily, we saw Syracuse and Ætna in

the distance, and shortly after made the Island of Malta. An incident here occurred which might have proved of fatal consequence to us all. By some unlucky accident, when arrived within five miles of the island, we found our coal nearly gone; and, to add to our misfortune, one of the boilers sprang aleak or burst, inundating the fire-room and after-cabin, and causing no small degree of consternation. It was somewhat ludicrous, in the midst of this actual danger, to observe its influence upon different temperaments. Our little captain swore lustily, and commenced firing signals of distress. The French crew stood around with their hands in their pockets, taking it very coolly, except every now and then damning the boiler because it was English, and swearing that if it had been French they could have run over the island "rough shod," with or without coal. Our motley group of passengers were most of them prodigiously alarmed; and while some fortified their nerves with Dutch courage in liberal potations of brandy and water, one of our countrymen, who had been familiar, probably, with some of the really terrific and murderous explosions frequent upon our American waters, and looked upon our present dilemma as a mere bagatelle, seized the leisure moment as a fitting occasion to book up his journal, until the shipping of a heavy sea diluted his ink and knocked his pen from his hand. A steamer now happily came out to our relief, and we were soon all safely under way for the port.

This island is little more than a rock in the ocean, and does not, therefore, exhibit any remarkable appearances of fertility. We entered by an extremely narrow pass, flanked on either side by high rocky cliffs, and immediately, as if by enchantment, a superb land-locked bay expanded before us, presenting on one side the town

of Valetta, and, on the other, country villas and a large quarantine establishment, which, upon examination, we would pronounce by far the most capacious and best located and conducted of any we saw in the Mediterranean.

In this harbour we found ourselves safely moored in the midst of the heavy line-of-battle-ships or "wooden walls" of Old England; Malta being a naval rendezvous of inconceivable importance to the British government; and its value infinitely enhanced by the perfect security and ample room and depth which its port offers, being sufficient to hold a vast fleet, and so sheltered as to afford complete protection from the dangers of the sea and from every wind. Though less capacious than many of the admirable harbours on the French coast, it is much better protected, and, taken altogether, is the finest harbour which we saw in the Mediterranean. In viewing the facilities which the French, and English, and Spanish possess for their naval armaments in these seas, we could not help but feel an ardent wish that our own cherished and gallant navy might also here find a safe abiding-place, and proudly see their own star-spangled banner floating on some elevated rock that they could call their own.

The town of Valetta is situated upon a rocky promontory, and, though in sight of Sicily, presents in the character of its architecture the first evidences of an Oriental city. The population is made up of the greatest imaginable medley of all nations, being a sort of half-way-house to the East. From its being so great a resort of naval officers and of travellers, it furnishes the best of society. To reach the town you ascend a cliff by a variety of curious steps cut in the rock, which are fatiguing and tedious. The population is very numer-

ous, and in its aspect peculiarly picturesque, from the diversity of costumes and complexions of the different nations who reside here.

By far the most interesting object in this ancient and peculiar town, is the venerated Cathedral of St. John, where more of the distinguished commanders and officers of the army of the Cross repose than in any other spot in the world. The crusader felt, that if he could return from the holy wars, and lay his bones in this sacred temple, his last and most devout wish would be gratified. This church is of great architectural beauty, and its spacious interior is almost an entire sepulchre; the walls and the floors being everywhere studded and crowded with tablets, busts, banners, hatchments, effigies, and inscriptions, dedicated to the honoured heroes who perished battling in Palestine in the cause of their Master. The admirers of those chivalrous times might linger for days within this holy edifice, in examining these memorials of the Knights of St. John and their companions. They awaken in the mind the most stirring and rapturous feelings, and bring back reminiscences of those thrilling events, that roused into active and daring energy higher moral impulses, and more ardent and impassioned religious devotion, than have ever agitated the world before or since. Whatever ulterior designs may be thought to have influenced some of their leaders, the history of the crusaders presents no feature, in our opinion, to impugn the motives, or to question the enthusiasm of that holy zeal, which spread with electric fire through every rank and condition of Christendom, from the undaunted Cœur de Lion down to the most humble subaltern. The unspeakable sufferings they endured, to recover the tomb of Christ from the possession of the Saracen, and the readiness and willingness with which,

in order to effect this hallowed object, even the wealthiest and most noble abandoned the luxuries of home and all the endearments of wife, children, and kindred, to shed their blood on Syria's sands, in the holy service of the Lord, are incontestable proofs of the sincerity and purity of their intentions. What soul-absorbing devotion breathes in every line of their prayers and vows! Thus said the crusader, when, parting with everything he possessed on earth, castle, lands, wife, and children, he set out upon his journey for Palestine:

"My body to its Lord's relief
Must go, but thou retain'st my heart;
To Syria now I wend my way,
Where Paynim swords no terror move."

Again:

"Lord, I surrender all to thee,
No goods have I, nor castles fair."

And thus:

"My heart to her I hold so dear,
My soul to God in Paradise."

Malta, as a residence for the pulmonary invalid, has, from its insular position and remoteness from mountain elevations, superior advantages over any part of the Mediterranean coast which we visited. The mild and equable temperature and delicious softness of the climate the whole year round, with the excellent accommodations, delightful society, and facilities for exercise in the open air, ought to make it a place of desirable resort for the class of patients whom we have designated. The range of the thermometer is seldom over 80° of Fahrenheit, or below 60°. Among the delightful rides on this island, that from Valetta to the celebrated bay where the great apostle Paul is stated to have been shipwrecked, while on one of his sacred journeys to spread the Gospel light and the glad tidings of salvation, must be particularly cheering and refreshing to the Christian invalid.

GREECE.

From Malta I took shipping, in the French steamship of war Leonidas, for the Archipelago. From distress of weather we were obliged to put into the Island of Milo. From thence we passed on to Syra.

Syra is, like scores of the other islands in the Archipelago, a barren and forbidding rock, almost destitute of the least cultivation, having on the harbour side two small, curious Greek towns, the old and the new; the former on the shore, the latter on the side of the mountain, and reaching near to the top. The houses are small, white stone edifices, built without order or regularity, or any reference to streets for carriages, most of them being only intended for the passing of mules and human pedestrians. Those islands which are inhabited, and have clusters of houses, are cheering as you approach them from the dreary monotony of the watery waste. Syra is now made of some importance by the French and Austrian steamers, which meet here from various points of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic.

On our arrival at Syra, we found there would not be any conveyance to Athens for seven days, as the regular boat had left the evening before. Our voyage from Malta was retarded by most tempestuous weather, and we had been compelled to put into the Island of Milo for shelter from the storm. A Greek prince who came on with us from Malta being as anxious as ourselves to get on to Athens, undertook to procure for that purpose a suitable conveyance for us all. He accordingly went on shore at Syra with that intent, and what did he get?

An *open* boat, which, however, he assured me was perfectly safe, and a usual conveyance.

When I arrived by the side of her from our steamer, I positively refused to go; but his confidence and the willingness of my companions made me yield, though contrary to my better judgment. The wind, however, being fair, all seemed to hope for a speedy trip. In we all got with our baggage, and in a few moments were under full sail out of the harbour of Syra. The boat was literally crammed, what with my companions and my servant Henry, the prince and his servant, three young Italians with their two servants, also on their way to visit Greece. Together with those we have enumerated, there were also thirteen Greek passengers, including four women. Such confusion, such utter want of comfort, I never saw or experienced, and did not expect to find at my time of life. Boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, and the entire effects of one or two whole Greek families on board, were rolling and tumbling about in every direction, so that there was no room to sit down, and scarcely any to stand.

In this condition we started at two P.M., and in this landed at the Piræus, the port of Athens, the next afternoon about five, having passed the night in the most uncomfortable manner, without anything to sleep upon but the heaps of luggage, and with the starry canopy for our roof; the weather fortunately proving favourable until half an hour before we landed, when it commenced pouring in torrents. The boat proved to be a good sailer and safe. But the filthy and wretched condition of the Greeks on board, and our close proximity to them, created an atmosphere that not even the fragrant gales of "Araby the blest" would have rendered endurable.

In passing from the Ægean Sea to the narrow strait that leads to the capacious harbour of the Piræus, we have the memorable battle scene near Salamis on the left, and the tomb of Themistocles on the right.

After encountering for some time in our open caique a heavy rain, which drenched ourselves and baggage, we stepped ashore at the quay of the ancient Piræus, once itself a great city and the principal seaport of Athens, and abounding in temples, porticoes, arsenals, &c., now a small village, showing only some slight evidences of a revival of trade, which consists principally of fruit, wine, and olives from the islands of the Levant.

At the Piræus we succeeded in getting a crazy old English vehicle of the omnibus species, into which we stowed baggage and all, including, besides myself, three others of my own countrymen and my faithful German servant Henry; which latter was such a perfect polyglot, speaking eight or nine languages, that he never was fairly brought up, as the sailors say, with a round turn, till he landed in the country of Epaminondas and Demosthenes. Here he encountered the modern Greek, which he pronounced the most ferocious language he had ever heard, and infinitely more formidable and jaw-breaking than his own Teutonic tongue, or even the Russian, with which he was perfectly familiar. I was very much amused afterward, from time to time, in the interior of Greece, with his altercations with the *agoates*, or men who conduct the baggage-horses. Understanding only now and then a straggling word which they had caught of Italian, he was in a state of great vexation and apprehension for his life, as he well might be from their savage and vindictive features. Repeatedly in our journeyings about he would ride up to me in great agitation, and declare that they were going to as-

sassinate him. I confess that I myself often felt uneasy, but less from them than from the parties whom we met in the lonely mountain passes, and who appeared to be straggling and loitering about for no other purpose than depredation.

Premising this episodial tribute to our worthy equery, we proceed in our narrative. We started in our omnibus, which, by-the-by, was not dissimilar to a Long Island stage of the olden time, and passing over a beautiful macadamized road, constructed by the Bavarian soldiers on the former ancient *via* which led from the Piræus, we arrived, after a distance of about three miles, to the city of Athens, and were conducted to the *Hotel de France*. This is a hotel, indeed, but only an apology for one, the accommodations being wretched.

As we were now fairly within the domain of the most consecrated classic land, in every sense, that ever existed, and as we were favoured with the opportunity to make a more particular examination of its celebrated monuments than those of any other we visited, we shall be excused for dwelling upon them in some detail. Not deeming that a theme so delightful can ever tire, however often revived, and not doubting that my own countrymen will perhaps be the more gratified with the cursory remarks and reflections I may have to make upon what fell under my own eye, since very few, if any Americans, perhaps, have ever travelled as extensively in Greece as myself, and none certainly under more favourable auspices to see and learn all that there is to be known.

Though not pretending to any very nice or exact antiquarian knowledge, I can scarcely in justice travel through such a country without discoursing of that hallowed Greece, where every foot of ground almost, and

every pointed crag, deep ravine, dell, grotto, grove, and gushing brook, it may be said, has been embalmed in fable or heroic verse, and uttered by every tongue and engraved on every memory for the last 2000 years. First, then, of that ancient port of Piræus, and afterward of the walls which connect the port with Athens.

Athens had three harbours closely adjoining each other: the principal or *Piræus;* the next to the east, called Munychia; and, lastly, and the smallest and the farthest east, the Phalerus.

The Piræus was, in fact, a great city, with its superb marble basins, piers, and quays, one of which the gallant naval captain and general, Themistocles, the conqueror of the Persian fleet at Salamis, appropriately selected for an excavation for his tomb. Around the circuit of the harbour were magnificent armories and arsenals, which, with the walls to Athens, were all destroyed by Lysander, on the reduction of Attica, at the termination of the Peloponnesian war. Within the harbour could be moored 300 triremes, and the city boasted of its gorgeous temples, porticoes, theatres, statues, &c. The two walls to Athens were each about 40 stadia long and 40 cubits high, built externally with immense blocks of stone without cement, but the unhewn stones of the interior clamped with lead and iron, and wide enough on the top to afford a double carriage track. They were flanked by square or semicircular towers for defence. When Athens became overpopulated these towers were inhabited. One of the walls was erected by Pericles, the other by Themistocles.

To the recently-published and learned work on ancient Athens, by my excellent friend Mr. PITTAKYS, a Greek savant and native of that city, of whom I shall speak more particularly hereafter, we are indebted for a vast amount of new, and curious, and most valuable in-

formation, which has been brought to light by the excavations and examinations which he has caused to be made, as conservator of the museum of the king.

The narrow entrance of the Piræus, according to the researches of this able writer, still exhibits the pilasters to which was attached the chain by which the port was shut. There also stood the colossal marble lion, stolen in 1687 by the Venetians, and carried to their city. Hence the present name of this port, viz., *Port Draco*, or the Port of the Lion. Mr. P. has found also the pedestal with its inscription, denoting that upon this stood the statue of *Heros-Centhaurus*, the Centaur, which gave the name of Centhaurus to one of the three basins or indentations of the harbour of the Piræus. He has also at another basin of the Piræus, called *Aphrodisium*, identified, by means of the diggings that have been made, fragments of huge columns, which induce him to believe that they belonged to the immense temple erected there by Themistocles to *Venus Aperche*, so called in honour of the pigeon that lighted on the rigging of his ship during the battle of Salamis. A multitude of inscriptions on blocks of marble have also been found there, indicating the site of the great ancient *arsenal*, and enumerating the rudders, and other rigging and armament taken out in different expeditions. On the promontory of the peninsula of the Piræus facing the sea, he has found the remains of the altar that formed part of the tomb of Themistocles, and beneath it two excavations in the rock, on a level with the sea, in one of which was discovered a sarcophagus, supposed to have contained the bones of that great general. There was also a spacious *market* at the Piræus, and a theatre whose diameter was 260 feet. At the Piræus stood also famous bronze statues to Jupiter and Minerva, to the former of whom,

as the protector of strangers, these latter on landing made votive offerings of garlands and small statues, recalling in those traits of the Athenians, analogies, as has been frequently observed, between this people and the present Parisians. Near the Centaur basin are found remains of the ancient cemetery. The Piræus furnished the Piræne marble of which all the foundations of the public buildings in Athens were built. The next great port east of and adjoining the Piræus was *Munychia* (in Greek *Mounuchia*), presenting in its name a singular analogy, if not identity, to the capital of Bavaria (Munich), the son of whose king possesses now the throne of Athens. Here are found the remains of a temple to Diana, and the tomb of Thrasson. The next and last great port east was Phalerus. Here was a celebrated temple to Ceres, to which the young girls, at the feasts in her honour, repaired with branches of ripe grapes in their hands. Some inscriptions that Mr. Pittakys has found there, also indicate that *little dolphins* were sacrificed to this goddess. The Phalerus was nearest to Athens, being but twenty stadia, i. e., two and a half miles. Here were statues to "*unknown gods*," alluded to in the Acts of the Apostles. The great number of *niches* in the rocks for statues, indicate, according to Mr. P., a numerous population at this seaport. The ancient fortress here is in excellent preservation. Phalerus gave birth to Aristides and Demetrius, and is still celebrated for its marsh, its cabbages, and its fish called *Aphuai*. The ancient walls that connected Athens with the Piræus are still in part existing. As they were constructed with haste, much of the filling in was supplied by fragments of the tombs and temples destroyed by the Persians. The distance between the walls varied from 560 to 700 feet. There were two great roads between them.

After reposing for the night at our hotel at Athens, we sallied forth in the morning, and enjoyed the fine view of the far-famed Acropolis, and that almost perfect relic the temple of Theseus, which stands in the space between the two great walls.

We first paid our respects to Mr. Perdicaris, the American consul, a most excellent and hospitable man, whose philanthropic labours in behalf of his countrymen, and eloquent and learned lectures on the subject of Greece during a residence of some years in the United States, while they everywhere procured for him attached and admiring friends, served to endear him to our institutions, and to make him a thorough American in his principles and feelings. So much so, in fact, that he became half identified almost in blood with us by the choice which he made, previous to accepting his appointment of consul, of one of our most interesting American ladies as his partner for life. A charming and highly-intellectual woman she is, and worthy to reside with her gifted husband on this classic ground, under the shade of the matchless Parthenon. Yet still, though dwelling in a spot so hallowed, I could see that her mind and her affections oft reverted back to that young land that was the home of her infancy and her fathers. Still her heart clung to, and still her thoughts dreamed of, the green hills and pleasant valleys of her childhood.

I now ferreted out—for literally it is ferreting out, or threading through a perplexed labyrinth, in the shockingly narrow, encumbered, and lampless streets of modern Athens—my old and esteemed friend, the Rev. John H. Hill, formerly of our city, and now for some years principal Episcopal missionary at this place. He whom I had formerly well known, and with whom I had been early and intimately associated in the Young Men's As-

sistant Bible Society of New-York, was not, I think, less delighted to see me than I was to see him. Before my interview with him, I found that he had heard of my arrival, and had been at the hotel in search of me. I immediately ascertained, as I had anticipated, that my valued friend, with his amiable and universally beloved wife, knew everybody, and that everybody knew and respected them. It was easy to understand this, for, strange as it may seem, these two countrymen of ours are the two oldest, and the primitive residents, or first settlers of any note whatever, in the modern city which has risen within a few years upon the site of ancient and renowned Athens. The history of our own countrymen has, indeed, ever been the history of an enterprising and daring race of adventurous men, constantly occupied in colonization. Well grounded in the elementary principles of education, and deeply imbued with an absorbing attachment to civil and religious liberty, they forsook the father-land of England to plant the standard of human rights on the bleak shores of the American Continent. And the same glorious spirit which actuated their forefathers still seems uppermost in their thoughts. Not only are they zealously engaged in spreading the light of the Gospel and of civil freedom in the remotest seas, and among the savage tribes of the Far West, and of the distant islands in the Pacific Ocean, and accomplishing the still more difficult task of enlightening the minds of the Africans by establishing colonies, and scattering the seeds of civilization upon their coast, but, as it would seem, aim at the yet sublimer triumph of regenerating ancient Greece, and the noblest people that have adorned the annals of Europe.

When this resolute couple from New-England ground, first began at Athens some fifteen years since, they lived

in the only old habitable ruin in the place, and not another house was there; the miserable and impoverished Greeks occupying wretched sheds amid the masses and fragments of ancient buildings which had accumulated during successive bombardments by the Turks.

From my own observation, not only in Athens, but in extensive journeys in the interior, I am convinced that Mr. and Mrs. Hill are the greatest benefactors living to modern Greece. They are doing more for the revival of this ancient people, than all that King Otho himself and his whole court, sustained by foreign diplomacy, have done or ever will do. They have begun at the beginning. They have laid the axe at the root, and they have commenced their great and good work, first by teaching the Greek children; and, if knowledge is power, this people surely will gain strength, and the country will improve in proportion.

Besides teaching the Greek children the rudiments of education, they are permitted to inculcate religious principles, which they do with unremitting zeal. They also have in their house a number of highly-interesting girls and young women, who are made companions in their family, and brought up with that kindness yet systematic order which is really beautiful to behold, and deserving of imitation everywhere. In the evening they assemble together in a family circle, and while one reads over portions of the Testament in Greek, the rest are occupied with their needlework, and in the daytime assist in the schools established by Mr. and Mrs. Hill.

We cannot say much for the personal beauty of these young daughters of Greece. In truth, were it not for the exceedingly picturesque and classical costume of both sexes, their large dark eyes, and long braided hair of black, and, above all, their winning and courteous

manner, full of graceful gestures and expressions of warm-heartedness, to us in a strange land most gratifying, though to a dispassionate eye it might seem theatrical, we should call the Greek women generally a homely race. But there was one exception among these interesting scholars, a lovely Hydriote girl of about fifteen, whom we took a great fancy to, as she also, as it seemed, did to us. In one of our visits she presented to one of our party some pretty beadwork; and the manner in which she ran across the room to deliver her cadeau, with her hand on her heart and her voice trembling and diffident, while the long gold tassel hung down tastily from her red cap, and her rich, full Albanian costume shone more charming than ever, has left an impression upon our memory that never will be effaced.

This recalls a delightful ride we took one beautiful afternoon to Plato's Grove and around Mars Hill, with Mrs. and Mr. Perdicaris, Mr. Hill, and a sister of Mrs. Hill, and two of the scholars of Mr. Hill, one of which latter was the little favourite Hydriote. We were all mounted on horseback. Mrs. Perdicaris, our lovely countrywoman, was most beautifully attired in Greek costume, and was taken for the queen, and we of the royal party who were escorting her. Under this delusion, which we did not dispel, we were received everywhere with the greatest distinction as our horses paced along amid the ancient ruins. Every one stopped and uncovered as we passed, and even the old archbishop raised his cap, which he does to no one but the king and queen. The little girls, too, on the roadside, presented us with numberless rich bouquets of roses, pinks, and magnolias, till we were nearly confused with their courtesies. The Greek dress of the ladies of our party never looked to more advan-

tage than it did à cheval, and I must make an attempt to describe it. A red cloth cap, embroidered in gold, with a long tassel; a light Turkish veil, not tied, but thrown over the head; large, loose pantaloons, partly covered by a very short, embroidered petticoat; a jacket fitting closely to the bust, with open sleeves, showing lacework beneath, over which was a sort of coat without sleeves, fitting prettily to the shoulders. To these add the red sash, the Turkish slipper, and the long braided hair, and the tout ensemble completed one of the prettiest figures I ever saw. Such was our Hydriote girl, to whom might be transferred all the panegyric stanzas of Lord Byron's charming verses to the Maid of Athens.

In this delightful ride, we felt almost as though we were inspired under the crowd of glorious recollections, that pressed upon the memory, as we gazed around us, upon every hallowed temple, column, rock, and mountain, that spoke to us in mute and sublime eloquence of the past. And we could not help repeating, as we rode along, those magnificent lines of the noble poet, which vividly imbodied our excited feelings. If Lord Byron had lived for Greece alone, the world would owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude, for re-embalming the fame of this heaven-born land, and that of all her illustrious men, in his undying poetry.

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine;

Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches, through the long expanse
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep."

Corsair.

To return to the school of young ladies in Mr. Hill's family. These young women are destined to become principals of schools in various parts of Greece, from the islands to the Continent, from Crete to Missilonghi, and from Negropont to Thermopylæ. Already some of them have made their début with great success in the interior towns of this forlorn and benighted country. For vivid and captivating as are our ideas of Greece, and the mastery which it once exercised over the world in arms, in literature, and the fine arts, and in perfect keeping with those associations as are the treasures of learning and of taste they have left, and many of the precious ruins that still exist; yet, melancholy to relate, no land, perhaps, is covered with deeper clouds of moral and intellectual darkness, than this once classic and almost deified country.

And we could not, in viewing the efforts made to redeem unhappy Greece by our esteemed friend, feel other than an inward pride that our own infant Republic was fulfilling the high destiny of returning back a part of that light which she herself, in common with all other portions of the earth, had received from this alma mater of science and literature, and, in truth, of all the blessings of European civilization.

When I visited the schools of my excellent friends, I felt a delight which language can but poorly express. In viewing some hundreds of the poor Greek children,

and even adults, neatly clad in Greek and other dresses, and under the most perfect discipline, receiving their education upon the Lancasterian and most modern and approved methods of instruction; and imbibing, at the same time, at the kind hands of their instructors, the mild precepts of the Gospel, and the purest axioms of moral truth; this benign picture presented itself to my mind as the perfume and beauty of the wild flower, transplanted from our own American forests, to impart its sweetness and freshness to the sunburnt clime of this oppressed land, and still to shield and uphold, with its green and clasping tendrils, the snow-white and tottering column, and the jutting frieze and cornice of her time-honoured temples.

After the proper courtesies to our worthy countryman, Mr. Hill, and his amiable and truly valuable helpmate, and also after paying our respects to our diplomatic representative, Mr. Perdicaris, and his lady, we proceeded to examine in detail the remarkable monuments in and about the neighbourhood, which for 2000 years have been the wonder of admiring generations.

It is not our intention to dilate with learned minuteness on all these architectural and sculptural relics, which have exhausted the ingenuity, the erudition, and the descriptive powers of so many profound and ripe scholars and historians for ages past. Nevertheless, it might seem affectation if we did not relate, at least, the general impressions which some of the more remarkable of these surprising works of art produced on our mind, though they might not have awakened in us that poetic fire and patriotic enthusiasm, those thrilling thoughts and associations, with which they would naturally become invested in the eye of a skilful and accomplished antiquarian intimately conversant with ancient Greek lore.

The first object we visited was the temple of Theseus, which is situated on the declivity of a rocky hill just before entering the city. It is in greater preservation than any other ruin to be met with in Greece. From its being composed of the same soft, perishable, and pure white marble as most of the monuments at Athens, we are induced to attribute its remarkable preservation and present unmutilated condition to the sacred veneration in which it has ever been held. The form is the same as that of the Parthenon.

The pillars are massive, but not lofty; and I was disappointed to find that the dimensions of the whole edifice were diminutive in comparison with the expanded conceptions which I, like others, had formed of it in my imagination. So, in fact, it is with all those sanguine anticipations which we picture to ourselves of the remarkable objects that we shall see abroad. We follow them up from place to place, like the bewildering ignis fatuus, which as constantly eludes our grasp, and leaves us to be disappointed with the flat reality, which generally falls far short of the exaggerated measure of our expectations. I can safely say this of every grand structure I saw abroad, with one solitary exception, which were the Pyramids of Egypt.

The temple of Theseus was erected by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, in honour of Theseus. The beautiful story of Theseus, son of Ægeus, king of Athens, and how he effected the destruction of the Minotaur in Crete, to whose cave he was conducted by means of the mysterious thread that the enamoured Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete, provided him with, is familiar to most readers. The sails of his fleet, on leaving Athens, were black; but, forgetting to make the preconcerted signal of hoisting white ones should he prove

victorious over the Minotaur, his father, in despair, leaped from the rock where he was upon the lookout, and the sea whose green waters bathe the shores of Attica was ever after called, after this tragic incident, the Ægean Sea. The *Minotaur* was the monster, half bull, half man, who fed on the youths and maidens brought from Athens as the pledge of their servitude to Crete. Ægeus is supposed by some to have been another name for Neptune. The following beautiful and touching lines on this theme, and which have never before appeared in print, are from the pen of a young American girl of this state,* aged 16, and evince a sweetness and pathos that show with what genuine and deep inspiration all that relates to enchanting Greece, is drunk in and pondered upon even by the youthful minds of our country, who are so far remote from her, and know her story only through the pages of her poets and historians:

"Night gather'd o'er the land and sea,
The pale moon rose on high,
And twinkling stars kept silently
Their vigils in the sky.

Sweetly amid her waters blue
The shores of fair Greece slept,
While on the evening breezes blew
The wail of one that wept.

He lingers yet far, far from me,
The mourner wildly said;
Tell me, ye waves, as on ye flee,
If he indeed is dead.

Ye heavenly orbs, ye smile as sweet
As when he gazed on you;
Oh! do you still that cold form greet,
That I no more may view.

Ye perfumed gales from Araby,
Say, where is his lone grave?
Is it beneath the dark blue sea—
Beneath some Peri's cave?

* Miss M. T., of Albany.

I'd longer toil on time's dark way,
But, sounding o'er the sea,
Methinks I hear a sweet voice say,
Naught here can comfort thee.

He ended; bidding earth farewell,
He plunged beneath the wave,
The sparkling waters lightly fell
Upon his father's grave.

They cannot raise the marble stone,
To tell where now he sleeps;
For there the mermaid roams alone—
Alone she o'er him weeps.

Nor can they plant o'er him the yew,
Nor early flowers bring
Upon his coral grave to strew,
In honour of their king.

But give the silvery waves that flow
O'er his watery bed,
To prove their deep and lasting wo,
The name of him that's dead."

The tradition is, that the shade of Theseus, 800 years after his death, appeared at the battle of Marathon. Cimon, who was son of Miltiades, the hero who won that battle, searched for his bones, and found them at Sciros, together with his helmet and sword, and had them transported in great pomp to Athens, and buried them where the temple is. From their reverence for him, this temple became an asylum, and hence also, perhaps, its preservation. It was built 436 B.C., by the famous architect Micon, and 30 years before the Parthenon. All the columns incline a little towards the temple, to give it greater solidity in the event of earthquakes. In 1769 a Turk tore up the pavement, which was of Pentelican marble, to make lime of it!

Of all that there is left of the ancient glories of Athens, the *temple of Theseus* is the most perfect. This, however, and the Parthenon and Erectheum, and all else that remains of the exquisite taste of the Greeks, can-

not, in the nature of things, endure for many centuries more. We have lived to see partially consummated in our times the most momentous event that has occurred in this classic land for near 2000 years. It is the partial regeneration and commencing civilization of this oppressed and unfortunate people, who, during that long epoch, with the proudest monuments of human genius constantly before their eyes, to remind them of their degradation, have, from the inscrutable designs of Providence, been visited, as it were, with a moral and political death, and left to wander through a long and gloomy night of deplorable barbarism. Since the day that St. Paul preached on the Areopagus at Athens, it has been for that people one continued and unbroken endurance of the tyrant's despotic chains, until the light of Christianity again burst over the pagan temples in Greece, and now gives promise that she shall be redeemed, and disenthralled, and restored to her pristine rank. We have a sacred guarantee in the extension of the blessings of the press, and of useful sciences, and the practical knowledge of human rights, that Greece in future time can never again retrograde. The corruptions of Christianity that grew up with its introduction into Rome, led to its union with the military power of that empire, and caused, under a false zeal, more devastation of the magnificent architectural monuments, both of Egypt and of Greece, and all other countries subject to the sway of the imperial eagles, than was ever caused by the Persians before, or by the barbarian Saracens and Goths afterward. But we have the assurance in the march of intellectual power which characterizes our age, that Christianity will now be the preserver rather than the destroyer of those monuments, that so beautifully illustrate the early and high intellectual culture of the most

refined arts of civilization, though they record, at the same time, the moral debasement of the heart in idolatrous superstition.

Nevertheless, time itself, unaided by the ravages of human hands, must sooner or later level with the dust, all that still exists of the precious memorials that Greece has left in architectural or sculptural magnificence.

It is gratifying to know that, among the auspicious results of the regeneration of Greece, her own sons, feeling happy and secure under a mild and enlightened government, which protects and diffuses the blessings of education and liberty, now begin to turn their attention to the history of their own country, and to the illustration of her remains. Among these we may enumerate with particular pride Mr. Pittakys, already alluded to, and our consul Mr. Perdicaris, both native Greeks.

The work of Mr. Pittakys is so much the more valuable as it is written by one who has studied the monuments of Greece with Greek eyes and Greek feelings, and may therefore be deemed the most authentic and valuable that has ever been published on that subject. We have therefore thought it not irrelevant, as this work has not, to our knowledge, been yet translated, as we trust it soon will be, to avail ourselves freely of its pages, that we may spread before the world as much of its valuable matter as our limits will permit. We trust the estimable and erudite author will have it in his power to give to the public, as he has announced, a full and complete account of all the ruins of Greece, as well as those of Athens.

We here abridge from his pages his account of the *temple of Theseus*, as one of the most valuable morceaus that can be furnished, to afford an exact conception of Grecian art and Grecian history in ancient times.

In the Ceramique interior, as Mr. P. calls that part of Athens named after the hero Ceramus, son of Bacchus, the temple of Theseus, says this writer, exists, and, perhaps, will exist eternally. When Theseus lived, the Athenians consecrated many monuments to him; but after his death, with the exception of four, they appropriated them to the worship of Hercules. The present temple is 73 feet 11 inches in length, and 26 in breadth. It is surrounded with a peristyle composed of six columns on the façades, and 13 on the sides. It is divided into *pronaos*, *naos*, and *opisthodome*. The pronaos and the naos occupy the whole length of the temple. The opisthodome is formed by a small prolongation of the wall of the *naos* as far as the *antes*. On the same line were two columns, between which anciently there was a railing of bronze. The width of the lateral peristyle is six feet; the distance from one column to the other five feet four inches and a half, except the columns of the angles, which are not removed from one another but four feet nine inches and a half, a condition observed in the Doric order, to make the triglyphs coincide with the angles, and to render all the metopes equal. Interiorly the length of the naos is 40 feet two inches, and its breadth 20 feet seven inches and a half. The thickness of the wall is two feet and a half; the diameter of the columns of the peristyle three feet four inches; their height 19 feet. The height of the temple, to count from the stylobates, is 33 feet and a half.

The stones which support the columns have two inches in thickness and four feet and a half of length.

The foundations of the temple in some places have three ranges of piers, and towards the northwest angle we count even five and six. These foundations are all entire of Piræic stones.

In spite of the changes of season and the barbarity of past ages, this temple has been *preserved entire*, the roof only being modern.

The Christians, in 667, in order to make an altar, destroyed the two columns which conducted to the pronaos. They replaced them by a wall of stone and a tambour of masonry, which are now being removed. They made the entrance of the temple to the west by enlarging the small door which separates the naos from the opisthodome.

In the temple is found a circular block of marble. Its four parallel inscriptions seem to indicate that it served as a pedestal to some statue. They (the Christians) hollowed it out, and made of it a vessel for the baptismal font.

Traces of the division of the temple into two parts, the naos and pronaos, are still to be seen; also the holes in the eastern part where were four statues. Underneath are *ten* metopes, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the ten labours of Hercules. Commencing by the south, we have, 1. The *Lion of Nemea;* 2. The succour of Iolaus with the hydra of Lerna; 3. The slaughter of the bitch of Cerynia; 4. The struggle with the bull of Crete; 5. The subjugation of one of the horses of Diomede, king of Thrace; 6. The killing of Cerberus. The 7th is nearly effaced, and perhaps represented Hercules with Cycnus. The 8th is probably Hercules with Hippolyte. In the 9th Hercules is struggling with Anteus, to whom Ceres, his mother, gives new strength. The 10th discovers him gathering the apples of Hesperides. It is probable that the two other labours were added by the Greeks, after the epoch when the temple was built.

The four metopes on the south side represent, 1. Theseus struggling with the Minotaur; 2. Bearing off the

bull from Marathon to Athens; 3. Struggling with Pityocamptes; 4. Precipitating Procrustes. On the north side we have, in the same order, 1. Theseus with Corynete; 2. Cercyon; 3. Cyron; 4. The boar of Marathon. All the other metopes were simple, and ornamented with paintings.

In entering into the peristyle, we see on the frieze of the pronaos a range of *thirty figures* in bas-relief. Three divinities are discovered on each side, seated on the rock of Mount Olympus. They separate the other figures into three groups. These last are in the attitude of combat. They have only a buckler (or shield) and stones for arms. The attack comes from the south, where victory seems to incline. On this side are found the statue of Jupiter, seated, and those of Juno and Minerva.

1. The first figure is a combatant armed with a shield.

2. The second another (perhaps Mars), who bears a casque and destroys his enemy.

3. A giant advancing towards Mars.

4. A combatant armed with a shield.

5, 6, 7. The three divinities of whom mention has just been made.

8. A combatant armed with a shield.

9. A combatant mounting a rock.

10, 11. A combatant killing his enemy.

12. A giant naked.

13. A combatant armed with a shield.

14. A combatant who bears the chlamyde or cloak, and in front of him a large rock.

15. A combatant who bears on his shoulders a large rock, in the act of throwing it against his enemy.

16, 17. A combatant who kills his enemy.

18. A giant surrounded with serpents; perhaps Typhon.

19. A combatant armed with a shield.

20. A combatant with the chlamyde.

21, 22, 23. The three other divinities seated on a rock; perhaps Neptune, Vulcan, and Venus.

24. A combatant armed with a shield.

25, 26. A combatant who pushes his enemy.

27. A combatant with the chlamyde.

28. A combatant who endeavours to lift a rock.

29. A giant coming to battle.

30. Another giant coming to battle.

On the frieze of the opisthodome are *twenty* figures, representing the combat of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ. In three places we see Theseus victorious, while fortune is indecisive between the others. The eighth figure represents Cæneus between two Centaurs, who seek to crush him with a large stone because they have learned that he is impenetrable to their darts. Cæneus appears as if driven into the earth under the weight of the rock and of that of the two Centaurs.

The bas-reliefs which exist still are almost all *without heads*. They announce, in spite of the change which time and image-breakers have made, the hand of a skilful master, and are an incontestable proof that this edifice is truly the temple of Theseus. They are proportionably larger than those of the Parthenon, which, however, are more beautiful and more picturesque.

All the sculptures of this temple have preserved some vestiges of the colour with which they were painted. The dominant colours were gilded bronze united to blue, and, in the drapery, red and green.

We see, also, on the architrave of the peristyle, and on the interior cornice, meanders in painting. They are especially very visible on the interior cornice of the architrave to the southwest of the opisthodome.

The custom of painting the *plafonds* of temples was derived from Egypt.

On the south of the temple two of the columns have been broken to their base, as well as the wall of the naos. In fact, in 1660 the Turks commenced to destroy this temple, in order to make a mosque of it. The Greeks procured from Constantinople an order interdicting them. Two columns near the last were shattered by the earthquake at Athens in 1807. In 1821, the lightning split from above to below the column of the northwest angle.

The traditions relative to the temple of Theseus are not entirely effaced among the people. They come still on the third day of Easter to dance in the temple the dance anciently called *Labyrinth*, which the young Athenians performed the eighth day of the month of *Pyanepsion*, and in which Theseus himself had participated on his return from Crete. The Athenians accorded to the temple of Theseus the virtue of curing diseases. To-day, as soon as a horse is sick, his master promenades him two or three times around the temple, and believes that he will thus gain strength. The ceremony of the dance, mentioned by Mr. Pittakys, I had the pleasure of witnessing while at Athens.

We have been thus minute, and chosen this relic as the one which is most perfect in all its parts, and which will, therefore, answer as an excellent sample of the immense labour and unwearied exercise of the imagination and taste, that the polished and intellectual Greeks bestowed on their public edifices. The accurate detail of Mr. Pittakys will also serve to show the dilapidation which time and the elements, and the sacrilegious touch of brute human hands, more exterminating than Jove's

own thunderbolts, or the tremblings of the earth, are making on all these sacred ruins.

A part only of the ancient roof of the temple remains. They have, however, covered it over sufficiently to protect the parts within. In order that the stucco might better adhere, the interior walls of this temple are not polished. Upon them Mr. Pittakys has discovered faint traces of the pencil of Micon, all that remains of that famous artist. This edifice is now used, by order of King Otho, for a museum of the antiquities dug up among the ruins of the Acropolis, and other public places in and about Athens. The collection here deposited is already quite extensive and beautiful in its statuary, basreliefs, cameos, mosaics, and other interesting objects of antiquity, and is arranged with great classic taste by the learned Mr. Pittakys, as the conservator, who speaks both the English and French languages with great fluency and accuracy. Among other responsible trusts committed to this accomplished native antiquarian, is that of removing all the rubbish that encumbers the Acropolis, and restoring to the ancient temples those parts and proportions which were destroyed during the siege by the Venetians, or battered down in later years by the Turks. While engaged in this, he has found that he is opening a rich mine of buried treasures, which may prove as important in elucidating the ancient history of Greece, as Pompeii has been in introducing us to an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancient Romans.

But for the mercantile cupidity of the boastful Venetians, who professed so much refinement and taste, we should, probably, to this day have had preserved to us, in all its pristine beauty, the magnificent Parthenon, as constructed by that illustrious king, Pericles. A bomb

from their cannon, in the siege of 1656, fell into the propylæa, or portico, at the entrance of the Acropolis, where the Turks had placed a magazine of gunpowder, and did immense injury to both these superb edifices. The wars of the Persians in the remote ages before the time of Pericles, and their defeat by Themistocles, had razed to the ground nearly all the then temples and buildings of the Acropolis, which were afterward reconstructed anew by the munificent Pericles. But the apathetic and indolefit Turks, during their long possession of Greece for ages past, do not appear to have had any particular animosity to the monumental remains of this country, and by their very indifference to them were in some measure the means of their being as well preserved as they have been. But for the ambitious Venetians, and latterly the murderous war carried on by the late Sultan against his rebellious Greek subjects, the world would not have had to deplore the present dilapidated condition of most of the Grecian monuments.

Mr. Pittakys, with his accustomed courtesy to strangers, had the kindness to accompany us to the hills and rocks adjacent to the Acropolis, and pointed out to us numerous inscriptions upon the latter in old Greek characters, corroborative, as he affirmed, of well-known events in the history of this wonderful people.

The intellectual Athenians, as their own Orpheus did, made their very rocks eloquent with the music of their glorious achievements. Literally, with Shakspeare, they saw "sermons in stones and books in running brooks," that he who runs might read, and have constantly before him the inspiring theme of national deeds. The Greeks wisely said that the sight of these inscriptions, as well as the multitudes of statues, temples, &c., fed the mind as food did the body.

Mr. P. afterward took us up into the famed *Acropolis*, or the *pinnacle-city*, as the name imports, of ancient Athens, being on the summit of a sharp and abrupt cone of rock, the highest in that vicinity, and inaccessible from the perpendicularity of its precipices upon every side, excepting that which looks towards the hill called the *Pnyx*, upon which latter it was that the great Demosthenes in vain thundered forth his eloquence to arouse his then enervated and corrupt countrymen to resist the Macedonian tyrant. Such is the interest King Otho takes in the ruins of the Acropolis, that it is closed to strangers without a special permit, and is always guarded by a part of his troops.

We ascended to it by a long flight of stone steps to a gate, which is guarded by a sentinel, on entering which we suddenly found ourselves at the Propylæa, the only entrance to the famed Acropolis, and which is itself a precious work of Grecian sculpture. It is composed of a vestibule of six superb and massive columns on the western façade, with a larger space between the two central columns to admit the sacred chariot. The passage is adorned with three Ionic columns on either side, and conducts to a wall pierced by five gates or porches, which lead to a vestibule corresponding to the exterior entrance. The last mentioned, or eastern vestibule, opens upon the plateau of the Acropolis. The Propylæa was built 437 B.C., by the architect Mnessicles, who employed *one thousand* workmen in its construction. It is about 70 feet in length on its western façade, and about half that space in breadth. Mr. Pittakys is of opinion that the first outer layer of black Eleusinian marble of the wings of the western vestibule of the Propylæa, had inserted into it plates of brass, to give it the brilliancy of shining gold in the rays of the sun.

Salient points are observable on the outside of the blocks of marble of which the Propylæa is built. Mr. Pittakys believes these were for machinery used in the construction, and that they prove that this edifice never was entirely finished.

The Propylæa, says Mr. Pittakys, is of white marble, and the most perfect structure of the kind. Its construction occupied five years. The cost was over 20,000 talents. It does not extend as far to the south as to the north, a space being left, probably for the temple of Victory (*aptera*). The western façade is 77 feet, and the centre ornamented with six columns 28 feet high, and each composed of eight blocks. The space between the two middle columns is 13 feet wide, to admit of the sacred voiture, while the space between the others is only half that width. Mr. Pittakys has found on the upper part of one of the broken columns of the Propylæa, which he caused to be disencumbered of the rubbish in which it was buried, marks of letters in red colour, which he supposes to have designated the names of the workmen, or, more probably, told the pieces, and the place they were to occupy, as is the practice to-day.

The sill of the five doorways, or passages through the longitudinal partition wall, and which doors conduct from the western to the eastern portico into the fortress, are paved with *black* Eleusinian marble, in order, Mr. P. thinks, that it might seem less soiled by the crowds that passed through these openings.

From a careful examination of various fragments, Mr. P. believes the cornice and other parts of the Propylæa to have been painted of a reddish ochre. On the triglyphs is seen green and blue paint.

After passing through the Propylæa a mournful scene of ruins presented itself, consisting of broken columns,

shafts, capitals, cornices, arches, and every form and variety of fragments of ancient edifices, strewed in confused heaps in every direction, covering an oval area on this summit of rock of about 952 feet by 427. On every side a part of the ancient wall remains, deplorably shattered, however, like the pillars and other parts within, by the effects of the bombardments already spoken of, the impressions of the cannon balls being everywhere visible.

The profound antiquarian, Mr. Pittakys, who is our most authentic guide and interpreter, gives entire credit to the assertion of Plato, that the Acropolis was once continuous with the Pnyx and Areopagus, but sundered from them by an earthquake, of which traces are still visible. The wandering tribe of Pelasgi are supposed to have been the first who inhabited the Acropolis, and built a part of its walls. Still earlier, in the remotest time, mythology consecrates this spot as that where Neptune, with a stroke of his trident, made the water to gush forth from the rock, and where Minerva, seconding the benign intentions of the favourite god of the Athenians, caused the olive to grow.

The height of the walls is about 60 feet. The south wall was completed by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, and the north by Themistocles. Even before the time of the Persians and that of Pericles, who restored and beautified the summit with the Propylæa, Parthenon, &c., there existed in it a crowd of wondrous productions of Grecian skill in architecture, among which was the famous temple of Minerva, which was burned at the Persian invasion. Coeval with the Parthenon, also dedicated to Minerva, were erected by Pericles and his successors a crowd of magnificent works: temples adorned with statues and paintings, bas-reliefs, and emblazonments, and armour of every description; and here, also,

was deposited the greater part of the treasured gold of Athens, and all its precious utensils, gold and silver vases, &c., used in the ceremonies, feats, and triumphs. The monomania of the Athenians for statuary may be conceived when it is considered that to Demetrius of Phalerus alone, the last of their famous orators, and whom they first idolized, but afterward, with their characteristic fickleness, condemned to death, they erected no less than 360 statues, all of which but one they destroyed when he incurred their displeasure.

While standing on the steps of the interior porchway of the Propylæa, we had on our right hand the remains of a small but most exquisitely-proportioned structure, called the temple of *Victory Aptera* (without wings), upon entering which we commanded an extensive view over the Pnyx Hill, and other eminences and monuments below the Acropolis.

Beyond these we saw the harbour of the Piræus and the Ægean Sea, and the famous island of Ægina. The temple of Victory was dedicated to the memory of Ægeus, and is peculiarly well situated, by its being visible so far out at sea, for its supposed object, as it is believed to have been built also to commemorate the naval victories of the Greeks. It was on this spot where the anxious Ægeus stood and watched with intense interest for the return of his son Theseus from his expedition to Crete to destroy the Minotaur.

The statue of Victory in this temple was made without wings (aptera), because the news of the victory of Theseus did not precede his arrival, as had been preconcerted. This little temple was only 15 feet long by eight broad, and had four columns on the east, and four on the west, each 11 feet high. Besides the portions of the frieze now in the British Museum, and which

are ornamented with small figures in bas-relief, other similar fragments of it have recently been discovered. They contain sculptured bas-reliefs of men in armour, in a bold style, and represent, according to Mr. Pittakys, the battle of Marathon and the reception of Theseus.

The Propylæa not only admitted foot passengers, but, as is evident from irregularities in the rock, horses and wheeled vehicles must have also passed under it. After going through the Propylæa we came to an open space, in traversing which it was also manifest, from the roughnesses in the rock under our feet, that it had been purposely made so, to give a firmer foothold to the horses that entered here with the chariots during the Panatheneä, and other processions and fêtes that were held in this place.

We arrived in a few minutes at the most elevated part of this rocky plateau, where, on the right, stands the immortal Parthenon; while on the left, and somewhat lower, is seen the lesser but not less exquisitely finished temple dedicated to Erectheus or Neptune. The Parthenon is built on the highest summit of the rock, and on the very edge of the steep precipice which faces the city of Athens below. Although this superb but simple structure has been so often appealed to and copied as the beau ideal and most perfect model existing of architectural proportions, as thus to become almost a threadbare subject, still we cannot but add our humble testimonial to the universal approbation that has been bestowed upon it. It is noble and massive. The columns are six feet in diameter and 13 high, without the capitals, which are three feet thick. They are not monoliths, but composed each of twelve pieces, which are connected together by the interposition of a small block of hard wood, which sinks a few inches respectively into the centre of

the area of each section of the column. These wooden blocks, thus shut out from the atmosphere, have been preserved in an astonishing manner, exhibiting no other change than that of being more dry and brittle than in the natural state, though they have been in that position over 2200 years. Mr. Pittakys, as a particular favour, presented me with a specimen of this wood, taken from one of the broken pillars of the Parthenon, informing me, at the same time, that it was highly valued, and that so little of it was found that it was with reluctance he could part with any of the few pieces in his possession. The blocks of stone of the walls are also ingeniously clamped together by iron and lead. We rambled about through all parts of this wonderful edifice, and were surprised to find on one side of it, upon the most elevated part of the Acropolis, a small Turkish mosque, apparently erected there by the late masters of Greece as a memento of Ottoman supremacy.

The Parthenon was so called from being dedicated to Minerva Parthenos (the virgin). It is built of the purest Pentelican marble. Ictinos was the architect; Callicrates and Carpion constructed the columns and walls, and Phidias directed the sculptures. The beasts of burden employed in carrying up the materials were afterward deemed sacred, and fed on pastures out of the public treasure, and never more permitted to work. This temple is of the Doric order.

To the architrave of the eastern façade were suspended the golden shields taken by the Greeks from the Medes at the battle of Marathon, which, with other precious objects, were pillaged by the tyrant Lacharis. In the construction of the walls of the *cella*, or body of the Parthenon, two long blocks of marble were placed on a broad one, and united together perpendicularly and hor-

izontally with iron and lead. To this ingenious arrangement for strength, Mr. Pittakys ascribes the extraordinary preservation of this edifice.

A table of marble, which had been placed by the Christians in the western door, contains inscriptions, which Mr. P. believes to be an enumeration of the costly treasures which were deposited in the opisthodome, or smaller western division of the cella.

Mr. P. remarks that the head of the figure of Theseus repulsing a Centaur, seen on the twenty-sixth metope of the south side, and as traced by Carry, bears a striking resemblance to a statue of Theseus recently found at Athens upon an aqueduct.

The metopes on the west façade represent the battle of Marathon. The seventh, or centre one, is a group of warriors' prostrate on the earth, with others on the top of them. Mr. P. thinks this group and its position was intended to reproduce that decisive moment in the battle when the slaughter of the enemy was greatest, and in the middle of the plain, where, in fact, is now seen the sepulchral tumulus of earth, in which the brave Greeks who heroically died on this spot were probably interred. The magnificent statues, and the bas-reliefs of gods, kings, heroes, processions, and battles, which once adorned and covered the façades and sides of this wondrous work of art, are all mutilated or effaced, save those that were pillaged by Lord Elgin and others, and that are now in the British and other museums. Mr. Pittakys, in concurring with Lord Byron in the expression of unmingled disgust and execration at the robbery by Lord Elgin, hopes that renovated and independent Greece may now reclaim of the English the chef d'œuvres of her ancestors, and restore them to the temple where the immortal Phidias had placed them..

The conduct of Lord Elgin can never be justified, though it is probable that the very act which has obtained for him, and will continue to attach to his name an infamous notoriety, will have been the means of preserving to the world some of the most exquisite morceaus of the Grecian chisel, when the Parthenon, from which they were taken, shall have mouldered into dust. Lord Byron, in the midst of his indignant enthusiasm, exclaims:

> "Where was thine ægis, Pallas! that appall'd
> Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?
> Where Peleus' son, whom hell in vain enthrall'd,
> His shade from Hades upon that dread day
> Bursting to light in terrible array!
> What, could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
> To scare a second robber from his prey?
> Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
> Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield before."
>
> *Harold.*

On the western side of the temple were 18 statues, representing beautifully the contest between Minerva and Neptune, which of these two deities should give the name to Athens. All but one of them were pillaged by Lord Elgin. Nothing can be conceived more poetically sublime than the fiction which this tableau of sculpture portrayed to the proud and intellectual Athenians. Conscious, apparently, of their daring enterprise in maritime exploits, and their devotion to the highest subjects of mental culture, they did not know which of the tutelary divinities who presided over the traits which constituted and imbodied the prominent points of the national character of this great people, ought to have the ascendency; if either, in fact, should be preferred over the other. Neptune and Minerva, therefore, as every temple, statue, and bas-relief multiplied in their honour tells, enjoyed, it may be said, a joint tutelary empire over the Athenians. To judge by the relative

magnitude and finish, however, of the two superb temples, still happily preserved on the Acropolis, to those two most beloved deities of Athenian worship, and also by the temple to Minerva destroyed before the time of Pericles; the more intellectual of the two deities (Minerva), as would seem just, bore off the honour of precedence, if not supremacy, as the divinity of reason, and of genius and mind: a compliment which the Athenians, of all the other people in the world, had a right to appropriate to themselves, without incurring the censure of self-glorification. The statues representing the birth of Minerva, which were on the eastern front, were destroyed by the explosion. The tyrant Lacharis stole also the statue of gold in the temple of Victory.

Nearly opposite the Parthenon, and on the other side of the margin of the rock, stands the no less beautiful, as some conceive, though smaller structure, called the temple of Erectheus, or the *Erectheum*. It was dedicated to Erectheus, one of the early Attic kings, and who was, according to the learned Professor Anthon, undoubtedly synonymous with *Neptune*, deservedly a tutelary god of the Acropolis and of the Athenians, the most enterprising people of the day in commercial adventure and naval prowess.

This edifice is generally more richly carved, and, therefore, much less chaste, than the Parthenon. It is not merely to agree with others that we admire the Parthenon the most, but because it combines simplicity and magnificence, two of the qualities most to be desired in works of art of this description. It may be said to be in architecture what Canova's Venus is in sculpture—the perfection of proportions.

In our ramblings through these consecrated relics, we observed cannon-balls, shattered bomb-shells, bullets,

and chains, and human bones in incredible abundance, being the melancholy and humiliating acquisitions or contributions of modern times, which have been superadded to and mingled with the ruins of ancient masonry. It was in wandering among the ruins of Athens, doubtless, in the midst of the strata of crania and other bones that floor the Acropolis, that Byron imagined those magnificent lines on the human scull itself, as offering a more speaking and impressive monument than "storied urn or animated bust."

> "Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
> Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
> Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
> The dome of Thought, the palace of the soul.
> Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole
> The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
> And Passion's host that never brook'd control;
> Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
> People this lonely bower, this tenement refit?"

Here we had an opportunity to gratify our professional curiosity, by making a collection of a series of Greek and Turkish sculls, the different conformations of which were strikingly characteristic; that of the Turk being more spherical, from the early habit of bearing the turban, whereas the Greek is of full volume, and bold and expressive outline, comprising in its *ensemble* those full and salient prominences that denote the highest traits of intellect. These sculls I caused to be carefully boxed up, and am happy to say that, after a voyage of three years through the mazes of the Archipelago, they have arrived safely, and now form a valuable part of my extensive collection of sculls from various regions of the earth.

Such is the quantity of human sculls and other bones that have accumulated within the Acropolis, that they form, with the masses of architectural *débris*, not the

least impediment to the progress of the excavations. Where these ruins now strew the Acropolis, and between the Propylæa and Parthenon, stood that magnificent colossal statue of Minerva, in bronze, made by Phidias. Micon engraved on her buckler the combats of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, and, by an exquisite poetic taste peculiar to the Athenians, the statue was so placed that the crest of her helmet and the point of her lance could just be discerned above the fortress from the sea, on doubling the promontory of Sunium; a welcome and glorious object to the gallant mariner returning home from conquest or prosperous adventure. This superb statue existed so late as 410 years after the conquest of Athens by Alaric the Goth.

A short distance from the Acropolis is the Pnyx, another rocky elevation, near the summit of which the hill is hewn into a semicircular wall; and in the middle of this is arranged a sort of rostrum, cut out of the solid rock, where Solon, and other great lawgivers and orators, addressed the assembled multitudes. There is an appearance of stone seats near the rostrum, which lead to the belief that the tribunals and some other public proceedings were held here in the open air. While standing on the rostrum, you have, a little on the right, a beautiful view of the Acropolis, with the Erectheum and the Parthenon, and directly in front the celebrated rock called the *Areopagus*, or, in modern times, *Mars' Hill*. The high criminal court of Athens, called the *Areopagitæ*, and composed entirely of those ex-archons whose lives were held to be without a blemish, sat here from immemorial time; and the name of Mars' Hill is derived from the tradition that this demigod was the first great culprit who was arraigned and tried here, for, as may easily be anticipated, the crime of genteel murder

This is the spot, too, on which St. Paul stood when he addressed the Athenians. I took great interest in visiting it, and afterward in reading over, as I had often done before without realizing the full force of the meaning, those emphatic and sublime verses, where the apostle, in chap. xvii. of Acts, while standing, no doubt, on the most pointed eminence of the Areopagus, looking upward to the pagan temples on the Acropolis, and to many others about him, and also upon the thousand statues to gods and heroes which are supposed to have studded the entire acclivity of the hill leading from the temple of Theseus to the Pnyx, exclaims,

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things."—[Verses 22–25.]

St. Paul was himself arraigned before the judges of the Areopagus as the setter forth of new gods.

Our friend Mr. *Pittakys*, in his late valuable work, so often already cited, and entitled "L'Ancienne Athenes" (published at Athens, 1835), and containing a vast number of inscriptions from the monuments and fragments there that have never before been published, believes that the site of the temple to Mars was a little below the hill of the Areopagus. The bronze doors of this temple were transported by Constantine to Constantinople; as had also the bronze statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, sculptured by Antenor and erected

near this locality, been many ages before carried off by Xerxes to Persia. The two statues by which they were replaced were the work of Critias. The first two, however, were also recovered and sent back by Antiochus. Near those statues, on the road from the city to the fortress, once stood the two statues in gold, one to Antigonus, the other to his son Demetrius, mounted on a chariot. From an inscription Mr. Pittakys has found on a large pedestal, he believes it to have borne the statue of *Jupiter-king*, that stood on the gateway of that name. Through the aid of a multitude of inscriptions discovered by Mr. Pittakys in his indefatigable researches, he has been enabled to fix with great probability the sites of a great number of the magnificent statues of the gods, kings, warriors, orators, and poets, in bronze, gold, marble, &c.; also the depository of the vases of gold and silver used in the processions; also the sites of temples, altars, porticoes, gates, &c., that must have once crowded in magnificent profusion the proud capital of the polished and intellectual Athenians.

One of the most striking objects upon the distant plain, on the opposite side from that of the Acropolis, is the remains of what has been erroneously called the temple of Jupiter. It is a cluster of lofty columns of great magnitude, and which must have been part of a magnificent structure. On the tops of two or three of the columns of this edifice we saw what had the appearance of a wooden box, which, it seems, some eccentric hermit, enamoured, perhaps, of the olden time, had placed there for his nest or retreat from the world below; to which airy habitation, however, he must have found the access extremely difficult.

The columns, according to Mr. Pittakys, are *seven in*

number, of the Corinthian order, and the shafts are monoliths, and the capitals also of a single piece. The holes in the capitals indicate, it is believed, that on each were placed the statues, in bronze, of Adrian sent by the colonies. The diameter of the columns is four feet five inches; the distance from one column to the other is ten feet; and that from the column to the wall two feet. They formed part of the front of a large square edifice, which some have thought to have been a temple to Jupiter. Mr. Pittakys doubts this, and says the mode of construction indicates that the columns did not belong to a temple, but to a portico. The capitals in a temple are never so large, and the columns are almost always channelled, and are never so near the wall as these are. He supposes also, from its style, that it was built by the Romans, as the marble is that of Hymettus, which was preferred by this people. In fact, from the following inscription, found on a fragment which made part of this structure, the learned Pittakys concludes that the structure is the remains of the Great Portico of the Roman Emperor Adrian:

ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΑΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΝ
ΟΛΥΜΠΙΟΝΤΟΝΚΤΙΣΤΗΝΤΗΣ
ΣΤΟΑΣ. . . . . .
ΑΔΡΙΑ [ΝΙΔΑΙ]

The last four letters are supplied by Mr. Pittakys. The place is at present called *Διδασκαλεῖον*, the School.

To the east of these columns exists the wall which formed the eastern front of this great square structure. Six pilasters are still to be seen there. These ruins show the extent to which Rome embellished conquered Athens. Adrian, among other superb structures, built this portico of 120 columns, the material of which, according to Pausanias, was of Phrygian marble, within

which were halls decorated with paintings, and statues, and plafonds of gold and alabaster; the whole appropriated to a library. Mr. Pittakys believes he has identified the foundations and twelve of the columns (some years since disinterred) of this magnificent structure. The columns, however, are of Hymettus marble, which Mr. P. supposes to have been once painted to resemble Phrygian. To the east of this Portico of Adrian (erroneously called the temple of Jupiter) was the Gymnasium of this emperor. It was ornamented with 100 columns of Libyan marble. Here Mr. Pittakys has found and given a multitude of most curious inscriptions, which speak of those who carried off the victory in the games of the Gymnasium. The feats celebrated here in honour of Adrian were called *Adriania*.

To the south of Adrian's Portico (i. e., the misnamed temple of Jupiter) there is a large gateway, formed by four columns of the Doric order. The diameter of the columns is not less than six feet four inches. On the front of this edifice is still seen the *red* colour with which it was painted. Mr. Pittakys says travellers have taken this edifice for the gateway or porch of the market, as on entering it there is found a pilaster, upon which is engraved a decree of the Emperor Adrian, concerning confiscated lands of a certain Hipparchus, which decree has been mistaken for a tariff or rate of prices. But Mr. P., from an inscription he has found, has ascertained it to be the temple of *Minerva Archegetis*, elevated by the Athenians out of the gifts they received from *Caius Julius Cæsar*.

The environs of this temple, and of the portico of Adrian above mentioned, as far as the *Tower of the Winds*, anciently bore the name of Κολωνὸς Ἀγωραῖος. To the east of this temple was that of *Ceres*, and here

still exist the MARBLE VASES which the Romans used as measures for wheat and legumes, and which are still used by the people to this day. They are three in number; one of which contains the half, and the other the fourth, of one quantity, represented by the largest. In the enceinte of the site of the temple of Ceres Mr. P. has found, and given us from the fragment of a large vase, a long catalogue of the *priests* who officiated in this edifice.

In advancing to the east of the temple of Minerva (above), is seen, says Mr. Pittakys, the celebrated OCTAGON TOWER OF THE WINDS, erected by the Athenian astronomer *Andronicus Cyrrhestes*, B.C. 159. No mention is made of it by Pausanias. On each façade are represented the winds, with their different emblems.

The direction of each figure answers to the wind which it represents with a precision which the French astronomer Delambre has verified and described to be of astonishing exactitude. The name of each wind is written in large characters on the wings of the figure.

On the *north* we see *Boreas*, under the form of an old man with two wings, and his feet in buskins, and in the act of covering a part of his face with his mantle.

On the *northwest* is the wind Σκείρων, so called because it came from the direction of the rocks which were called Σκειρωνίαι Πέτραι. He is figured with a beard, mantle, and buskins, and holds in his hands a vase of water, to show that he brings rain.

The third figure is *Zephyrus*, or the west wind, a youth with wings, and the chest and feet uncovered. He seems to be reposing upon his wings, and bears all sorts of flowers in his mantle.

The fourth, the *southwest*, is called Λιψ, because it blows from Libya. It is represented with exquisite

taste, like all the rest, under its peculiar figure, which is here a young man holding in his hand an instrument of music.

The fifth is the *south*, more aged than the last, and holding a *lyre*.

The sixth is the *southeast*, and named *Eurus*, from its force, and beautifully represented under the form of a man flying with great rapidity.

The seventh is the *east*, or Απηλιώτης, because it comes from the quarter of the rising sun. It is a young man bearing in the folds of his mantle all kinds of fruit.

The eighth is the *northeast*, or Καικίας, from the River Kaukus, in Asia. An old man, with olives in a basket, and which he seems desirous to scatter.

Lower are traced the *solar dials*, according to the changes of the day and seasons, and also most exactly and scientifically arranged.

On the roof was a small pyramid of marble, bearing the bronze *Triton*, who held in the right hand a wand, with which he significantly pointed out the direction of the wind, turning, like a weathercock, to whatever quarter it blew from.

The stones of the roof, says our learned author, are to the number of 24, and end above in a circular stone. Perhaps they emblematically represent, says he, the 24 hours of the day.

On the south and in the interior of this surprising and most ingenious monument, is seen the cistern into which was conducted, by an aqueduct, the water of the fountain of *Clepsydra*. A part of this aqueduct still exists, and was built, as appears from an inscription found by Mr. P., by Demetrius Maro. The aqueduct is perfectly distinguishable. The water arrived in a first cistern, and passed from thence by a canal in its

middle. A statue of Triton, elevated on this last cistern, turned by the movement of the water. This statue indicated with a wand the hours inscribed on the tablets around and outside of the temple.

Could anything in the boasted human ingenuity of modern machinery and mechanism be compared with the poetry, and yet profound science, of this admirable relic, discoursing, under the most captivating and fanciful imagery of fable, with the exact precision of dry mathematical problems; portraying and faithfully measuring, by one beautiful and harmonious piece of mechanism, the speedy-footed hours and the revolving seasons, as they fiercely rushed or glided more calmly by on the wings of the ever-varying wind!

Each façade is ten feet wide, and its whole circumference eighty. The architecture of this edifice leads to the belief that it was constructed at the epoch when *Scipio Nasica* caused to be built a *clock* at Rome, i. e., B.C. 159.

So that this proud people owed to that *Latium*, that felt honoured in her indebtedness to her polished Grecian subjects, this most elaborately-wrought and wonderful specimen of Roman genius, science, and taste.

Mr. Hill's first residence at Athens was in a ruined temple. He lived in this until the houses began to be rebuilt after their destruction by the Turks, and now occupies a spacious modern edifice, one of the most convenient in the city. His school buildings are in another part of the city, and are of ample dimensions, and constructed on the most modern approved plans.

During the reign of the *Ptolemies*, Greece, which had borrowed her mythology and architecture from Egypt, and so charmingly embellished and beautified both, now, in her subjugate condition to the successors of the Ma-

cedonian conqueror, saw erected among the chaste and exquisite temples which she had so religiously preserved from the time of Pericles, others for the rude worship of the gods of the Nile. In the city of Athens an edifice of this kind was erected to the god *Serapis*. It was destroyed by an earthquake; but some ruins of it still existed in the year 1700. Mr. Pittakys has recently found, near the supposed locality of this temple, the following remarkable inscription:

ΣΑΡΑΠΙΔΙ ΚΑΙΘΕΟΙΣΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΙΣ.

Statues to the different Ptolemies were also erected in front of the Odeon.

The small monument which has been erroneously called the Lantern of Diogenes, &c., and which is a chef d'œuvre of architecture, is clearly proved by Mr. Pittakys to have been erected in honour of Bacchus by Lysicrates, after a victory the latter had gained in the theatre. Praxiteles laboured in its construction.

Among other errors of travellers, Mr. Pittakys shows that they have erroneously translated the inscriptions on the so-called triumphal arch of Adrian, which he proves to have been erected by the Athenians to distinguish the ancient city of Theseus from that of Adrian.

The foundations only remain of that vast colossal and wonderful temple erected to Jupiter, begun by Pisistratus 530 years B.C., and not completed until 670 years after his death, by the munificent restorer and decorator of Athens, the Roman Emperor Adrian. It was surrounded by 124 columns, each six feet in diameter and 60 feet high. The circumference of the platform is 2300 feet. The temple, among other gorgeous objects, contained a statue of Jupiter, made of ivory and gold. Mr. Pittakys has found no less than 70 of the pedestals

which supported the superb statues of this temple. The inscriptions upon them will be given in his intended work on the Topography of Attica.

The *Stadium* for chariot-races is another ruin in fine preservation. It is near the Ilyssus, and was founded by Lycurgus the orator, 350 years B.C. The length of its arena is 780 feet, and breadth 137 feet at one extremity, and 176 at the other. About 500 years after its first construction, it was beautifully rebuilt in white marble by Herodes Atticus, who had been crowned with a prize gained here. A tumulus near by is supposed by Mr. Pittakys to be his grave. There are fifteen rows of seats on each side the Stadium, capable of accommodating 35,000 persons—the number present when the Emperor Adrian presided over the games. He also presented 1000 wild beasts to be chased here.

The scattered, broken fragments of ancient relics in Athens possess extraordinary interest in themselves, as most of them, though sadly shattered, present portions of blocks of marble, pedestals, sepulchral columns and altars, and mutilated statues, more or less covered with inscriptions, all of which derive their historic value from elucidating the history of the splendid structures into which they once entered, but which have long since disappeared.

Having thus cursorily glanced at the ruins of this memorable city, we next, through the politeness of our consul, Mr. Perdicaris, were presented to King Otho and his Queen. We accompanied Mr. P., at the hour appointed, to the royal palace, a plain, private gentleman's residence, in the suburbs of the city. In a few minutes after our arrival we were introduced into the presence of his Grecian Majesty, and were presented to him and his young and beautiful queen by our American repre-

sentative, whom we had accompanied, as already stated. No other formality was exacted at this court but the dress of a private gentleman, which, I am most happy to say, accorded perfectly with my own ideas of true nobility and republican simplicity, which, by-the-by are much nearer neighbours than many imagine.

Every American, indeed, who has mingled much in the pageantry and empty parade of foreign courts, and especially participated in the tedious mummery of those of Oriental countries, must return to his native land with a new relish for the enjoyment of those plain and simple habits in which we are educated, and which, we trust, will be forever cherished among us as our household gods.

King Otho, a tall and well-formed Bavarian youth, of light hair and mustaches, and the face and complexion of the German cast, received us with great urbanity. He was dressed in a military costume of his native country; though I had seen him on a former occasion, in the midst of his people, in a splendid Grecian dress, which also well became his fine person. He frequently walks out unattended and without any of his guards; adopting, in this respect, the domestic habits and familiarity of many of the German princes. He conversed with us in the French language, which he spoke but indifferently well, and which, owing to a slight stammer, rendered his remarks almost unintelligible. There was nobody present but the queen, who is exceedingly beautiful and affable, and spoke the French with great fluency.

They made many inquiries about the state of our country, and alluded in terms of praise to what the Americans had done for the poor Greeks. The queen was dressed as a European lady, which furnished a

topic of conversation to several of the party, who had seen her in some of the Greek festivities the evening previous, when she was attired in the rich Albanian costume of the country. Forgetting, in our republican simplicity, the usual royal etiquette of courts, we not only answered, but *put* questions, and accordingly commenced by remarking that we scarcely recognised her in her present dress. Commenting upon which, she said that it was with reluctance that she had appeared in the costume and under the circumstances under which we had first seen her; but that she had done so to gratify the wishes of her people. Her majesty, in complexion and feature, has all the characteristics of a fair-haired German beauty, and would be considered beautiful in any walk of life. Her admiration for Greece, as she said, had ever been enthusiastic, and that from her very girlhood she had always thought or surmised that her destiny would be identified with that people; adding, that it was with an exulting feeling, disconnected from her position, that she first set foot on that glorious soil; thereby realizing all her earliest and fondest anticipations. The impassioned and German sincerity with which she dwelt on these topics was often a subject of remark in our future travellings.

After a very agreeable interview of about half an hour, and when we were about to make our obeisance and retire, I asked the king if he would accept of two pieces of American coin. One was of gold and the other of silver, both of the last emissions. He graciously consented, and I placed them in his hand as a memento of our country, and took my leave.

A few days after cards of invitation were issued from the palace for a grand ball. We were invited among the number, "au nom du roi," and on the evening indi-

cated in the note we repaired to King Otho's mansion, where we found the rooms plainly lighted and furnished, without any sort of regal pomp, and a collection of about 150 persons present, the greatest portion of whom were the diplomatic corps and their suites, together with the cabinet ministers and the chief military officers attached to the court. All the military officers were in German costumes. As most of those present spoke French, the conversational part of the entertainment passed off the more agreeably. There were probably 50 ladies, chiefly of the Grecian, Russian, and English nobility, and the greater part of them attired in the Frank costume, but very few had much pretension to beauty.

Shortly after our arrival, the music commenced from a fine Bavarian band; and, after playing an air or two, the king, accompanied by the queen, entered the apartments (consisting of only two large rooms), and all rose up to receive them. Immediately, after a few salutations, their majesties opened the ball in person. The queen was richly dressed in the Frank or European costume, and loaded with diamonds. At the conclusion of the first quadrilles, all restraint seemed to be removed from the company present; and the evening passed away, and everything was as easy and sociable as at a private party or soirée in our own country. No etiquette as to dress was demanded. We went in the plain black costume of a private citizen. Not even the diplomatic personages, I believe, were dressed differently from myself, with the exception of our consul, who was in full court dress, from a reverence for his adopted country, America. Our party of four were the only foreigners present, and the ball was an uncommon event. In perfect keeping with the plain style of this entertainment, it may be remark-

ed that the refreshments were of the most frugal kind, and placed on side-tables in one of the apartments, where the company served themselves at their pleasure.

What interested me most particularly was the gratification, through the politeness of Mr. Perdicaris, of being introduced by him to the most distinguished heroes of the revolution; men in that country who occupy as high a rank, and are held in as high esteem in the hearts of their Greek countrymen, as our patriot fathers of America are with us.

Among them was the noble *Petrombi*, who defended the modern Sparta as bravely as Leonidas did of old, and whose tall, imposing, and muscular form and classic features, admirably set off as they were by the drapery of his Greek costume and red cap, realized completely the exalted idea that one would form of a Spartan hero. When he found I was an American, his war-worn features brightened up and his eyes sparkled with joy. This was the eloquent language in which he expressed his gratification, as he knew no other common tongue in which we could converse.

Here, also, I was presented to the famous *Colocotroni*, also a venerable personage, of Herculean stature and great dignity and ease of manner, that might well be supposed to have been legitimately inherited from proud ancestral lineage of the best days of Greece. His history is too familiarly known to require any eulogistic notice of mine in this place.

Here, again, I met my esteemed friend Pittakys. Among others, I was presented to the celebrated *Mauro Michaelis*, another illustrious Greek. And what delighted me not a little was to have the honour of an introduction to no less a person than Constantine, the brother of the chivalrous and lamented *Marco Bozzaris*,

and also to the son of that sainted hero himself. The brother of *Marco Bozzaris* was of the same tall figure and fine mould as the illustrious Greeks we have already mentioned; and looked, and walked, and acted, in his superb military Greek costume, as became one so nearly related to the most idolized of the modern warriors that this land has produced.

While conversing with this great man, the aidde-camp of the king intimated to one of my friends that the queen expressed a desire to honour me with her hand for the next dance or waltz; which mark of royal favour on the part of her majesty I was compelled reluctantly to decline, from having long since become rather rusty in these juvenile exercises. To make amends, however, for my deficiencies, some of my companions did double duty.

Among our lovely countrywomen, Mrs. Perdicaris shown conspicuous. The ensemble of the ball was imposing, from the variety and brilliancy of costume, rather than the beauty or tournure of the ladies. The latter deficiencies, with some prominent exceptions, were marked and striking. Amid those exceptions, the queen and the ladies of honour were unrivalled; and rarely have I seen such perfect beauty as was presented in the form and features of one of the latter. I had seen and been much struck with her appearance on our presentation a few days before; but as she kept rather in the backgrounnd, and such of us as spoke French were fully occupied with royalty, we learned nothing of her rank or name. What was my surprise when, on an introduction, I found her to be the daughter of Marco Bozzaris. Her limited knowledge of French prevented any lengthened conversation, but afforded me ample time to scan her less intellectual qualities. Her features were beau-

tifully classic, and bear, as I was informed, a striking resemblance to those of her illustrious father; a heritage of which, with his immortal name, she may well be proud. His manly attributes of courage, of dogged resolution and perseverance even under defeat, seem, with his sword, to have descended to his son, who is a noble-looking young officer, and, to judge from appearance, a worthy successor of his sire; while the gentler qualities of his head and heart, which so endeared him in the domestic circle, have, with his personal beauty, legitimately fallen to his daughter. These are their only inheritance, for Bozzaris died poor. One of my companions, fascinated, like myself, with her peculiar beauty and demi-Grecian costume, succeeded in drawing her, towards the latter part of the evening, into conversation in Italian, in which language she seemed more *au fait*. She spoke of her father, and her eyes sparkled as she did so. She said she knew we were countrymen of Halleck, who had written some stanzas in memory of her father; that she was learning English (though very slowly, as she had no teacher), that she might read them, as she heard they were very beautiful in the original. She made many inquiries of America, of which country she knew nothing, except as associated with Halleck and the mission of Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of whom (in common with every intelligent person in Greece with whom we conversed) she spoke in terms of great eulogy.

It would perhaps be gratifying to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Halleck, to know that this charming girl declared, with all the commendable frankness and naïveté imaginable, that she had an ardent desire to go to America expressly to see him. She spoke of several American gentlemen who had visited her mother at

Missilonghi,* at a time when they were comparatively destitute, and dwelt with much satisfaction upon that visit; for, though unable to converse much with them, she was made happy in the knowledge that her father's name was known and reverenced so far beyond the confines of Greece.

She was asked to dance, and seemed almost offended that every one did not know that a true Greek girl never dances except with her own sex. When she threw off the fez, she said, she would throw modesty aside, and learn to waltz; but not till then. A distinction was insisted on between waltzing and dancing, but she would recognise none. The music for the everlasting mazourka now stopped, and a grand march succeeded, as the finale to the evening. In this, to my astonishment, she took the hand of my companion and followed in the wake of the queen.

Some of our party called on her on the following day, which served only to confirm the evening's impressions.

I could not but reflect at the time, what a delight it would have been to our own poet Halleck to have witnessed the brother and the orphan children of that godlike man, whose virtues and exploits he himself has embalmed in our memories in those remarkable lines, which have rendered both the hero and the poet doubly immortal:

"Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee; there is no prouder grave
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from Death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.

* Probably Mr. Stephens and party; as Mr. S., we find, in his tour in the East, speaks of a visit at Missilonghi to the widow of Bozzaris.

But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreath'd,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said,
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate and checks her tears:
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

[Extract from poem of Bozzaris by *Halleck*.]

King Otho and his queen are among the few rare instances where royalty has not marred the quiet comforts of domestic life. They live in a very retired and plain way, appear much attached to each other, and by their discreet and economical conduct are evidently acquiring great popularity among their subjects. It may be considered fortunate for Greece that the European powers have selected a monarch for this country, as it is exceedingly questionable if their aspiring chieftains could ever agree among themselves who should hold this dignity. As an evidence of the unostentatious manner in which Otho and his consort live, we remember, on one occasion, in returning with the king's physician, Dr. Raisor, from a visit to one of his patients, he asked me if I would pass through the garden of the palace, when I noticed a lady, *en déshabille*, leaning out of one of the windows. On asking him who it was, he told me

it was the queen, and, when looking again, I immediately recognised her. We, of course, observed the etiquette due to royalty, and passed along without appearing to see her. On this occasion she was listening to the music, and observing the soldiers mounting guard.

A new royal palace, of Pentelican marble, but of plain structure, was being erected on a commanding situation in the environs of the city while I was there, but the work was stopped for want of means.

Among the modern edifices of Athens, and which do great credit to the superintending care of the government, is the military and civil hospital, a large and commodious edifice of marble, built after the best European modes of construction. I was waited upon by the chief surgeon, who conducted me through every part of it, and politely explained to me the economy and regulations of the establishment. The building is capable of containing about 300 patients, and had at the time about half that number. There was nothing of interest in the surgical department, but in the medical I saw a number of protracted cases of the endemial remittent and intermittent fevers peculiar to the environs of Athens, more or less complicated with the usual organic affections, and especially hypertrophy, or enlargement of the spleen, and hydropic effusions. The surgeon informed me that arsenic, in these cases, was found one of the most efficacious of the remedial means. In the basement of the hospital he directed my attention to the stone floor, which he had ordered to be washed off for my inspection. I found it to be one vast piece of ancient mosaic, which he said probably had been the site of the principal theatre in former times. It was of exquisite beauty and workmanship, and surpassed anything of the kind I saw in Athens. Little did these

who executed this elaborate composition, imagine that it would ever grace the basement floor of an institution, devoted to purposes so much more useful than the building which it is once supposed to have ornamented. We confess that it appeared to us in a locality not altogether appropriate, though the sacredness with which such charities are regarded, under every conflict and revolution, even by barbarians, may probably prove that this selection was the best means that could have been devised for its preservation.

There is a very small school of medicine connected with this establishment, consisting of about a dozen students. The professors are all Germans, and lecture to the pupils in the modern Greek language. They appear to be intelligent and remarkably well educated men, and converse fluently in French, and some of them even in the English language. This high tone of cultivation did not surprise us, from our personal knowledge of the elevated condition of all sciences in Germany, as we have already described in our tour through that extensive country. Among the most distinguished of the physicians and surgeons at Athens, and to whom we here render our acknowledgments for his politeness and attention during our several visits there (as we made it our headquarters in our various excursions through Greece), is *Dr. Raisor*, the chief physician to King Otho. During my frequent interviews with him and several of the other professors, I learned the peculiar character of the endemial fever, which prevails more especially in Athens and its immediate environs. I found it to be a remittent form of disease, generally accompanied with a remarkable cerebral congestion, which constitutes one of its characteristic and leading features, and much more so than usually attends this type in

other countries; thus rendering it uncommonly fatal to the unacclimated stranger from more northern latitudes. Dr. R. informed me that during some seasons it swept off almost entire regiments of the Bavarian soldiers. Even to strangers who visit this capital only for a short time, it frequently proves fatal, during the early and congestive stage of the disease.

During one of my visits at Athens, Dr. Raisor waited upon me at the hotel to invite me to visit with him in the palace an autopsy of one of the favourite German chambermaids of the queen, who had died of this disease. Unfortunately, the morning that he called I was out, and I thereby lost the opportunity of witnessing this interesting examination. He afterward informed me that they found what they had anticipated—a congestive state of the brain and its investing membranes, with more or less effusion.

From the observations I made upon myself and others in this country, I am satisfied that this cerebral tendency in fevers exists to a great extent, and that the greatest caution is necessary in the use of all stimulating and exciting drinks and food; and that nothing is more imperatively demanded than that travellers should studiously abstain from their usual indulgences. There appears to me, indeed, something peculiarly exciting in the air of that country; for I remarked in myself that I could endure a greater degree of fatigue than usual, of mind and body, without a feeling of exhaustion, or without the necessity even of the ordinary amount of light wine and generous food which I was accustomed to take. And I was also told that the caution was given to strangers to be particularly abstemious, and that those who disregarded this advice frequently fell victims to the congestive form of fever mentioned. My friend

Mr. Hill told me that, in his pastoral duties, he had occasion every season to bury Europeans who had neglected to follow the prudent course recommended to them, but who had persisted in living at Athens in the same generous manner they had been accustomed to at home.

It would be a subject of curious inquiry, whether the remarkably exciting purity of the atmosphere of this country, may not have had its influence in developing the high mental and moral endowments, as well as in moulding the exquisitely fine physical forms of the ancient Greeks. As it is an admitted truth, from the multiplied models we have of the perfected outline of the lineaments and organization of that people in former times, that they were a variety of the human species of a far higher cast than has perhaps ever existed elsewhere, and a race of men from whom we might have anticipated such enduring, palpable, and incontestable evidences as they have left to us, of their intellectual superiority, both in their literary and architectural monuments.

It is to be hoped, that under the auspices of the enlightened body of scientific men who now reside in Greece, and through the liberal encouragement and protection they receive from their king, that some interesting investigations may be undertaken on the subject of climactic influences, and that a close comparison may be instituted between the character of the diseases which existed in ancient times and those of the present day.

The early and celebrated Greek writers on medicine, it is confidently believed, have left faithful and exact portraitures of the fevers and other diseases to which they were eyewitnesses, so far as we are able to judge by comparing them with the monographs of the same

diseases in our times. It is therefore to be presumed that such of their delineations whose verisimilitude we have not yet recognised, or which we may have thought exaggerated or erroneous, may have also had an actual existence, and that the present opportunities of pursuing scientific researches in that country with security, may enable the moderns to corroborate and identify all the descriptions of the ancient writers.

I was not only made delightfully sensible of the exhilarating effect upon my own feelings of the elastic buoyancy of the atmosphere of this country, but also was struck with its remarkable translucency; or, in other words, the surprising distance to which objects could be seen; not magnified, as they would be in a humid state of the air, by what is called looming, from the greater refraction of the rays of light, but their outlines so clearly and distinctly defined, that they appeared very near, when, in reality, they were very remote. I never, in any country, was so completely deceived in this respect as I was in Greece; and in travelling in various directions, I often remarked to my companions, and they were also forcibly impressed with the fact, that mountains and other conspicuous objects seemed to us frequently close at hand, when, in truth, to our sorrow, wending our way over bad roads and under a burning sun, we found them many miles off: an optical illusion which I never saw in any other country. Can it be possible, from the extremely mountainous character of Greece, and from most of the elevations being entirely bald, and destitute of wood and foliage, producing only scattered tufts of the wild thyme, and from the fact that the geological formations of rock are almost invariably calcareous, that the consequent dryness of the atmosphere may have something to do with the curious phenomenon we have mentioned?

Such is the remarkable barrenness and sterility of one range of mountains in the Morea, that they are very aptly and significantly called by the classical epithet of *Arachne*, or the *Spider Web*, to which, in truth, when viewed, as we saw them, waving and undulating in their irregular and confused outlines, they bore a striking resemblance.

Having spoken to Dr. Raisor of the *Lepra* of that country, and expressing a great desire to examine the character of it, he very kindly gave me his views on the subject, and invited me to witness the disease for myself in some of his patients. In company with him and my worthy travelling companion, Dr. Jackson, of this city, we repaired to the residence of a family in which a young man was affected with the disease. I examined him with great care and minuteness, heard the history of his symptoms, and saw the disease for myself, as it now affected his throat. I ascertained that the affection commenced in its primary stage in the same parts as those attacked by the Syphilitic virus, and that the ulcerative appearances in each bore a striking resemblance, both in that stage and in the constitutional or secondary form, which latter truth I myself can attest to from the case under my inspection. The primary ulcerations, as well as those in the throat, were harder, and with edges more callous, elevated, and irregular, than is usually seen in common cases of Lues; but they were such as I have seen occasionally in the Lues of our own country. The same character of ulceration was visible in the throat of this patient; and immediately upon looking into it I remarked to Dr. R. that this was certainly a form of Lues, to which opinion Dr. J. gave also his full concurrence. It passes through the same stages as ordinary Lues, from the throat to the

skin, and, lastly, to the bones. I am therefore of the opinion, from what I saw, that the Lepra of the Greeks is a more formidable, and apparently a more chronic disease than modern Syphilis, but legitimately descended from the same parentage. If the *Leprosy* of the patriarchs of old was the same disease as the Lepra of Greece, and which latter I afterward found, to my satisfaction, to be the same as the Lepra of Egypt, it is my opinion that the ancient leprosy is the great progenitor of them all, and that climate, habits of life, constitution, and difference of race, make all the modifications which it has assumed in different countries and ages. I come to this conclusion without any feeling or wish to remove the odium which is unkindly thrown upon our country, of having given birth to so loathsome a malady. These convictions are the result of careful observation and mature reflection during my journeyings in Europe and the East. We have no doubt in our minds, that when the ancient Lepra and modern Lues shall be more closely studied and accurately compared, their identity will be made more and more manifest; and if the Leprosy of the Scriptures be the same as the present Leprosy of the East, the question is narrowed down to small limits, and the inference is legitimate and unavoidable. It may be cited in evidence of their analogy, that Eastern nations hold a leprous person in the greatest detestation and abhorrence, insomuch that they are made outcasts of society. They are placed in habitations by themselves alone, and forbidden to have intercourse with their neighbours; as is illustrated in some of the Eastern cities, where *leprous houses* are pointed out, undergoing as rigid a quarantine as if the disease were the true Plague. And sometimes leprous subjects are driven outside the gates and turned into the fields and mountains,

as though they were beasts. One instance of this I saw afterward on the plains of *Argos* in Greece; the poor victim being a man, who was wandering alone in the fields, and obliged to seek shelter in the clefts of the rock.

In one of my visits to Dr. Raisor's house a man presented himself, accompanied by a priest. Upon asking the doctor what it meant, he informed me that the man came to state to him that his wife laboured under the Lepra in its incipient stage, and that he only desired the doctor's assent to the character of the disease, in the presence of the clergyman, to obtain a divorce. The doctor assured me that his opinion was sufficient to effect this; and that the civil and ecclesiastical law of Greece authorized a divorce under such circumstances. Does not this fact, in relation to the common prejudice in the community, seem to countenance and confirm the opinion which we have ventured to advance? For there is no other disease of modern times but Lues which implies a similar moral reproach on the character of married persons, or that would seem to justify such a procedure.

Another feature in the character of this disease by which its identity with Lues is still farther established, is in the similarity of the remedies for both, which are mercurial and arsenical. This I ascertained afterward to be the practice in Egypt as well as in Greece. The physicians in each informed me that in the early stage of Lepra, the mercurial treatment was successful, and that in the confirmed or secondary stages, where debility and irritability existed, either from the continuance of the disease, or too much mercurial practice, the tonic treatment by arsenic was the most efficacious; all of which is in general accordance with the experience of

practitioners in the treatment of Lues in our own country.

As an evidence of the advance of surgery in Greece, we may mention that the great modern operations upon the arteries are thought of in that regenerated country. We were invited by Dr. Raisor to give our opinion on a Greek patient of his in whom he proposed to tie the external iliac artery. It was a malignant tumour of the character of fungus hæmatodes, and situated in the upper part of the thigh. Upon examining the case, I found his general health so much impaired by it, and the disease already so far advanced, having reached as high as the crural arch, that I advised him by no means to resort to the expedient of tying the artery, even as a palliative resource. He readily acquiesced in this decision, and said he should not perform the operation.

In addition to the presumed influence of climate in promoting health and in developing among the ancient Greeks a more perfect form to the human figure, there is no doubt that their Olympic sports and gymnastic exercises, which were an indispensable part of the education of their youth, contributed largely to the same results.

We visited, in the environs of Athens, the beautiful spot on the site of the ancient military school of the *Lyceum*, selected afterward by Aristotle for his pupils in peripatetic philosophy, and for athletic exercises and games of strength. This Lyceum was one of the first gymnasiums of Athens, and was so called from the hero Lycus. It was consecrated to Apollo, and hence he was called Apollo Lycias. Here the Athenian youth inscribed their names as defenders of their country, and practised in military exercises. It was ornamented with trees and fountains, and also possessed a botanic garden.

Near this spot is the site of the classic stream of Ilyssus, of which though we read in the ancient writers as one of the notable rivers in the vicinity of Athens, that was the chief supply of its water, is now not even a running brook, much less a creek in size; only a little stagnant pool being here and there visible upon its pebbly bed, and not one of its *nine* outlets, rather pompously denominated *Enneacrounos*, had a drop of water running through it. Nor, as we were told, are they ever much replenished, even during the rainy season, though then aided by the Heridan and other streamlets from the arid summits of Hymettus.

The Ilyssus was consecrated to different divinities, and particularly to the Muses, to whom the Athenians erected an altar on its banks. Plato speaks of a *Platanus* tree in the parks that adorned this stream, as one of prodigious height. It is believed that the bosques on this river were a favourite promenade of the Athenians. The waters of the Ilyssus were sacred, being used in some of the smaller ceremonies of the Eleusinian mysteries. The remains of the foundations of the great theatre to Bacchus are traceable in the rock on the south of the fortress; thus placed that it might have a warmer exposure. It could hold 30,000 spectators, and near it was the temple of Bacchus, within which was the statue of ivory and gold to that god, the work of the famous artist Alcamenes. Here, also, was a grand portico, to which the spectators at the theatre retired for shelter when it rained. The remains of this portico still exist. It connected the theatre of Bacchus with the Odeon, erected by Herodes Atticus, a rich Athenian, in honour of his wife Regilla, of one of the first families of Rome, and who died suddenly of apoplexy. This Odeon was a theatrical edifice about 260 feet in

diameter, and could contain 10,000 spectators. Three tiers of its arcades, in a ruinous state, still exist. The place for the scene was of an oblong shape.

We cannot help again recurring to our excellent friend Pittakys, whose conversations, in addition to his invaluable work, were and are our constant text-book in nearly all that we have to say of the monumental treasures of Athens. As was truly remarked of the immortal Cuvier, that from his intimate and profound familiarity with the structure of animal organization, he could, from a solitary fragment of bone, at once pronounce its original position, and the animal to which it belonged, verifying the old adage, "ex pede Herculem," so would it appear that the profound knowledge which the learned Pittakys possesses of the history of Athenian monuments, has enabled him, in his examination of the immense number of inscriptions, either of the 800 he has discovered himself or those never yet satisfactorily explained, on fragments of rock, blocks of marble, columns, altars, pedestals, &c., to detect at once the identical edifice of which they once formed a component part.

In relation to the famed Mountain of Hymettus, we can of our own experience aver, that there is nothing fabulous in the reputed delicious flavour and unparalleled sweetness of its celebrated honey. The bees make it entirely of the wild thyme which abounds in these mountains, and the plant must afford a much greater amount of saccharine matter than one would imagine. It certainly possesses a more aromatic perfume than any species that we have met with elsewhere. The very air around is fragrant with its delicious odour, and it is strongly perceptible in the honey, which is superior in

quality to any that I have ever tasted, and richly merits the laudatory encomiums of the ancient poets.

Having mentioned the little river *Ilyssus*, we can do no more than pay a visit to the big river *Cephissus*, which is on the opposite side of the plain of Athens. It is a small running stream, of about four feet wide and one in depth. Besides being one of the wonderful rivers of this classic country, it is particularly interesting to a traveller, as passing along through the vale on which is situated the famed *Academia*, or Grove of Plato. Byron's constantly-recurring lines on almost every object of interest in Greece, here vividly presented themselves to us.

> "The Groves of Olive, scatter'd dark and wide,
> Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty tide;
> The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque;
> The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk;
> And dun and sombre mid the holy calm,
> Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm;
> All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye,
> And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by."

This palm, by-the-way, is no small feature in the landscape. As for the cypress and the kiosk, both emblematic of Turkish sway, they were destroyed since Byron wrote, in the rage to obliterate all traces of their ancient masters. The Grove of Olives is yet there, consisting mostly of huge trees, some of which had an appearance of antiquity, from their extraordinary size and their rugged and gnarled trunks and branches, which might well carry us back to those days when the immortal philosopher here meditated and soliloquized, and discoursed in such sublime language to his pupils.

The same enormous and ancient olives are not only to be seen here, but also through the extensive plain reaching from this spot towards the Piræus; and as a traveller, I feel confident that I shall not be amenable to

the charge of credulity, if I assert that it is my opinion that many of them are the *veritable* and identical trees under whose shade Plato may have reposed. From my comparison of them with others in Italy and France, and their well-known longevity, I could not but feel impressed with this truth, and that these trees were totally different from anything of the kind I had yet met with. I could not help making this remark to my companions the moment we started from the Piræus on our way to Athens.

In our rambles about Athens, I must not omit to mention the gratification it afforded me to see inscribed over the archway of a door the word

ΦΙΛΑΔΕΛΦΟΣ,

which led into a vacant lot of some extent. The word called to mind most agreeably our own beautiful American city of brotherly love, and on inquiry I found that this enclosure belonged to one of our own countrymen, the missionary Dr. King; and it gives me great pleasure to avail myself of this opportunity to express my thanks to him for his kindness and urbanity to me on all occasions during my residence at Athens. His high intellectual endowments and remarkable modesty entitle him to a very elevated rank among our missionaries abroad. These qualities must eventually ensure him a full measure of that success which in our opinion he so eminently deserves. Among the advantages he possesses over others, is not only his thorough acquaintance with the modern Greek tongue, in which he fluently preaches, but also with the Arabic language, in which he converses with ease, and in which he wrote for us several kind letters of introduction to the East; among others, one to the governor of Jerusalem, and another to that ec-

centric lady, Hester Stanhope. Having married a native Greek lady from Smyrna, and one of the most beautiful and interesting women we saw in Greece, his opportunities of becoming familiar with the Greek language and people have been thereby greatly facilitated.

Having now, under the very favourable auspices of the marked attentions and kindness with which I was treated at Athens, had an opportunity of having all the most remarkable objects of this wonderful region clearly and intelligibly explained to me, in a more satisfactory manner than falls to the lot of most travellers, I made preparations to visit the battle-ground of Marathon. Our cavalcade was composed of my three companions, my servant, and myself, each mounted on one of the diminutive horses of this country, accompanied by a Greek guide, also mounted, and who, with my servant, took charge of our blankets, with a small stock of provisions. After a journey of several hours, passing over Pentelicus and other ranges of mountains, through a dreary and romantic region, where scarcely any verdure was seen but the wild thyme and brushwood, and not, as we remember, a single habitation of a human being, we descried from a lofty elevation the extensive and memorable plain of Marathon, imbosomed on all sides by mountains, except where the plain reaches down to the sea. We descended to it by the same zigzag mountain path by which we had travelled from Athens, there being no carriage roads in scarcely any part of Greece. Our road, indeed, may be said to have been through the beds of mountain torrents, with the earth washed away, leaving the sharp rocks exposed.

We proceeded to a small village on the plain at the foot of the mountain, comprising not perhaps over one hundred inhabitants, occupying miserable tenements. In

one of the best of these habitations we took up our quarters. It was the residence of the *Demarch* or principal civil officer, equivalent to mayor, who, as is the usage in this country towards strangers and travellers, opened his house for our accommodation. We were shown up a few crazy steps into the best apartment of our host, which resembled very much the upper loft of a barn, having neither a chair, table, nor bed. After being regaled with an humble supper, which we had brought with us, and which our servants served up to us on a box, we sitting on the floor to partake of it, and enjoying this *picnic* with much relish after our fatigue, each prepared his own nest for the night. Our bedding apparatus consisted of a blanket apiece, excepting one of my companions, who, being rather indifferently provided, had to share the blanket of his neighbour. These were spread on the floor, which was of coarse mortar, and more refreshing by its coolness than grateful for its downy qualities. On this hard couch we reposed for the night, and did not even dream of Marathon, nor of its glorious conqueror Miltiades. But we were sensibly cognizant of something much more annoying to us than were to the brave Greeks the Persian hosts who bit the dust on that day. These were a cetain class of visiters whose chief perambulations take place under cover of night, being animals whose species the human race are but too familiarly acquainted with, and who in this country, apparently depopulated though it be, have nevertheless managed to acquire a size, whether owing to the exciting qualities of the atmosphere or not, we cannot say, but certainly in proportions truly gigantic, and commensurate with the reputed colossal stature of the ancient Greeks themselves. The Greeks, however, we imagine, never could have reached their alleged developments

if they had been much exposed to this source of depletion.

In the course of this pugnacious night I was awoke by one of my companions, who, like Richard starting from his dreamy couch on the field of Bosworth, exclaimed with horror, "Have the Persians landed?" I found him erect upon his bed, waging the most vigorous war with the enemy. I coolly asked him what he imagined to be the source of his difficulties. This question appeared only to exasperate him the more, and he abandoned himself to a most ferocious paroxysm of scratching, and replied most piteously that he "calculated" on being devoured alive before morning; and that, inasmuch as he was imbued by the sacredness of the place with that heroic courage which would rather fall than *flee* from danger, we would probably have the honour of adding a Yankee skeleton to the thousands of inglorious Medes that had once strewed the plains of Marathon. In the morning his appearance was truly deplorable; for he seemed to have been, for what reason we cannot say, the chief object of assault. Wounded and bleeding, we all arose, as may be imagined, at an early hour, having literally gone through the battle before we visited the battle-ground.

After having refreshed ourselves with an apology for a breakfast, and making his honour the mayor, in the apartment below, a liberal gratuity for the *gratuitous* services he had already rendered us with the enemy in advance, we mounted our steeds and commenced our journey on the plains, glad to *flee* from such scenes as we had passed through, even to those "dangers that we knew not of." The plain is many miles in extent, and one of the most beautiful that could be selected for the manœuvring of a great army and the action of cavalry.

The Persians, even though they may have been *only* 200,000 strong, and with more than half that number of horse of the best Arab blood, must, though they were so overwhelmingly numerous, have laboured under great disadvantages in landing on the beach, as they were the invading army. It was then, probably, that they were so severely cut up by the comparatively small band of only 10,000 heroic Greeks under Miltiades, who, no doubt, gave them a hot reception.

One could almost imagine, from the extreme fertility of this plain, covered with fields of luxuriant wheat, that the blood of the Persians still contributed to enrich its soil. The first object of interest that we visited was the extensive mound in the midst of the plain, where the Persian dead, it is conjectured, with great probability, together with their Ethiopian and other allies from all parts of Africa and Asia, were buried. I rode to the top, which has an elevation of about twenty feet, and, dismounting from my horse, searched about for some relics of bone, or armour, or warlike implement, ever so trivial; but not a vestige was to be seen, not even one of those curious arrow-heads, supposed to have belonged to the Ethiopian or negro subsidies, and which, it is said, have been sometimes met with here. Upon digging, I found a piece of ancient pottery, or earthenware, peradventure a part of a cooking utensil, which had served camp duty, and furnished, perhaps, food to some proud Persian, who had come here to perish in a stranger land. I contented myself with this and a flower as a souvenir of this memorable spot, not being enabled to procure what I most desired, even the smallest fragment of human bone. The learned Dr. Clarke, of Oxford, is wrong in saying, in his hasty tour, that any architectural fragments, as columns, or otherwise, are found on or

about this tumulus. He unquestionably had reference to the mausoleum on the beach.

As this battle-ground is in a most sequestered part of Greece, and has scarcely been disturbed by the visits of human beings since the time it swarmed with the Persian invaders, the tumulus which contained the dead has never probably been thoroughly examined. Though I have no doubt, from the dry, sandy nature of the soil, and the dryness of the atmosphere also, that many of the bones have been more or less preserved, and could, with diligent search, be procured; which, with other relics of a military character, might furnish materials that would contribute much, in the matter of costume and anatomy, to elucidate the recorded events in that bloody slaughter. The number of the enemy killed, by modern commentators has been reduced to the very small affair of some 6000 only, all told, of Persian dead left on the field—the main army escaping to their boats—while only some hundreds of the Greeks fell in the battle.

Our guide next conducted us some distance below, to the margin of the sea-beach, to view the spot where the Greeks were no doubt interred. Here we found a great number of beautiful marble columns, prostrate and broken, and part buried in the sand, in all directions, and which probably were the now ruined remains themselves of a mausoleum which had been erected to protect and point out the remains of the brave Greeks, and to commemorate the matchless victory they had won. It struck me as curious that the Greeks should erect the monument to their dead so near the edge of the sea; but an explanation seemed to present itself in my mind, that it was intended thereby to express that the valour of their troops had pursued the enemy even into the sea itself;

while the tumulus of the Persians would show that they were made to succumb even after they had arrived to some distance within the Grecian territory. In fact, among the battle-pieces painted within the portico of the Pœcile at Athens, yet extant in the fourth century, that of Marathon represented the brave Athenians and their allies the Platæans, &c., driving and slaughtering the barbarians down to the edge of the beach and in the water, as they were making off in their boats for the fleet, which is seen close to the shore prepared to receive them. The hero Marathon, who gave his name to this spot, was also seen in this tableau. The protecting deities, Theseus, Minerva, and Hercules, are also present. At the head of the Athenians was seen the brave Miltiades, and also the *poet* Æschylus, leading on some cohorts. "Even the dogs bark at me," the Persians might have exclaimed with Richard III. in our times, a dog being introduced into the painting barking at the barbarians: an ingenious device of the painter to express the contempt of the proud Athenians. It was under the Portico Pœcile that the thirty tyrants massacred 1400 Athenians; and there also Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, fixed his school.—[Pittakys, loc. cit., p. 60, et sequ.]

The locality of the Greek mausoleum might also have had some reference to the fact that the invasion of the enemy was by the sea; and perhaps, also, the Greeks, as was usual with this maritime people, were desirous of expressing thereby their renewed sense of gratitude to their favourite deity Neptune, who presided over this element.

We searched about in vain upon this plain for some plant, or bush, or tree, that could furnish a cane; but met only with a stunted olive-tree near the Greek mau-

soleum, from which one of my companions succeeded in obtaining a crooked fragment of a limb, that he nevertheless will no doubt ever attach great value to as a memento of Marathon:

"The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn, to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word,
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career—
The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow,
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below,
Death in the front, destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene; what now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger, spurns around."

Herold.

As we had now gratified our curiosity with a visit to the most celebrated ancient battle-ground in Greece, we took up our line of march by another route over the mountains, which, however, did not present any material difference in aspect from that by which we had come, excepting for a Greek monastery at the foot of one of the mountains, where we rested a while and obtained some refreshment of bread and honey, kindly presented to us by the monks, and thence, after plucking some roses in the garden of the church, returned again to Athens.

We now organized a more extended caravan for a general tour through the interior of Greece. Our party consisted of my companions to Marathon, with the addition of my friends Mr. and Mrs. Hill, together with an English gentleman, and my own faithful servant, and several *agoates*, which latter, as we have before remarked, are Greeks, and employed to conduct the baggage-

horses, as well as to take charge of those upon which the travellers are mounted.

Our first visit was to Lessina, a small town on the coast, still bearing nearly the same name as its predecessor Eleusis, famous for its high antiquity and its mysteries of Ceres, celebrated in honour of the goddess of husbandry, a city once so powerful that it contended with Athens for the sovereignty of Attica. On turning round a bold, projecting cliff on the edge of the bay, just before reaching the village, our attention was strongly drawn to the deep ruts in the rock, which were evidently those of narrow carriages as used by the ancient Greeks. It is supposed to be the *Via Sacra*, where the holy cart of Ceres passed during the celebration of the mysteries. But how, with all their famed skill in chariooteering, even those who had won the prizes at the Olympic races could have safely navigated around this dangerous pass, was a wonder to us all, and might well be ranked among the Eleusinian mysteries. They were, however, greatly skilled in the use and management of wheeled vehicles, and carriage riding was so common in this place that even the women, during the celebration of the mysteries, were prohibited by royal edict from indulging in this luxury; or, if they did, they paid dearly for it, at the rate of 6000 drachmas a drive.

The Eleusinian Mysteries, instituted in honour of Ceres and her grief at the loss of her daughter Proserpine, became the most celebrated in Greece, and finally the national religion and freemasonry blended. Thus there were degrees through which the candidates had to pass; first, in the lesser mysteries at the town of Agræ, and then the higher at Eleusis; and all who went through the processes of purification by bathing, and afterward initiation into the secrets of the imposing cere-

monies of illumination, thunder, &c., performed by the priests at the great temple at Eleusis, were deemed certain of entering Elysium; and he who dared to reveal the sacred rites was punished with death by the law of the state. What chiefly led to the condemnation and death of *Socrates* was his neglect of the Eleusinian mysteries. The Athenians were the most devout, and celebrated them at Eleusis every five years. Hercules himself had to undergo the preliminary purification at Agræ before he could become a citizen of Athens and be initiated at Eleusis. The fête at Eleusis occupied nine days of rural ceremonies and processions.

There is a charming view at this place of the bay and island of Salamis opposite, where was fought the greatest naval fight of the Greeks, in resisting the attempted invasion of their country by Xerxes at this place.

There is no monument of importance remaining at Eleusis. All that we saw of its former consequence were some broken fragments of columns; its magnificent temple to Ceres, built under Pericles by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon, having, with its mystic cell, which was as large as a theatre, been destroyed by Alaric the Goth. Dr. Clarke, the traveller, carried off the colossal statue of Ceres, which, in its mutilated condition, now adorns the vestibule of the University Library at Cambridge.

The first evening after leaving Eleusis we had a taste of Marathon, having put up for the night in a stable, in company with our cavalry, they occupying the manger apartment and we the other; the only difference in our accommodations being that they lay on *terra firma* and we on boards, brought in for the purpose by our servants, who had picked them up somewhere about the entrance. Near the stable was a small encampment of

Bavarian soldiers, who, upon hearing that travellers had arrived in the *kahn*, as these stable-hotels are denominated; came to pay us a visit of ceremony.

On conversing with my German servant, one of the party, who was the surgeon of the regiment, being informed of my name, asked him if I was the Dr. Mott from America. On being answered in the affirmative, he immediately entered our straw palace, and was exceedingly complaisant and polite to me, and held an interesting conversation through my servant as interpreter, informing me that he was familiar, through the German works, with my name, and with many things that I had done in surgery. He expressed his perfect astonishment to see me here, and earnestly entreated me to accept of his tent for the night, which I had great difficulty in declining, not wishing to dispossess him nor to desert my friends. I cannot but confess that it was no little gratification to me to find myself recognised in this sequestered part of Greece.

We continued through a rugged, mountainous country, generally as bare of trees as of inhabitants, until we came to Mount Cithæron, after crossing which we descended to the celebrated plain of Platæa. A few hamlets only, and some portions of ancient wall, are all that are to be seen of this spot, so renowned for the splendid and unprecedented victory here obtained by the combined armies of Greece, under the Spartan general Pausanias, over 300,000 Persians and Asiatics, commanded by their general Mardonius. The republic of Platæa seceded from their jealous neighbour Thebes, and adhered to Athens, which circumstance incurred the vengeance of the Spartans also, during the Peloponnesian war. The Spartans, after meeting with a heroic resistance, stormed the town, put every inhabitant to the sword,

and razed the buildings to the ground. Early in its history Platæa had participated largely in the glories of Marathon, having contributed a thousand troops to the Greek force.

There is the site of another ancient town in the same place much in the same state as the former. This is the ancient Leuctra, celebrated for the brilliant victory of Epaminondas, the Theban general, gained over Cleombrotus, king of Sparta, 371 B.C., in which the Spartan king and 4000 of his troops were slain, and only 300 Thebans. This battle terminated the long reign of the Spartans over Greece. The cavalry of the Thebans were managed with great efficiency. Some tombs, a conical fortress, and immense blocks of marble are all that remain of the ruins of this once celebrated town.

We rambled over the sites of these ancient cities and their battle-grounds, but could find no vestige of the terrible carnage that took place, though it is alleged that 250,000 Asiatics were killed in the battle of Platæa. In illustration of what we suggested at Marathon, of the importance of a more minute examination of these memorable places, that the barbaric conquerors of this land, from their contempt of its ancient glories and heroes, have for so many ages left intact and undisturbed, both the brave dead and the monumental ruins in which they lie sepulchred—we may mention that on the road from Platæa to Thebes there was recently dug up a colossal statue in granite, supposed to be that of Philip of Macedon, large portions of which we saw, and a fragment of which we procured as an historic specimen.

After having left the plain of Platæa, we proceeded through a tract of country of the same level formation, and arrived the next night at the celebrated city of THEBES, now a cluster of low huts, occupied by poor,

distressed-looking Greeks, some of them small shopkeepers, who traffic and peddle in the produce of the surrounding country. In the market-places in the interior towns we frequently noticed the butter from goat's milk. It is contained in the skin of a goat, sewed up so as to resemble the living animal, with its head and feet attached. From this the butter is dug out for sale. We could not possibly realize to ourselves that this truly wretched and melancholy picture was the site of the once proud capital of the valorous Thebans. In rambling about the dirty lanes and passes, and encountering the still more squalid and poverty-stricken inhabitants, we could not but reflect what Greece was and now is—how fallen from her proud estate! But we had before already seen enough of this country to have brought home to us with painful conviction the truth, that if ever there was a people, who from the topmost pinnacle of human greatness had been swept almost from the face of the earth, leaving no traces of their "whereabout" but the superb ruins, whose exquisite chiselling and proportions, pure as their own whiteness, are the melancholy and chaste memorials of a refined cultivation, that people was the unhappy Greeks. But may we not hope, that the day is not distant when the dawn of a new greatness shall break upon the horizon, and this truly afflicted land shall rise renovated from the midst of her mouldering and beautiful ruins?

It was a favourite allegory of the Greek poets of those halcyon days, that as the imago, or perfect butterfly, in all its brilliant glories, bursts from the chrysalis investments in which it had been slumbering, so does the soul at death sever itself from its mortal searments and cumbrous prison-house of clay, to bathe in the sunbeams of eternal bliss. And may we not hope that such may be

the destiny of this persecuted people! For when we contemplate, as at Athens, the magnificent grandeur of her monuments, which have still survived the shock of the ruthless invader and the corroding waste of time, the tear, in every one who feels for her as he should, unconsciously starts at the thought of what she once has been, and the abject degradation to which she is now reduced.

"Quis fando temperet a lachrymis."

"Clime of the unforgotten brave,
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was freedom's home or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee!"

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed."

(*See Giaour and Harold.*)

There was not a ruin of any description in or about the site of modern Thebes. A little distant from it we visited a small Christian church, in which was a large stone sarcophagus, held in great veneration, said and believed by the Thebans to have contained the mortal remains of the apostle St. Luke, though this asseveration, we apprehend, is to be taken *cum grano salis*.

Our party for the night was received into one of the best mansions of the city, which consisted only of an empty room or two, with not a bed, chair, or table to be found. But it had a *wooden* floor, which was the only luxury it did possess. The commanding Bavarian officer of this post being informed by my excellent friend Mr. Hill who our party were, came to me in person, and, through my servant, urged that I would accept of his own mattress, which I politely declined, as it was rob-

bing him of the only one he had, and was certainly more important to the comfort of a public military officer, exposed to the privations and hard duty they all have to perform in this country, than it was to me, a civilian, rambling for my pleasure, and preferring, as I made it a point to do on all occasions, to take common fare with my companions. But, to my surprise, before bedtime his servant came in with the mattress on his back, which I then felt myself bound to accept; not a little admonished, too, by our fate at Marathon, which constantly at nightfall recurred to our recollection. On this I reposed, wrapped in my blanket, by the side of my companions.

The next morning my kind military friend sent us the acceptable present of a beautiful lamb, which we caused to be slaughtered, and handed to our servants to be packed upon our baggage-horses as a gastronomic treat, or *corps de reserve*, in the event of our ruder provender falling short. No one can scarcely appreciate, but those placed under similar circumstances with ourselves, how opportune and grateful such acts of substantial courtesy are.

Before leaving Thebes in the course of the following day, at the earnest request of the commanding officer, who related to us the dangerous region we were about to pass through, we accepted from him a military guard. He told us of a horrid murder which had been committed on the route we were to take, upon a traveller the day before our arrival at Thebes. That, after having murdered and robbed him, the assassins skinned his face to prevent recognition: a surgical operation which we by no means coveted to have performed upon ourselves, and a piece of intelligence that was not a little calculated to take off the keen edge of our desire to make any farther explorations into Greece.

It is a curious fact that the modern Greeks should perhaps have derived this refinement of cruelty from a practice in some of their ancient sacrifices of preserving the skin of the human victim. Thus, in the course of initiation into the higher degrees and purifications of the Eleusinian mysteries, it was the usage to stand on what was called *Jupiter's skin*, which was the skin of a *human victim* that had been sacrificed to this god. Our learned friend Mr. Pittakys, in his profound work on the antiquities of the Athenians, maintains, as we think with truth, that the modern Greeks are in all respects the lineal and legitimate descendants of that great people, from whom they have, in most respects, so much degenerated.

To confirm the truth of the story, we were regaled, in the course of our first day's journey from this place, with the spectacle of the three assassins of the unfortunate traveller. They were confined in irons, and on their way with a guard to Thebes, having been captured the day before. We stopped a few minutes to take a look at these poor, wretched creatures, who were in the most forlorn condition imaginable, being nearly naked, with the exception of a few tattered rags upon them, as if they had been driven to the atrocious crime by a state of utter destitution, if not starvation, and our hearts again sickened at the sight, and at the thought that such misery should exist in this country as to force human beings like ourselves to a life of frightful desperation and depravity. Amid the dreary solitudes of the barren mountain ranges that everywhere traverse this country, and the scenes of havoc, and ruin, and misery we everywhere encountered, we were often refreshed, as at present, with the extreme fertility and remarkable beauty of many extended plains and valleys, that contrasted pleas-

ingly with the general aspect of sterility; and in no country have I ever seen any region more luxuriant and picturesque in its verdure and streams, though generally unshaded by trees, than the Theban valley and plain where we were now travelling. And Eleusis, though the appropriate home of Ceres and her floral train, must have much changed from what it may once have been, to have merited, as richly as this Theban region does, the appellation of *Rarius Campius*.

We met in this delightful valley occasional groups of itinerants of a pastoral character, who reminded us strongly of the gipsies of England, though, in reality, a far more honest race, showing that, though the worst of bandits do exist in Greece, crime is not always the accompaniment of poverty. These people are not, like the English gipsies, devoted to a life of theft and beggary on the roadside, but resemble them only in their Bedouin habits, camping out in the fields, but wandering from place to place solely for the purpose of being hired in husbandry by such farmers as need their services; in this respect not differing materially from the habits of some of our enterprising eastern neighbours. They travel with a great number of horses, which were certainly of a superior breed to any I saw in the country, and which enables them to engage more advantageously in the labours in which they are employed. They were decently clad, and looked like the modern Greeks; and, if I were to judge from the general arrangement of their encampments, they were superior in every respect, and seemed to have more comforts about them than the European gipsies. They are supposed to be a race of foreign extraction, and consider themselves, like the Ishmaelites or Bedouins, not amenable

to law, but, for the time being, to be masters of any spot where they choose temporarily to pitch their tents.

Protected by our Bavarian escort, we coursed along the valley, and arrived at the foot of the famous Mount Helicon, and that night reached the city of Livadea (the ancient Lebadea), now the capital of Bœotia. This town is the most considerable, and contains the most comfortable dwellings of any we met with in the interior of Greece, counting some thousands of inhabitants, with some appearances of modern European articles of merchandise, and more activity and look of business even than Athens itself. We were, however, here again inducted into a *kahn*, the only public accommodations for travellers in the interior of this country. Its arrangements were of a much more elevated character than our lodgings near Eleusis, as we occupied the attic loft over the horses, and found here a fireplace, where our servants prepared us a comfortable dish of tea *à l'Americaine*, which we took sitting on the floor *à la Turque*, as there was no furniture, and our beds were, as usual, our blankets stretched upon the hard plank. But I had no sooner made my sleeping arrangements for the night, than I received a visit from a highly-respectable Greek of the town, evidently one of the gentry of the place, accompanied by Mr. Hill, who had known him in Athens. At the pressing solicitations of both, and the particular desire of my companions that I should be more comfortably lodged than themselves, though having no other claim of preference than that of seniority, I reluctantly assented to accompany the hospitable Greek to his residence. There I found, in truth, more real comfort, as we understand the word, than I had seen since leaving Athens. We soon sat down to a truly sumptuous supper, consisting entirely of mutton,

dish after dish of which was brought on, each differently prepared, and running through the entire gamut of the animal, not excluding in the catalogue even the intestines; the skin and wool only excepted. I partook of each plate with an excellent relish, which acquired a keener zest from the Greek wine with which the repast was accompanied, notwithstanding the latter had, as all the wines of Greece have, a strong terebinthinate flavour, from the universal practice of impregnating this liquor with branches of fir or knots of pine, in order, probably, to give it an aperient quality. This flavour, however, under any other circumstances than to the strong appetite of a traveller, would have probably been repugnant to our taste; but in the classic land of Greece anything must be palatable.

After supper they disposed of me for the night upon a comfortable couch, where, however, from having by this time got somewhat accustomed to harder usage, my slumbers were less refreshing than usual. The next morning we arose betimes, and, accompanied by our host, proceeded to visit the most interesting objects about the town. The first was the precipice of Mount Helicon. We had not time to visit on Mount Helicon the grove of the Muses upon its summit, nor the fountain of Aganippe and its source Hippocrene, whence the water issued when kicked by the winged horse Pegasus. The mountain rises close to the town, and almost overhangs it. In its steepest part, near the base, is excavated, we should judge by artificial means, a large grotto or cavern, which is the famous cave of Trophonius. The *cave* is called Trophonius from *Jupiter Trophonius* (reputed son of Jupiter), a deified personage, who built the temple of Apollo at Delphi, being supposed, after his death, to deliver his oracles here; and it was to this

place the Bœotians resorted for relief in times of great drought, when they were conducted by the priests into an inner passage, descending from the cavern, and thence, after going through certain ceremonies, they were brought out; and such as had submitted to this process were said never to *smile* again, which has been the theme of many an idle story in ancient writers. Trophonius is generally supposed to have been an "artful dodger," and his worshippers, as in similar cases, are said to have made use of these grottoes to dupe the people, and fleece them of their money in the shape of costly presents. *Crœsus*, who consulted this oracle, must have been a fat prize; but Mardonius, the Persian general, who also appealed to it, must have come away with a much longer visage than most visiters, as the information he procured, and, probably, dearly paid for, did not avert the dreadful carnage which befell his Eastern hordes on the plains of Platæa. Epaminondas also visited it before the battle of Leuctra, and, by an artifice, procured a favourable prediction. Paulas Æmilius also repaired to it to return thanks after his victory over Perseus.

On each side of the grotto or cave we observed niches, which are supposed to have contained statues dedicated to Esculapius and Hygeia, and smaller ones for the votive offerings which it is believed were brought hither to propitiate those deities. The two fountains which issued from out of the rock were supposed to possess sanatory properties for the relief of the sick, by whom they were frequented.

There is something peculiarly fitted in the nature of the high and fearful precipices of Helicon to excite solemn impressions, which must have been well calculated to enforce the mummery and practices of priestcraft, and

which probably were quite as efficacious by their moral influence on the superstitious belief of those days, as any physical qualities that the water possessed.

The two fountains mentioned issue from opposite sides of the cave, and, though not fifty yards apart, are of marked difference of temperature, the one cold, the other warm. They blend their waters into one reservoir or basin. They are the celebrated springs of *Memory* and *Forgetfulness*, in each of which we bathed and drank. After supplying the basin, they form together a rapid stream, which is believed to be the ancient Hirsina. This passes through the town, and in its course turns several small mills, and then empties itself into a small lake a few miles distant. Many young women were washing at the stream, and, though nearly "in nudis naturalibus," seemed quite unabashed at our presence.

While standing at the cave of Trophonius we heard a rumbling noise, which is thought to be a subterranean stream passing under Mount Helicon, and the probable source of the fountains. It was, no doubt, in the hands of the officiating priests, a very important element in operating upon the credulity of such as visited this place for the purposes of health or oracular revelations.

Helicon is the second highest mountain in Greece, next to the famed Parnassus, which stood now in bolder relief before us, having been constantly in our view, with its snow-covered summit, from the time we crossed Mount Cithæron. We, indeed, travel in no part of Greece where we do not find ourselves in the midst of ranges of mountains, whose bald and dismal aspect, however, is as constantly and agreeably relieved by green and refreshing valleys.

A short distance from Lebadæa we saw on the plain the ruins of the famous Chæronea, no less renowned as

the birthplace of the admirable Plutarch than as the battle-ground where the Athenians were defeated by the Bœotians, 447 B.C., and which led to their final subjugation to the yoke of Philip of Macedon, 338 B.C. Here, also, 86 B.C., there was a fierce and bloody conflict between the Romans under Sylla, and the Persian king Mithradates the Great.

Our servants having roasted our lamb whole, we now again resumed our journey along the vale of Thebes, and reached, a little before night, the town of *Daulis*, which is situated on a steep declivity of Mount Parnassus, near the plain. At a distance it reminded us of the appearance of swallows' nests on the side of a naked bank, the part of the mountain where it is situated being entirely destitute of trees. When informed that we should probably rest there for the night, the prospect of being perched upon such a high eminence seemed truly terrific. We found, however, on arriving, that it was much less precipitous than we had imagined it to be at a distance; our wearied limbs, that so much needed repose, appealing in eloquent arguments, that sensibly diminished the force of our exaggerated apprehensions; and as sinks to sleep, spite of even

> "The rude, imperious surge,
> The seaboy on the high and giddy mast,"

so we, having drank of the waters of oblivion, and being thoroughly "fagged out," forgot Helicon and its groves, Apollo and the Muses, and double-headed Parnassus and its Castalian fount of inspiration, and were soon disposed to abandon ourselves to peaceful slumbers.

Our reception at Daulis, however, which we had reached before sunset, merits a passing remark. It was highly gratifying, and, in fact, marked with distinguished honours, showing how wrong it was to allow our preju-

dices to be influenced by appearances, as the forbidding aspect of this little village was such as would have precluded the most remote thought that there was any good in store for us here; reminding us of the sound advice of Sterne, that even on Araby's desert a traveller may turn his philosophy and accommodating spirit to advantageous results, and verifying the still more forcible lines of the immortal bard of Avon, that, go where we may in this world, there are

> "Tongues in trees, sermons in stones,
> Books in running brooks, and good in everything."

Classical fable, also, could have come to our relief to mitigate the repulsive aspect of this humble little town, perched on the mountain height; for here it was that is said to have been enacted the mournful tragedy that befell the beautiful Philomela, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens. Tereus, king of Thrace, who had married her sister Procne, became enamoured of Philomela, and conducting her, with permission of Pandion, to Thrace, went off from the direct track on pretence of taking her to see her sister, and attempted to violate her on their arrival at Daulis. Procne revenged the outrage upon her sister by killing her son Itys by Tereus, and serving his flesh to the latter for food. Philomela was afterward changed to a swallow, Procne to a nightingale, and Tereus to a hoopoe. And, sure enough, as if beautifully to realize to us the impressive and sublime moral of this fable, we heard here, for the first time in Greece, the sweet and plaintive notes of the nightingale, singing her farewell vespers in the evening twilight, as we were wending our way up to the village.

Already, before we alighted from our horses, we found ourselves, to our surprise, surrounded by the Demarch of the town and his council, by whom we were made cap-

tives; for, having learned by some one from Lebadæa that we were *en route* to this place, a public council was immediately held to devise means for our reception and accommodation. They had just been in session in the open air, as was ever the ancient usage in Greece in public assemblies, and were about adjourning when we arrived. A warm altercation ensued who should have the privilege of entertaining us. The Demarch or mayor finally prevailed by the force of his *bâton*, and took possession of the prisoners. We counselled together for a few minutes, and deemed it due to the highest dignitary whom we had yet made any acquaintance with on Parnassus, to accept of the shield of his protection, in the absence of Bacchus, the legitimate divinity of this region, who probably had gone on a visit to Apollo and the Muses on Helicon. The absence of the God of Grapes was a serious inconvenience, which was soon after made feelingly manifest to us, as it appeared that he had carried off all the wine of the mountain with him, not even a drop being left in the vaults of the Demarch. Not only the wine-vaults, however, but the larders also, apparently, had been ravaged and robbed by this carousing roué to regale his favourite dames; for the demarch and his council had nothing whatever with which to satisfy our hunger or thirst, but an appearance of cordial welcome; a meager repast in lieu of something more substantial required by the wearied traveller. Fortunately, we had provided against every accident, and fell back upon the reserved rights of our own stores, of which the principal was the roast lamb of our Theban friend, the Bavarian officer.

If rosy-cheeked beauty and woman's sweet smiles could have allayed the cravings of hunger, the more substantial provender which we had in our own panniers

would have been quite superfluous; for not only by the dignitaries of Daulis were we most honourably received, but all the fairer portion of the creation, and, in truth, the whole population, of every age and both sexes, had turned out to greet us, at our entrance into this town, with a kind and courteous welcome. They all seemed dressed for the occasion; the men in the red fez cap with a large tassel, embroidered vest and sash, and loose Greek *fonstinella* or petticoat to the knees, and the married women with their head and face (save one pretty Greek eye) enveloped in a shawl. But the most agreeable and curious of the group were the young girls, who, as is the usage here, wore a head-dress ornamented with *coins*, which is their dowry; some having but three or four pieces, others more richly loaded down with them. Their long hair was braided and tied with ribands, which hung down to the feet. A lover of the female form could have found here plenty of exquisite Greek models for his contemplation in the open air; for, besides the head-dress, they were almost literally naked, from the bust to the lower barefooted extremities. Here a great number of sick of all ages, some of them with frightful diseases, had been mustered together to await my arrival, and were brought to me that I might give them advice, which I endeavoured to do to the best of my ability, though time and circumstances, unfortunately, did not allow me the opportunity of operating upon some surgical cases of a grave character, which I would have gladly wished to relieve.

We must do the mayor justice by stating that we were accommodated with nights' lodgings upon his floor, which, however, was preferable to a hayloft or the open air. It took us some time, however, as may reasonably be supposed, to recover from what we considered an act

of great discourtesy on the part of Bacchus to shuffle off the honours of our reception upon the demarch; and we should have preferred that the jolly protector of this vast mountain had deferred his flirtation upon Helicon to another occasion.

The next day was lovely and brilliant, beyond even the usual transparency of Grecian skies. Glorious Parnassus was gracefully disclosing his snow-capped, towering summits, from the clouds of white mist in which he had been veiled during the night, and of which he was now disrobing himself, to greet the golden beams of the morning sun. We moved cautiously along the narrow, fearful ledge, scarcely thinking of our danger in the contemplation of the beauties before us. As accessories to the sublime scenery, we saw, as we looked across a deep and dark ravine, which the morning rays had not yet penetrated, the venerable monastery of St. Luke, which, with the same characteristic taste as that which overlooks the field of Marathon, was most romantically situated on a projecting ledge of rocks. The monks seem to have always had an eye to the picturesque in selecting the site of their religious edifices, as we constantly remarked everywhere in Greece. They contrast strikingly with the total want of taste exemplified in the location of the modern Greek towns. In the situations chosen for the monasteries could we alone recognise that there was a class of Greeks through whom the inborn classic perception of beauty, which was the dominant trait of the intellect of this ancient people, had been perpetuated by legitimate hereditary descent.

It was the wish of some of the party to have pushed on to this monastery the night previous, as we should have there been certain of finding comforts for the "inner man," well knowing that these temporal considera-

tions are not overlooked by the spiritual proprietors; but, seeing the great preparations which had been made for our reception at Daulis, we had concluded to remain there.

We continued our ascent up the mountain by narrow zigzag horse-paths, often precipitous and dangerous, and compelling us to dismount and have our horses led, until at last we reached a considerable table-land, or plateau, a little distance below the line of perpetual snow. Upon this plateau is situated the famous CASTALIAN spring. It is directly at the foot of the snow of the highest summit of Parnassus. Before we reached the spring we came to a considerable stream of running water, on a pebbly bottom, and, following this up, we soon arrived at its source, the superb Castalian Fountain. The moment we saw it we could not wonder that the ancients had been enraptured with its beauty. It is of a semicircular shape, of several feet in diameter, and boils out from the rock, not in bubbles, but in large, expanded globular volumes of the purest limpid water, exceeding in size and in furious activity anything of the kind I ever beheld. One could almost imagine that the spring itself was convulsed with poetic phrensy. Who, then, that drank of it could fail to imbibe some of its inspiration? We ourselves having beheld this wonder, the theme of so much eulogy, could readily conceive how the refined taste of the Greek poets should have concurred with unanimous consent in giving to its fountain a pre-eminence over all others known; and that if there was any drink short of the nectar of the gods that could clarify the intellect and enrich it with

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

it must be this bubbling crystal fluid distilled from the

dewdrops of eternal snows. We should apprehend that Apollo and the Muses must have frequently forsaken their ambrosial groves on Helicon to visit the god of Parnassus, were it only for the pleasure of gazing upon and tasting of this delicious fountain, dedicated to their special uses. We, in common with all mortals, felt the necessity of partaking of this classic beverage; not with any expectation, however, that it would rouse into existence dormant poetical emotions, or even endow us with the prophetic insight into futurity, one of its supposed virtues. We accordingly dismounted, and each stooped down and drank, and bathed our hands in it at its source. Though it was early in the month of May, the *forget-me-nots*, even at this high elevation, were in full bloom around the spring, some of which we gathered and preserved as beautiful and delicate mementoes of this revered place. It may be considered to have been a most unpoetical act of mine to have not only had my attention drawn to, but also to have actually gathered, and even gone through the grosser process of eating, some handfuls of the luxuriant water-cresses that grow in rank profusion in the bed of the stream as it issues from Castalia, and which were the largest specimens of the plant I have ever seen. Perhaps, however, we ought not too much to lower the character of this humble cruciform, as its pungent qualities may have not a little contributed to give a spicy flavour to the poetry-inspiring virtues of the fountain itself, Lord Byron's denunciation of its unfitness to be tasted of by a lady to the contrary notwithstanding.

Before our departure I selected from the bottom of the fountain a beautiful rounded and water-worn pebble as a more enduring souvenir of this classic spot.

We saw nothing either of the old fig-tree or clustering vines of ivy which some travellers speak of.

We mounted again, and proceeded to the foot of the other or lower summit of Parnassus. Here we alighted again, leaving our horses in charge of our servants, and with a guide commenced our ascent in search of the Corycean Cave. And here it was that our fair companion and countrywoman, Mrs. Hill, and who had during the whole route from Athens shown herself one of the best horsemen and travellers of the party, evinced a spirit and intrepidity worthy of the land of her birth. She, in the true character of her sex, nothing daunted, was one of the foremost in the van in clambering the steep rocks and forcing her way through the almost impenetrable thickets, holding on to the stunted firs and brushwood to aid her in her difficult progress. With such a leader, who would flinch? But I regret to confess that, from the peculiar nature of my late indisposition, I was compelled to be the first to falter, deeming it most prudent, if not imperatively my duty, to stop half way up the mountain. The rest succeeded in gaining the summit, and were much gratified with the prospect when they reached there, and also with the examination of the cave; the entrance to which, however, was so small that it was extremely difficult to find. Mrs. Hill was so fortunate as to discover and enter it. The rest followed, except one, who unfortunately lost his way and missed the object of his visit. They described the cave as one of spacious dimensions, much incrusted in its roof with the drapery of stalactites, indicating the calcareous character of the mountain, which is the prevalent formation in Greece, and the source of its beautiful marble. Within the recesses of this cavern, the first chamber of which is 330 feet long by 200 wide,

the inhabitants of Delphi, on the other side of the mountain, are said to have secreted themselves on the approach of the Persians; and here, also, the Corycean nymphs, sacred to this mountain, together with their protegé and pet, the ugly Pan, at their head, with the drunken Silenus, worthy tutor of Bacchus, held their merry revels, and, though in the train of the ethereal Muses, indulged, no doubt, in potations somewhat stronger, we presume, from concurrent testimony, than the Castalian dews.

From this we journeyed on through a wild mountain path, and, after descending some 6000 feet through precipitous and fearful passes, arrived at nightfall at the site of the renowned *Delphi*, at the foot of the other side of the summit which we have just described, and looking towards the Gulf of Lepanto or Corinth.

Our reception, though not so dignified as at Daulis, on the other side of Parnassus, was infinitely more enthusiastic. Cerberus, to all appearance, had unkennelled his entire pack in the service of Apollo, and our ears ring to this day with the discordant music of the yelling multitude of the canine species who announced our arrival to the natives, which latter were not slow in answering the call and making their appearance.

We never saw a more savage-looking race of animals than the shaggy wolf-dogs, who had just returned from their flocks on the mountains, and annoyed, no doubt, by our interruption of their first siesta, had come out to express their dissatisfaction in the canine symphonies with which they regaled our entré into the village.

This once princely city, on a part of the site of which is the modern village of Castri, presents the same mournful spectacle of so many other renowned ancient places in this unhappy land. It consists only of a few miser-

able huts, along a very steep declivity of Parnassus, at the foot of the *Hyampeia*, a vast precipice, whence criminals were hurled in former days. A frightful object in truth it is; and on its topmost edge we observed, as was pointed out to us by the townspeople, that it actually had a smooth, worn appearance, as though it had done its dreadful office terrifically.

At the foot of the perpendicular precipice we have described, is a mean-looking, shallow cavern or grotto in the rock, which is supposed to have been the residence of the Pythian goddess, or oracle of Delphi. Yet here the immortal Byron, credulous only in what related to those divine poetic creations with which his own soul was imbued, and therein credulous to the wildest degree of extravagance, thought, or pretended to think, that the story of the Delphic oracle was sufficiently veracious to authorize him to carve in this place his own initials upon the rock, to endorse the truth and sanctity of the spot.

Besides the mean tenements of the village, there is a small temple of Christian worship adjacent, and on the other side of the town a monastery, which in size is the most considerable structure of the kind that we had seen. This, with the exception of the Stadium, was all there was of what once was Delphi. Who could have believed that this desolate, crownest-like cluster of huts on a shelving ledge of Parnassus, could, in the possible mutability of human events, have been that proud Mecca of the Greeks, that once was adorned with the magnificent temple to Apollo? That here the mightiest potentates of the earth went in pilgrimages to visit and to do homage to, or to obtain favours from, the shrine of the far-famed Pythian oracle? What stretch of imagination could realize the fact, that within the sacred

temple there was accumulated enormous and incredible masses of wealth, the product of votive offerings to propitiate favourable responses from the mysterious being, the Pythian goddess, who on her tripod was supposed to hold in her hand the destinies of the world! Can it be possible, I exclaimed, on entering the cavern of the rock, the residence of Pythia herself, that I should find it profaned to the debased condition of a night abode for a cow and three or four goats! And yet such was the humiliating fact. As I stood on the same earth where the proud conqueror Alexander kneeled in humble devotion, and where Gyges and Midas in the fabulous ages, and where afterward the rich Crœsus, came to lay down their hoarded millions of gold, was my poetic enthusiasm wounded at the thought of the sacrilege I beheld. Indignant were my feelings at this moment, to find myself compelled, with the aid of the cane my friend the Demarch had presented to me, to devote it to the purifying and retributive duty of expelling the vile quadrupeds from this holy recess. Yet not so vile, perhaps, as would at first seem, when we reflect that the grave and reverend council of Amphictyons, who represented the cities of Greece, and guarded the Pythia and her mummeries, never proceeded to their solemn deliberations, in other words, to the division of the spoils, we suppose, until they had sacrificed an ox to the goddess, and, peradventure, our poor cow may have been a lineal descendant of some of these animals. To which add, that the humble goat himself becomes enhanced in reputation when it is recollected that this immortal and miraculous cavern itself, leading, as is supposed, directly to the centre of the earth, is declared to have been first discovered to mortals by a goatherd, who

observed his flock snuffing up the inspired air from one of the crevices in the cavern.

I confess, however, that the scene before me did away with all the poesy of Greece and the charms of Pythian incantations. The mystic spell was suddenly broken, and I forgot for a moment Apollo, the temple, Pythia, the tripod, Alexander, Midas, and Croesus, and all other notables, and found it indispensably necessary to take heed to my steps; as, whatever those gentry may have once thought of the place, I deemed myself at present in a very *mauvaise* and ticklish position.

Badinage aside, it certainly requires infinitely more credulity than we can command to believe a hundredth of what is written of the wonders, and miracles, and riches of Delphi. We are therefore compelled to say, judging from the position, topography, and character of the place, and the surrounding and almost inaccessible mountain precipices, that most, if not all, of what has been written and reiterated of the superhuman grandeur of Delphi, is sheer and positive fabrication and fable. And we have no doubt that the Greek MAGI of those days artfully, wisely, and purposely selected this most dangerous and difficult recess in the steep side of Mount Parnassus, as a spot peculiarly fitted to conceal their oracular mummeries and hoarded plunder, and to cloak the representations that they gave out to the world of its supernatural character, and its unparalleled wealth and magnificence; being very sure that there were very few persons who would take the pains or run the risk of clambering up there to refute their declarations. And we furthermore very much doubt, whether any of those who were dupes enough to go and deposite their jewels and ingots there, ever had the candour to acknowledge and confess their shame at the shocking disappointment

they must have met with, both in the duplicity of the oracular interpretations and in the heavy exactions that they cost. The rule of the world was probably then as it is now, that when a seeker of wonders and curiosities has been made a fool of, he quietly and wisely keeps it to himself, in order that others may get it in the same measure; for it is an old adage, that misery loves company, and that one fool makes many.

We are aware that this is reducing Delphi to a very low estate, for humble persons like ourselves to venture to overshadow those glories and dim those beams that have for ages shone around the fabulous immortality of this place with such resplendent lustre. But we must speak our minds with sincerity. Possibly, we may exaggerate, and may not have seen things with the same Castalian lucidness of vision, that they were viewed by the eyes of other travellers. Some allowance, too, ought, perhaps, to be made for our feelings at the time, having been so egregiously disappointed and neglected by the Muses of Helicon, Pan, Silenus, and their companion Bacchus of Parnassus, as the dry reception we met with at the house of the Demarch of Daulis too plainly proved. But who, to return to the subject of Delphi, can in his senses believe, that either the Phocians robbed it at one stroke of *ten* millions of dollars; that Nero, with tyrant grasp, carried off, in one assault upon the temple, no less than 500 bronze or brass statues to Rome; or, to go back into the misty ages of its earliest origin, that the god Apollo, however much he may have admired and respected the majestic Parnassus, could have gone to the laborious task, which must certainly have required the aid of his friend Hercules, to drag the crocodile monster serpent Python out of the mud of the distant

Nile, up to this high point of rocks in Greece, to have the pleasure of slaying him at the cave of Delphi?

We visited the supposed site of the temple of Apollo, but "not a rack remains behind." Into whatever architectural forms, and mouldings, and cornices, the excited fancies of enthusiastic travellers may have shaped the rude and broken fragments of rock about Delphi, we, for our parts, could see not a vestige of the reality of this temple, nor do we in candour believe it ever existed. The monks at the monastery pointed out one column among several, all of which, probably, were of modern origin, but which we were assured was a *veritable* and genuine fragment of the temple of Apollo. On this, as having two of the sons of Esculapius, myself included, in our party, we, with much becoming solemnity, inscribed our names, in juxtaposition to those of Byron, Hobhouse, and others, in honour of the great god Apollo, the father of the *God of Medicine*, and himself the protector and founder of the healing art. It was here that Byron wrote those lines:

"Oh thou, Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring, snow-clad, through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of native majesty.

Oft have I dream'd of thee, whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore;
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas, with shame,
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
I tremble, and can only bend the knee,
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar;
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy,
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And though the Muses' seat art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave."

Harold.

A little to the east of the Pythian cavern is the vast and profound fissure in the rock, or *antrum*, as it is called, the dark vapour from which the priestess inhaled before she delivered her oracles. This leads up to the precipice called Hyampeia, which we have already described. We entered the fissure and ascended to the foot of the precipice. On the right, at the entrance, is a small rivulet issuing from the huge, massive rock. It is as clear, limpid, and cool almost as the Castalian fountain, which is believed to be its parent source. It falls into a small reservoir, considered to have been the bath of the Pythian goddess, and looks quite antiquated enough for that purpose. Here, also, we drank and bathed, lest we might be considered hardened skeptics.

From the spot where the bath is, we passed along a natural mural precipice, and there saw something, at last, which, though far from being tangible from where we were walking, furnished, at least, a solid substratum to hang an actual historic fact upon. It was a series of h les excavated, like embrasures, into the side of the solid rock, some hundreds of feet above our heads. And it was in these apparently perfectly inaccessible recesses that the women and children of the modern Greeks, hunted down by their Turkish tyrants, sought shelter, and from thence hurled down rocks upon the heads of their persecutors, as these latter unconsciously marched along the narrow path beneath, which was the only route they could take, in that direction, to the city of Delphi. Here hundreds of the Turks were slaughtered by the exasperated and heroic wives of the Greeks, emulating the best days of their ancestors.

On the side of the mountain, a little above the village of Castri, we visited the so-called *Stadium*, which, like that of Athens, is just one eighth of a mile long. The

semicircular seats, in the same form as of all the amphitheatres in Greece, are still well defined and visible. Here were celebrated the famous Pythian games, next to the Olympic the most celebrated in Greece. This is the only genuine ruin which has been, thus far, excavated in the neighbourhood of Delphi. The greater part of it is believed to be yet unburied from the washings of Parnassus during the accumulations of ages.

Before bidding adieu to Delphi, something must be said, as usual, of our sleeping arrangements with his honour the Demarch of this city of Apollo. Considering that some of us fell professionally under the protection of that deity and his son Esculapius, we merited, perhaps, the best entertainment the city could afford. We were not surprised, therefore, that we were received with open arms and a hearty welcome, not only by the chief magistrate, but also by his very hospitable family. We had inquired for and called on the Demarch when we first arrived, and he had, with great kindness, guided us to the various interesting objects over which his jurisdiction extended; and now, at his pressing invitation, we took up our lodgings for the night at his mansion. Like others of his cloth and quality, he had merely a hayloft or roosting-place in the garret of his one-storied palace, whither we were inducted. The Demarch himself was the pink of politeness; but, like the other officers of his rank by whom we had been entertained, his impoverished means, and the meager emoluments, if any at all, that his office yielded him, debarred him from the power to accommodate us comfortably, however good his inclination might have been to furnish us with food and drink, as well as the shelter of his humble roof. Our servants, accordingly, went actively to work, among his subjects in the town,

to find something in the shape of eatables. A morsel was found here and there, which, when collected together, served, by the good management and culinary skill of my ever-faithful German domestic Henry, to supply us with a frugal meal for supper, to which our own tea and groceries were a very important appendage.

Having appeased, to a limited extent, the furious demands of our mountain hunger, we were shown into a small room adjoining our eating apartment, which had nothing but a bare floor for our accommodation. Here we each spread our blankets, as usual, and reposed for the night, sleeping soundly until about daylight. I was awakened at peep of dawn, too untimely an hour for a wearied traveller on the hard and unclassic couch upon which we rested, by the arising and mustering of a hen and her chickens, who, it appears, had shared one corner of the apartment with us, without our having before been conscious of the honour of their company.

If noise and cackling were any source of joy to them, it was far otherwise with us, for they continued to disturb our slumbers, until we were obliged, in self-defence, to curtail our fair proportions of sleep, and make up our minds to rise betimes for the fatigues of another day. The god Morpheus for us certainly had no niche or temple on this mountain.

As daylight advanced we examined our position, and found that we were in close proximity, if not in actual contact, with his honour the mayor and his illustrious family; an apology for a partition, in the shape of a few boards with wide intervening spaces, being the only barrier between us. I ascertained that our noisy bedfellows had not produced the slightest impression on the worthy Demarch, who slept and snored through the whole serenade of the feathered songsters, without be-

ing in the remotest degree inconvenienced by their music. Nor did the lady-mayoress exhibit the least disquietude. I was not a little amused, on raising my head from my board pillow, to perceive, through the liberal crevices of the wooden partition, that the nightly accommodation of our host and his family was not much more enviable than our own, they having for their bedding nothing more than a tattered remnant of old carpeting. I frankly confess that my sympathies for them somewhat alleviated my own discomforts. It may be fashionable even at Delphi to undress for bed, but we saw no change in this respect among the family of our host, who, man, woman, and child, rose, like ourselves, ready dressed for the day, having, apparently, not removed from their persons the least portion of the garments in which they had received us the day before. After making our host a liberal gratuity for the pleasure of roosting with his poultry and family circle, he wished to impress upon our minds that he had given great satisfaction to former travellers, and, in corroboration of his integrity as well as hospitality, he presented before us the album or register of his hotel; and among the few names it contained, he directed our attention to what he pronounced to be a high encomiastic notice given of him by Prince Puckler Muskau, who, it seems, had tarried a day or two in this *Sans Souci* of the Pythian oracle. The character of the Demarch, as delineated by the prince, happened to be in German, and, as he supposed, set forth in glowing colours his peculiar qualifications for keeping a public house. This precious testimonial of the prince appeared, in the estimation of his honour, to be the summum bonum of his aspirations. Upon requesting my German servant to officiate as interpreter, it proved to be a solemn caution to all travel-

lers to beware of his honour's company, as he, the prince, had found him to be not only a rogue, but a great thief! We could hardly restrain ourselves from bursting into laughter at hearing this unexpected translation, and, without then undeceiving his honour of the nature of its contents, subscribed our names to his book, giving no expression of our own opinion, however much appearances may have indicated, and our own experience confirmed, that the prince had not tradnced him.

One of our party afterward, however, we learned, could not resist his benevolent inclination to do what he deemed an act of strict justice to the kind expressions of courtesy on the part of the Demarch, by disclosing to him the damning truth, and literally translating to him, and, then expunging with black lines, the offensive condemnation of the prince; whereupon the Demarch looked amazingly confounded, and began to explain the cause by relating that he had prevented Puckler from laying violent hands on some of the statuary of the place.

With this we finished our acquaintance with the Demarch, and took leave of Parnassus. Looking back on the Demarch's house, and in vivid recollection of our night's lodging, we agreed hereafter to christen the residence of the mayoralty "The Hen and Chickens."

After our experience here at Delphi, even I, invalid as I was, could not, with all my enthusiasm, concur with Lord Byron, that

> "He whom sadness sootheth may abide,
> And scarce regret the region of his birth,
> When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
> Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died."

Descending from the mountain in a direction towards the Gulf of Lepanto, which lay stretched out below and far beyond us, we passed through an undulating coun-

try of no particular interest, but in some places exhibiting appearances of considerable fertility. We met very few habitations in this part of our route, and one small village only, which is called *Crissa*. Shortly before reaching it we were made fully sensible of our approach by an appearance of great merriment, and the loud and confused noise of drums and kettles, as if Terpsichore and Euterpe, with their joyous train, had come down from the mountains. We did not at first know but what we might have suddenly come at last, when he least expected it, upon our absent and truant friend Bacchus, whose majesty, we must confess, we had a strong desire of having a peep at before taking a final farewell of his mountain possessions.

We do not know if, after all, we are not taking an unwarrantable liberty with this desperate *blasé* of the celestial family circle, who, notwithstanding his dissipated habits, was so intent upon his favourite passion, that he planted the vine, it may be said, from one end of the earth to the other; and thus, by his practical skill in husbandry, and his general affable manners in the Olympic saloons, was a prodigious favourite everywhere; so much so that it is difficult to identify his locality with any spot. The Thebans claimed him as born there, and he certainly passed a very large portion of time about Parnassus and Helicon in convivial *soupers* with his protegé Pan, together with his preceptor (or wine-taster, probably) Silenus, and the Muses and Corycean nymphs. And therefore it is that we judged it reasonable and right that he should have been somewhere upon Parnassus on our arrival there; for we do not believe that his taste was sufficiently refined to draw him often away to the company of the Muses on Helicon.

The scene before us had, in truth, a strong resemblance to a Bacchanalian revel or Charivari, as is seen in our city, of a Newyear's eve, in the boisterous processions of riotous boys in the streets. Men, women, and children were hard at work on every species of utensil that could emit sound. We rode up to the fence to ascertain what it meant, when a great number, of all sizes and both sexes, rushed to the side of the road, with the priest in their midst, gayly participating with them in the joyous festivity. Upon inquiry, we ascertained that in the small building adjacent was an *affianced bride*, and we also observed a crowd about the door of the house. As we drew up to the motley group of musicians, they struck up a most unmelodious concert of discordant sounds, of what measure or tenour we could not divine, but it doubtless must have been suited to the ears of the rude performers, who have most lamentably degenerated since the time of that ancient musician Orpheus, whose "golden shell" and harp, and their mellow and enrapturing notes, charmed even more than the silver-toned trumpet soprano of his mother, the Muse Calliope. They seemed delighted at our approach, and, through our friend Mr. Hill's familiarity with the modern Greek, we learned that an invitation was given us to visit the betrothed. We all alighted and proceeded to her chamber, which we found to be a garret room. The moment we entered, a lovely Greek girl of eighteen, certainly the most beautiful girl I saw in Greece, rose up and met us with great sweetness of manner at the door. Unfortunately for my taste and curiosity, she was attired partly in Greek and partly in modern European costume, instead of what once was, but now no longer is, the national dress of her country.

Her reception of us was truly most kind and affec-

tionate. She took my hand and kissed it, and then begged me to be seated. After we had reposed a little while, and partook of sugar-plums, which were handed round, she engaged our attention most agreeably by shewing us the extent and variety of her *trousseau* or wedding presents, all of which were useful and substantial articles, hanging upon cords in every direction about the chamber. The little apartment, in fact, had more the aspect of a haberdasher's shop than of a bridal chamber; and, much to her credit, almost every article was the work of her own hands. This was really the most comfortable apartment, in the variety and display of wearing apparel, that we had yet met with in Greece, though it was on the slope of Parnassus. Such was the look of genuine domestic felicity in this humble attic, that I could have readily given the preference to this reality over all the groves, grottoes, and fountains of ideal happiness with the Muses of Helicon. Upon rising to take our leave, I felt as though my gallantry demanded me to reciprocate the salutation with which I had been greeted, which I accordingly did in the most becoming and respectful manner possible.

She was of an excellent family, and one of the most respectable of the village. Her eyes were blue and large; her tresses long and of jet black; her features gently lighted up with a soft expression and pleasing smile; and her complexion fair, and without the sallow tint which generally prevails. If the Pythian goddess was anything comparable to this young lady, I can well comprehend why Alexander, and even the fierce King Nero, as well as other notables, and physicians too, should have made pilgrimages to the *tripod*, and propitiated her smiles with extensive *cadeaus*.

One of the younger gentlemen of our party, Mr. W.,

was fortunate enough to have presented to him by her fair hand a lovely rose, whose faded petals, though recalling the memory of one whose heart was another's, he no doubt still treasures as a dearer relic than all the gold the sanctuary of the Delphic temple once held in its vaults.

After this delightful *tête-à-tête*, "the greenest spot" in our reminiscences of Parnassus, we made a hasty visit to the school, where the boys rose and sang, what they perhaps deemed a compliment to us, the chorus of "God save the King," but which, to our Yankee ears, we confess, seemed particularly grating, by the nasal twang, too familiar to us, which the Greeks, once the most poetical, but now, strange to say, the most unmusical people of the earth, give to all their vocal chants. We now proceeded onward, and arrived at the Port of Scala di Salona, on the Gulf of Lepanto or Corinth, which we reached a little before sunset.

Refreshing ourselves here with a passable dinner of excellent fish, we embarked in a *caique*, leaving our horses in charge of the agoates, to be conducted back to Athens; or, rather, we should say, to be ridden back, as we presume these grooms, though inured to the hardship of being constantly on foot by the side of the baggage-horses, and thus travelling many miles a day for many days in succession, would now at least, as their cavalry were disburdened of our luggage and persons, avail themselves of the luxury of a ride. We proceeded up the Gulf of Lepanto, and, after passing a very uncomfortable night on board our open craft, we arrived, about the middle of the following day, at *Kalamachi*, a cluster of fishing-huts upon the Isthmus of Corinth, at the upper extremity of the gulf. This isthmus acquired great renown, in former times, by the celebration,

every five years, of the games here instituted in honour of Palæmon or Melicerta, and subsequently of Neptune.

Here, again, we obtained horses, and crossed the Isthmus of Corinth, about six miles wide, to the Ægean Sea or Saronic Gulf, previous to reaching which we observed, on the Ægean side, the remarkably wide bed of the ancient excavation for a CANAL across the isthmus, as contemplated in the remotest time, but not fairly commenced until by the Roman Emperor Nero in person, with the spade in hand, and which he is said to have done to remove a superstition in the minds of the people, that it would be offensive to the gods or attended with ill omens to disturb the earth for such a purpose. The tradition was, that such attempts had been followed by the issuing of blood and groans from the ground.

The canal, for those days, was certainly an enterprise of vast magnitude; and Nero, however cruel in his disposition, and reckless of the interests of his people in the general features of his reign, showed in this instance, at least, some regard for the benefit of this then province of the Roman Empire; and he was, no doubt, the first royal personage who ever took the spade in hand in a work of such public utility. It was intended, unquestionably, for a ship communication between the Ægean Sea and the Gulf of Lepanto; for already, for a long period before this, the Corinthians had erected extensive machinery on this isthmus, of the nature of railways, and called by them the Diolchos, by which their vessels were, it is said, dragged over the isthmus, from sea to sea. None of these vessels, however, in those times, were probably over from 50 to 100 tons, and all of them mere galleys, or *triremes*, as they were called, rowed by oars, like the *caiques* of the present day.

This important isthmus, uniting the Peloponnesus or Morea to the continent of Greece, thus, in the remotest period of history, gave occasion and was the stimulus to the ingenuity of the Greeks for the invention of those mechanic means which have formed so characteristic a feature of the superiority of modern times in the scientific application of the laws of hydraulics to the construction of canals and of inclined planes to that of railroads. These early efforts of the Greeks may be considered among the first great enterprises of engineering upon a large scale; and which, though so far as the outlines or substratum of the plan is concerned, were correct, failed in every experiment that was made, from the time of Demetrius to that of Nero, from the imperfect knowledge then possessed of the principles of mechanics, and especially from their then total ignorance of that magic power which, in our times, has been obtained over inert matter through the almost omnipotent agency of steam. So rude were the then notions of hydraulics, that the chief cause of abandoning the attempts at constructing a canal is imputed to the belief that a serious obstacle existed in the supposed difference of elevation in the height of the water on the two sides of the isthmus.

After viewing the bed of the canal, we visited a little fishing town, called Schœnus, on the Ægean shore, and close to the more inconsiderable place called *Kenchre*, both once the renowned ports of Corinth on the Saronic Gulf, and the latter celebrated in scriptural times as the village where St. Paul landed and embarked in his different visits between Ephesus and Corinth. Pausanias asserts that *Cenchræ* was once the most important harbour of Corinth, and that the whole distance of

nine miles, between this port and the capital, was lined with *temples and sepulchres.*

It is related that the apostle here had his head shaved, and made a vow. The Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians is in a tone of such severe reprehension, compared with those to the Romans and Athenians, that it clearly indicates his correct conception of the gross licentiousness and infamous crimes for which the Corinthians were then not less notorious than they have been since. "Corinthian vices" was then a by-word to designate the moral debasement to which this people had descended.

In the adjoining little village, though on the Sabbath-day, I purchased a bunch of fish, and gave them to my servant to carry with us to Corinth to assist in our meal for dinner, supposing we might meet with short allowance there, as we had in so many other renowned capitals of Greece. We now mounted our horses, and, after riding some hours through a champaign country, in which we passed the ruins of the hospital erected here by the philanthropic American physician, Dr. Howe, out of funds raised in our country, and which edifice was destroyed during the Greek war, we came that evening to the city of Corinth. Our disappointment here was not less than in other ancient and renowned cities of Greece. Nothing remains of the pristine glories of this great emporium, whose origin and grandeur are so remote that they are lost in the darkness of time, and which claimed metropolitan seniority over that of Athens and every other town of Greece, and which, in commerce, in colonization, and in extreme opulence, and in the arts, was called the key and bulwark of Peloponnesus, "the prow and stern of Greece," long before the siege of Troy and the time of Homer. Nothing of her

ancient splendours, nor nothing of that proud supremacy which she held, now are seen; since that mournful day when her gorgeous temples and embattled walls were razed to the ground by the Roman Consul Mummius, and made a heap of desolate ruins; and when the Roman soldiers were seen amusing themselves with playing at dice and draughts in the streets on some of the chef d'œuvres of the superb paintings of this city that they had desecrated for tables.

Such was the luxury of civilization to which this capital, by its early, and, for those days, immense commercial enterprises, had reached, that it was deemed the metropolis of the Mediterranean. It was in her first period of grandeur that Corinth is supposed to have been the first city that built war-galleys and triremes, and was the first that engaged in a sea-fight. It was then, also, that she founded Syracuse and other colonies. It was during the second period of splendour which she acquired, when recolonized by Julius Cæsar in the time of the Romans, after her destruction by that people, that the Apostle Paul resided and preached here for more than a year and a half.

In sculpture, and especially in painting, her artists had, at the time of the Roman conquest, acquired such celebrity, that the palaces and public places in Rome were supplied by the plunder which the Roman general made of these superb works on sacking the city. And in the casting of brass, and all the forms of ornaments, statues, vases, &c., into which it was worked, Corinth acquired such a monopoly of reputation, that *Corinthian brass* was a common proverb from its superior qualities, and the Romans set such high value on it that, when they took the city, they robbed the very sepulchres of their vases and other funereal ornaments constructed of

this alloy, the exact composition of which is not known. That which was of a light golden colour, resembling the more modern latten-brass, was deemed the most valuable.

Not a vestige of this great city is to be found, excepting a group of ten or twelve broken columns, which identify the spot; and, what surprised me not a little, was that these columns, instead of being of the *Corinthian*, were of the Doric order of architecture. I anticipated great gratification in visiting this once renowned city, of which it was said that "it was not for every one to go to Corinth!" and I certainly did expect, upon going there myself, as one of the few exceptions to the remark, to find some relic, at least, by which to recognise that rich and beautiful style of architecture, which has taken its name from its having emanated from the chisel of Corinthian artists.

Modern Corinth is but a sorry representative of its ancestral parent. It consists of a few miserable, filthy tenements, destitute of every comfort and accommodation. It may now be said to be distinguished for its poverty and insignificance. There is not a feature about it that can give the least interest in itself over the most common and insignificant village of our country. As to commerce now, not scarcely a fisherman's shallop, much less a quay or a pier, is to be found.

This wretched-looking village stands a few miles from the Gulf of Lepanto, and, from the low, marshy nature of the surrounding country, and the squalid-looking appearance of the inhabitants, I can readily understand the reputed insalubrity of this region.

Though we put up for the night at one of the best hotels in the place, it was but the second edition of the *Hotel de Delphi*, or "Hen and Chickens," of our Par-

nassian friend the Demarch. Though not on Parnassus, we had a much higher bed-loft to clamber up to from the stable-yard, where, as before, we bade good-night to our cavalry, and submitted to our fate. As this was our *entré* into the Morea or Peloponnesus, we perhaps had a right to expect better treatment, but, as heretofore in this classic land, we were received into nothing but a bare room, without a vestige of furniture or bed—a bedchamber without a bed or anything essential to it—a "*lucus* a non lucendo."

I ought, however, to mention, in justice to the Peloponnesus, that I had the honour of a wooden platform, about two feet high, upon which I spread my blanket, and was thus distinguished by the height of my hard couch only, above the lowly bed or plank floor on which my companions reposed in the same apartment.

We must not omit to say that, before retiring, we made a most comfortable supper out of our bunch of fish; and had it not been for this precaution, we should have had prison fare indeed, as the host had not a solitary article of food or drink in his stable-hotel. But Henry, my faithful German, was a capital cook on all occasions, and struck up a light in the kitchen, and soon had our fish piping hot for us, without which, our board beds would have been much harder than they proved to our wearied limbs. It cannot be said of any of the taverns of Greece, that you get your "bed and board," either one or the other, unless it be meant that your board is your bed, and your bed is your board.

After a hard night's lodging, though sound slumber, we proceeded the next morning on foot to visit the interesting points in the neighbourhood, among which let us commence by stating the famous conical mountain called the *Acrocorinthus*, or Acropolis of Corinth, which

Philip deemed so important that he called it the *fetters* of Greece. It seems to be an immense solid rock, being about 2000 feet high, crested on the top with a vast impregnable castle, and on every side precipitous and inaccessible, excepting on that by which foot passengers ascend, and by which also wheeled carriages and even artillery can reach to the summit. The castle can garrison many thousand soldiers, and now contains a small village within it. One very remarkable feature at the top is the excavation into the solid rock of about thirty spacious wells or cisterns, for holding water in time of siege. It was at one of the *natural* springs of this mountain, and which was pointed out to me within the garrison, that Pegasus, while drinking, was taken by Bellerophon. On the peak of this lofty mountain was once the famous temple of Venus, where this goddess was worshipped in so voluptuous, if not equivocal, a manner, imputable, perhaps, to the great influx of seafaring persons, that *one thousand* female slaves were employed in the performance of the rites dedicated to her service.

So towering is this mountain, which is decidedly one of the finest objects in Greece, or upon its seacoast, that we can distinctly see the Acropolis of Athens from its summit, as I well recollect, and which, after the troubles and fatigue, not to say dangers, we had passed in the interval from leaving that capital, made it look to us almost like another home that we had left, and now longed to return to; being about 44 miles distant only from Corinth, showing how circuitous must have been our route through the mountains of the interior. The panoramic view from the top of *Acrocorinthus* is magnificent beyond all others we had had in this interesting country, not excepting Parnassus, which we now

far beheld, as well as Helicon and Cithæron. This periscope embraced also a beautiful view of the Isthmus of Corinth; an extensive one of the Gulf of Lepanto; the locale of Nero's canal; and in fine weather, as it now was, the Acropolis of Athens and its noble Parthenon, with the islands of Salamis and Ægina nearer by in the interspace.

The beautiful reflections of the accomplished scholar and divine poet Byron, whose soul, in its too short sojourn on earth, lived as it expired in his beloved Greece, constantly recurred to us at Corinth, as at every step of our travels in this land:

"Many a vanish'd year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands;
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouch'd her hoary rock;
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill;
The landmark to the double tide,
That purpling rolls on either side,
As if their waters chafed to meet,
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.
But could the blood before her shed,
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,
Or baffled Persia's despot fled,
Arise from out the earth, which drank
The stream of slaughter as it sank,
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow
Her isthmus idly spread below;
Or could the bones of all the slain
Who perish'd there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise,
More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss."

Siege of Corinth.

After enjoying for some time this superb spectacle of mountain, sea, and coast, we descended, and resumed our route into the Morea, wending our course over, as

usual, arid but now lower mountains, and through lonely passes and still loneliet valleys, where not a soul scarcely, or human habitation, or cultivated field, were to be seen in this once alleged densely-populated and highly-flourishing country.

We arrived at the little town of Cleone at nightfall. On our rambles through it, before retiring for the night, we heard music, and entered the house, where we were received with great distinction. The concert immediately ceased and a ridiculous game was substituted for our amusement. Eight or ten grown persons sat on the floor, holding each other by the hands, and having a candle placed in the centre of the ring. A paper hung down from the cap of each, reaching to the mouth, and these were set fire to as their names were called, and no one was permitted to put the fire out until he had repeated a number of verses. The physician of the town appeared to be "considerably" oblivious. The parson of the place sat cross-legged, smoking, and looking on with evident satisfaction. They teased us so much to drink their bad wine that we took our departure.

In the course of this route we passed a lonely mountain defile, where a most sanguinary and frightful carnage ensued between the Turks and Greeks in their late war. Such was the terrific slaughter of the Turks, that the Greek general is familiarly known by the appellation of the *Turk-Eater*. We believe about 3000 of the Moslems were left dead in this narrow defile and on the adjacent mountain. Learning that this place had been the scene of such a dreadful encounter, I looked, as I rode along, for some relic of the spot; and, with a feeling of professional selfishness, sought to procure, if possible, some contributions to the Turkish department of my museum of osteology. As may be supposed, I

was not long in finding some of the materials of this charnel-house, and picked up, among other objects, a thigh bone, which, whether Greek or Turk, I know not, as there is no very marked difference in this part of their anatomy.

From this point we passed on, and finally arrived at the ancient town of MYCENÆ, so famous in the history of Peloponnesus, and once the imperial residence of Agamemnon, when he presided over the empire of Greece, and was her acknowledged chief. Those portions of his history which have been sung by the immortal Homer are too familiar to be particularized. Mycenæ anciently constituted, with Tiryns and Argos, the three principal cities of Argolis; but jealousies and bloody intestine wars sprang up, which ended in the total destruction both of Mycenæ and Tiryns by the Argives, about 468 B.C.

We found not a solitary being now occupying what was once one of the proudest capitals of the Peloponnesus; but there were magnificent ruins still standing there in all their beauty, and which produced a more solemn impression by their loneliness and the mute eloquence with which they pointed to the historic or fabulous events of bygone days.

In this group of ruins we remarked particularly the *Gate of the Lions*, or, as it ought more properly to be called, the *Gate of the Panthers;* for the rampant animals of stone that stand on the immense slab which forms the top of the gate, now almost buried in the rubbish, are much more similar to our panther than to the king of the forest.

We are inclined to believe, from our examination of these colossal panthers, and their fine dark polish of a brown colour, that they are of Egyptian basalt, and, in

fact, the received opinion is, that they were brought from Egypt, having been made there, probably, "to order," as the early commercial relations of Peloponnesus with Egypt were very intimate. Sir William Gell deems the Gate of the Lions the earliest authenticated specimen of sculpture in Europe. This is high authority. As the site of these ruins is elevated, it is believed by some that this gate conducted to what was once the Acropolis of Mycenæ.

It is a miracle, almost, that neither barbarian, nor traveller, nor virtuosi—which latter are often more destructive than barbarians—should have in any wise defaced or mutilated these rare curiosities. One would have imagined that they would have been long since borne off bodily, as the seacoast and the port of Romania di Napoli are but a few miles distant. We crept under the gateway on our hands and knees as well as the rubbish would permit, being desirous of following through the same passage where, peradventure, so oft had walked or rode in triumph in ages past the famed Agamemnon, the victorious conqueror of Troy. This brought us to the remains of his *palace*, which are now crumbling walls of masonry, still of considerable altitude and width, and constructed of massive blocks of stone without cement, supposed to be of the Cyclopean or primitive order of architecture.

A little distant from this, and nearer to the plain of Argos, which stretches down towards the sea, is the celebrated *Tomb*, supposed to be that of Agamemnon. A difference of opinion, however, exists, as some have suggested that it was the public treasury. I am much more inclined to the opinion of Dr. Clarke, that it is the actual tomb of the Grecian hero.

It is of a conical shape, covered now with rank grass,

and is about fifty feet high and fifty broad at the base, and is constructed of stones of huge dimensions. The flat stone over the door, which supports the superincumbent wall, is the most extraordinary, and, in our opinion, the largest single dressed stone that ever entered into any building, ancient or modern, not excepting the Coliseum, or even the Pyramids. It measures *twenty-seven feet* in length by *seventeen in width*, and is about *four and a half feet thick*, and is estimated to weigh *one hundred and thirty-three tons!!* certainly the most enormous thing of the kind I ever saw, and, considering its position and historic accessories, a curiosity of itself almost worth a visit to Greece. The flat stone over the Gate of the Lions is also of prodigious size, though inferior to this. We have no doubt that the magnitude and weight of these blocks have in both instances contributed to the preservation of the monuments of which they form a part, though we did not deem it sacrilege to procure a very small specimen from each.

The question naturally arises, By what machinery could these enormous masses have been brought hither and placed in their respective positions? But the same question comes home to us in multiplied force in relation to the Pyramids; and we have in them, and in these, and in other structures, demonstrative evidence that, however deficient ancient populations were in the knowledge of powerful mechanic agents, they must nevertheless have employed such in addition to their chief resource, which was an accumulation of living human force, as we see in the immense numbers of labourers that were put upon all their public works and edifices. The Corinthians had in the remotest times made unexampled progress in all the arts, ornamental and useful, and especially in naval construction, where such great mechanic power

is required; and hence their bold and masterly project, by means of the *Diolkos*, of a railway across the isthmus. Hence, too, the genius in mechanic arts which the Syracusans, a colony of Corinth, inherited from their glorious parent; and hence the use of the pulley and lever, and warlike machines, by Archimedes, and the colossal reflecting mirrors by which he set fire to the Roman fleet and saved his country. From such facts it is easy to infer that the Mycenians were not backward in the application of mechanic forces; as it may be considered that the whole of the Peloponnesus was the cradle of maritime enterprise and arts.

We descended by steps, and passed under the enormous stone which is over the door of the tomb of Agamemnon, the greater part of this sepulchral structure being subterranean. Nothing of any interest was found in the interior. It was a vast, empty, conical, and cloister-like vault, dark and mournful, as its office probably was intended to be, when it was erected with so much care and cost, to enclose the mortal remains of that king of men, as his laureate calls him. I observed on the floor, which is now no other than the bare earth, evidences in different places of fires and fagots, left probably by inquisitive travellers, who had lighted up the interior for the purpose of more particularly examining it. There is no light admitted but from an irregular aperture at the apex.

We continued now our route to the modern city of Romania di Napoli, anciently the small town of Nauplia. On our way we alighted for a few moments to view on the side of the road, upon the plain of Argos, a wall of considerable height, supposed to have belonged to the Acropolis of TIRYNS, decidedly the finest and most perfect Cyclopean remains we had seen in Greece.

From thence we passed on, and arrived by dark at Napoli di Romania. Finding the gates shut, we had some difficulty and delay in getting admission, and only after having sent in to the commandant of the place a notification of who we were, when we were instantly permitted to enter.

Here, to our joy, much as we had luxuriated on ancient ruins, we found ourselves at last in a truly modern European city; everything comfortable, neat, and busy, with symptoms again of food, and drink, and other accommodations. And here, for the first time in ten long, tedious days, almost a ten years' Trojan war, to us as irksome as that was to Agamemnon, we were enabled to divest ourselves of clothes, and repose on the luxury of a *real* bed. We put up at a comfortable hotel, kept, we think, by an Italian, and, of course, ordered such a supper and such wines as would have put the honest Demarch of Delphi, and even his brother, "rosy-faced" Bacchus, to the blush. After a most delightful repast, in which we talked over our perils and hardships, we bade good night to each other, with the full assurance that we should indeed have a good night, and thus repaired to our well-furnished bedrooms, which had both beds and chairs, and no hen-roosts, nor mangers, nor hay-lofts, and there, like Christian mortals, enjoyed the live-long night in as quiet, domestic, and delicious a sleep as though we had been at our own homes in New-York.

It is very remarkable that this city, which Otho first fixed upon as his residence, has not continued to be the capital of Greece, though it virtually is so in its modern European character, its commercial relations and industrial habits. But it is to be presumed that the classic taste of the young monarch predominated over other considerations in inducing him to select Athens as the

seat of government for all Greece, looking forward to the hope of reviving the ancient glories of that truly renowned capital.

The loss of the *court* has been a severe blow to Napoli. In 1834 it contained 30,000, but now has only 6000 inhabitants. The costumes at Napoli were richer and more picturesque than any we had seen; indeed, they had quite a theatrical physiognomy. This comes of the pageantry and display always found in cities of active commercial habits. The Greeks everywhere, however, are a gallant-looking race, and walk with a proud and dignified air. The flowing *fonstenella* becomes them well. Some of the men of Napoli that called upon us were among the noblest and most elegant-looking Greeks we had seen. The son of *Marco Bozzaris* did us the honour of a visit. He is a superb-looking youth of 22, of manly beauty and form, and with black curling hair hanging gracefully down his back. He converses fluently in French. On taking leave he bowed most gracefully, putting his hand on his heart, in the expressive manner in usage among the Greeks.

After receiving the visits of our friends, we devoted the remainder of the day to visiting different parts of the town. There is an immense hill, rising up on the side opposite to the bay, commanding a most extensive view of the sea, an infinity of islands, the Ægean plains, and an undulating country beyond, and having on its summit a strong fortress well garrisoned with Bavarian soldiers.

The only thing I recollect of any interest at Napoli was the church where the first president, Count Capo d'Istria, was shot by two Greeks, and the place at the door was pointed out to us where the ball penetrated after having passed through his body. The two assas-

sins had supplicated the count to pardon a brother who was imprisoned, but, finding their entreaties vain, recurred to this harsh measure. His own servant in revenge shot one of the assassins. The other was taken and hung. From the best information we could glean, Capo d'Istria did not appear to be well fitted in his habits or education to be at the head of the Grecian Republic, which was the first experimental form of organization which the allied powers attempted.

The Venetians, when they possessed this town, deemed it the Gibraltar of the Archipelago. It has a spacious and securely-sheltered harbour, well calculated as a rendezvous for vessels of war.

We could not omit the opportunity of paying a short visit to the famed city of *Argos*, holding, among all the other capitals of Greece, whose eventful histories together form so gorgeous a pageant in the annals of the world, this distinctive and pre-eminent rank, that historians generally concede to it the honour of being the most ancient of all.

Though we here for the first time saw wheeled vehicles passing to and from Napoli, we had been so accustomed to our cavalry train that we should have felt quite awkward out of our saddles, and therefore did not avail ourselves of this luxury of locomotion, as it was quite too modern and civilized for such Bedouins as we had been.

We proceeded upon our nags across the beautiful and extensive plain of Argos, which commences at Napoli. This plain is in the highest state of cultivation, covered with fields of grain, exceeding in richness anything of the kind we had seen in Greece, and denoting a highly-advanced state of agriculture, and a knowledge of the use of the modern plough and other improved imple-

ments of husbandry. We passed several small streams of water which come down from the mountains, and in the rainy season, no doubt, as in all the south of Europe, are swollen into torrents, which admirably serve the purposes of complete irrigation.

Argos goes back in its origin to near 2000 years before Christ. It held for a long time the first rank in the early commerce of Greece, and was greatly enriched by its intercourse with Egypt, Phœnicia, and Assyria. About 1000 years before Christ, in the time of Perseus, it was subject to Mycenæ, whose monarch Homer calls "the king of many islands and all Argos." In Strabo's time it was still the first city of Peloponnesus.

Argos, even in its day of primitive glory, had a high reputation in the cultivation of all the elegant arts; another proof, with what is afforded also by the history of all the great capitals of Greece, that a nation pre-eminently maritime, and daring in naval adventures, and commercial enterprises and colonization, as Greece was, and our own beloved country to-day is, is always foremost in spreading and receiving the lights of civilization, and in diffusing the improvements of science and the blessings of free and liberal institutions. For though the first impulses of commercial adventure may be prompted by the keen desire to acquire opulence, it is the strongest stimulus that can be applied to the inventive and creative powers of the intellect, and is the key that unlocks to mankind not only the varied productions of the earth, but, by constant intercommunication of one nation with another, rapidly distributes and equalizes the sum of human knowledge, and thus powerfully accelerates the march of civilization, of freedom, and of all the useful and refined arts. In lovely Greece, in the midst of her superstitions, and polytheism, and

mythological worship, the fire of true genius, and an exquisite and almost superhuman perception of the graces of beauty and proportion are imbodied in all her works of art, while the impulses of a lofty spirit of freedom and intimate knowledge and conviction of the rights and duties of man, shine out in bright and enduring colours in all the productions of her philosophers, poets, and historians.

Argos was first in commerce, and therefore first in science and in the arts, of all the capitals of Greece. She early attained, like Corinth afterward, and from the same causes, pre-eminent rank in every department of human knowledge. In music she excelled, for here it was the *encantador* Orpheus embarked in the Argonautic expedition. Ageladas, the master of the sculptor Phidias, and the painter Polycletus, the then Guido in design, lived and flourished here. Herself the destroyer of Mycenæ, Argos, in turn, after centuries of bloody conflicts with her powerful and warlike neighbours the Spartans, succumbed finally, on the plains of Mantinea, to that wonderful people.

We felt particularly gratified in recurring back to some of the more authentic histories of this most ancient city, to know that we had now come to the spot where probably the first ship, or, rather, sea row-galley, was ever built, the memorable ARGO of the Argonautic expedition, 79 years before the siege of Troy; and where the first surgeon that ever existed, our immortal father Esculapius, and his two sons, or surgeon's mates, Machaon and Podalirius, received naval appointments as the medico-chirurgical staff (the two professions being united as they now are with us) in Jason's famous vessel, in search of the golden fleece at Colchis, on the Black Sea. We could not but ask ourselves the ques-

tion, what kind of surgical instruments, and what sort of a medicine-chest, these primitive aboriginal members of the faculty could have laid in. If those instruments described by us as found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, in the 79th year of Christ, in comparatively modern times, were awkward and clumsy, what must have been the form of the scalpel and catheter of Father Esculapius? In case any of the crew had been severely wounded, we apprehend the result of the consultation must have been to cast the patient overboard.

The modern town is quite respectable in size, and the houses are of European construction, like those of Napoli. The most considerable mansion in modern Argos is several stories high, and was built and is now occupied by a distinguished Scotch gentleman, General Gordon, who was, at the time of our visit, commander-in-chief, we believe, of the Greek army, and is also the author of a history of modern Greece. The most interesting object is the Acropolis, a conical-shaped hill of great altitude, rising immediately in the rear of the town. We ascended to the top on horseback, which we effected with great difficulty, owing to the steepness of the acclivity. Here we found all that remains of the ruins of the ancient city, which is little else than a confused heap of walls. We had, however, in compensation for our fatigue, a charming view of the superb plain below, Napoli, Mycenæ, Tiryns, and the wide bay and its beautiful islets, and, though last, not least, the famous Lake *Lerna*.

As we were now in the immediate vicinity of the Lernian Pool, so celebrated in mythological fiction as the haunt of the monster Hydra, which Hercules here overpowered, we may mention that this also became of great professional interest to us, from the well-authenticated tradition, that the very efficient mode by which

Hercules accomplished his work was through a surgical operation of great severity, to wit, the searing or cauterising with a hot iron, or burned brands, as some have it, the decapitated stumps of this many-headed monster, being probably the first time in which the actual cautery was ever used in a surgical operation. We felt ourselves peculiarly happy in being on this antiquated spot, where, probably, Hercules received his early professional lesson from some hints communicated by his contemporary and collaborateur, Esculapius, previous to the latter's nautical appointment as *fleet surgeon* to Commodore Jason.

It is also probable, from the rude surgical instruments then employed, that Hercules must have amputated each head at a single blow, in which case the actual cautery or hot iron was indispensably necessary, as ligatures to secure wounded arteries had not yet come into general use; and, from the hæmorrhage which undoubtedly ensued from the carotids, the animal must have otherwise soon expired, as some, indeed, contend that he did, from the division of these great trunks, whether he may have had 20 or 200 heads, as the case may be.

We will not permit ourselves to have the surgical illusion of this mythological narrative dispelled by acceding to the more homespun and medical explanation which has been given of this fable, that the Lake of Lerna was the actual hydra or monster, and its numerous sources the heads, which Hercules, or some other rich and enlightened planter, endeavoured to stop, to prevent the disastrous effects of the inundation of the plain of Argos, whose fertility, we recollect, even as far back as the origin of the city, was so celebrated that the breed of horses nurtured upon its pasturage acquired an almost historic reputation.

Stagnant as the Lernean waters would seem to be, and rendered doubly loathsome by the corrupt and putrid carcass of the monster hydra, yet is it affirmed that it was in this lake that the forty-nine daughters of Danaus, who, with their father, had fled thither from Libya, were purified by Mercury and Minerva for the crime of cutting off the heads of their first cousins, the fifty sons of their father's brother Ægyptus, who had come expressly from Egypt to woo them. This fable, also, is beautifully allegorized by its application to the thirsty upland of Argolis seeking nuptials with the irrigating streamlets in the well-watered plain.

We can, however, readily imagine that a yet more formidable hydra did exist on this Lernean marsh, from the noxious exhalations that every spring and autumn must necessarily be emitted from its shallow and stagnant waters. That this malaria must indeed have been more destructive to the inhabitants than would have been the fabled monster, had he even made daily and nightly peregrinations, as he is stated to have done, over the fertile plains, to the terror and dismay of the inhabitants. This, in truth, from our examination of this region, and from what we ascertained of the unhealthiness that often exists here, we can conceive, was the true source of mischief, and more terrific and desolating than either the Lernean hydra or that other enemy that Hercules subjugated in this vicinity, the Nemean lion.

Adjacent to the Acropolis, we may remark that there are to be found among the ancient ruins many well-defined stone seats of a vast amphitheatre, built, as is common with all places of amusement of this kind in Greece, in the open air, and on the acclivity of a hill.

Returning to Napoli, we set out for EPIDAURUS, and on our way thither we visited the Plain of Nemea, for

the purpose of examining the ruins of the temple of the Nemean Jupiter. This place is a lonely and sequestered spot, surrounded by barren mountains, and altogether it appeared to us the most dreary and desolate place we had visited. Not a human creature was to be seen or heard in any direction; which, with the solitude of the majestic ruins of the temple, and the gloomy silence that reigned around, gave the ensemble a sepulchral and deathlike aspect which can never be erased from our recollections. Yet was this spot once the city of Nemea, and Lycurgus its king; and once, as we saw in the mighty and prostrate heaps of ruins before us, the site of one of the noblest temples to Jupiter, and the theatre of those famous Nemean games that attracted the world from all parts of Greece, and which, in the jostle and tumult of contending chariot and foot races, and wrestling matches and other robust athletic sports, must have made the very welkin, and the valley and mountains, ring with the shouts of joy and victory. The herbaceous and favourite culinary plant, parsley, acquires renown from the Nemean games. These games were funereal in their origin; and as chaplets of parsley were strewed on the tombs of the dead, so were the crowns of the victors made of this herb.

In looking around, we could hardly imagine whence Hercules could have obtained his mighty club for the destruction of the *Nemean lion*, which was one of his most daring achievements; for neither on mountain nor plain was there a tree to be seen, but only a few small bushes. All that we could discern of the temple of Jupiter were two or three huge but imperfect columns of the *Doric* order standing in position, and several others broken into large fragments and strewed upon the ground.

The most beautiful allegory in explanation of the *twelve labours* of Hercules, is that which makes this god everywhere symbolical with the sun, and traces in the constellations that eternize his prowess, the twelve respective signs of the zodiac, through which the great luminary passed in his then supposed revolution around the earth.

From this place we journeyed on to the great object of our visit to the Morea, the renowned valley of Esculapius, embracing within its precincts the ancient city of Epidaurus (now Epidaura), the birthplace of the father of medicine. This was the *Ultima Thule* of our travelling aspirations in the Morea, the Mecca of our pilgrimage in Greece.

On our way to Epidaurus we passed the house of Miaulis, one of the bravest generals of modern Greece in her deadly conflict with her Turkish oppressors.

We arrived in this celebrated valley in the latter part of the afternoon, after a somewhat fatiguing journey from Napoli. It is by no means extensive, but a deep and picturesque ravine, as it were, between the mountains. Our feelings on arriving at this consecrated ground were peculiar and delightful, and such as cannot be well appreciated by any but a medical man. We eagerly sought out what may be supposed to have been the ruins of the temple of the god of the healing art, dedicated to that deity, and built, it is believed, over the spot in this valley upon which he is related to have been born. We found in several places confused heaps of ruins, which, however, were not sufficiently defined to say positively to what character of edifice they belonged, or whether they were a part of the temple or of the ancient city of Epidaurus.

Desirous of rendering proper homage to our great tute-

lary divinity, we examined carefully every group of ruins, in order that we might be sure of doing justice to the great object of our visit, and, after inspecting them all with the hope that we might discover some fragment of the shrine upon which the votive offerings were placed, or one of those tablets upon which, it is said, the cures of the great physician were inscribed, and which might enable us to identify the actual locale of the temple and its altar, we gave up the search in despair; and concluded to select the great amphitheatre as the most suitable spot for the performance of the ceremonial we contemplated, and accordingly prepared the necessary material for commencing operations.

This immense theatre, incredible as it may seem, would accommodate within its enclosure, I should imagine, at least 30,000 persons. It is on the steep side, as usual, of one of the hills, and seemed to us, from its imposing grandeur and remarkable preservation, to be an appropriate place for our intended oblation to the god Esculapius.

Let us stop for a moment to say a few words of this wonderful ruin. With the exception of that of Trametzus in Greece, and the Coliseum at Rome, and that of Nismes in France, it is not only the largest, but the most perfectly preserved edifice of the kind existing anywhere; and it would seem, from the extraordinary width of the seats, being twice that of any other we had visited, that it was admirably adapted, if not specially designed, for the comfort of invalids, who probably resorted thither not only for the agreeable recreation of witnessing theatrical amusements and feats of gladiatorship, but also for medical treatment and advice under the renowned father of medicine in person. The poor as well as the rich, the lowly and the proud, the titled

prince and the commoner of the land, irresistibly attracted by his fame and his great deeds, especially as the surgeon both of Jason and Agamemnon, flocked hither from all parts of the Continent, and even from Asia Minor, and Egypt, and Rome, and the distant islands, to avail themselves of the consummate skill of the great master, who here, no doubt, within these noble walls, often personally officiated in his sacred rites and mysteries, and established, and held, and immortalized by his triumphant success, before tens of thousands of enraptured spectators, the first *great clinique* and *concours* of our healing art.

The consciousness that I might possibly be standing on the very spot once consecrated by the presence of the great father of medicine, and where he delivered his oracles to adoring multitudes, and that I too, perhaps, who might say, without egotism, that I had done the medical "state some service," was probably the only American surgeon who had ever visited this hallowed place, and that my voice, as once the commanding tones and inspired discourse of my great predecessor were, was now heard in its echoes through the same mountain ravine, produced together thrilling emotions of delight and trains of vivid thoughts, that language could but poorly portray.

It must be admitted, from historic evidence furnished by Homer and others of the siege of Troy, that even anterior to that remote period, both Esculapius and his two sons had unquestionably greatly distinguished themselves by remarkable cures in medicine or surgery, especially in the latter, to have attained a reputation so brilliant and extended as was that of these three famous Greeks. What they did probably within this beautiful valley, or within the enclosure of this magnificent am-

phitheatre, and in various other places, was no doubt as great for those days as have been for our times the exploits of professional men among the moderns.

As a traveller and humble representative of my profession from a new world, a *terra incognita* to him who has rendered this spot so illustrious and enduring in renown, I felt it my duty to make a propitiatory sacrifice to his revered memory and name, and to his wide-spread reputation as the ruling deity of our invaluable art. Having directed my servant, before leaving Napoli, to provide for me one of the tutelary emblems of Esculapius, the barnyard cock, of glossy black plumage, I now assembled my companions in the arena of the theatre to listen to a Grecian clinique by an American surgeon, and to witness the performance of a surgical operation which, I may venture to say, never before had been performed in this ancient land, even by Esculapius himself, or either of his gifted sons. The victim designated for this honourable sacrifice having been transported from Napoli on one of the baggage-horses, I requested my servant to introduce him into the arena. After a suitable exordium, setting forth the nature and gravity of the case, the solemnity and sacredness of the place, and the difficulty and importance of the operation about to be performed, I commenced, scalpel in hand, previously and properly denuding the neck of the feathers, to lay bare the common carotid artery of one side, the patient being firmly held upon one of the seats of the theatre, now again, after the lapse of 3000 years, to be devoted to anatomical and surgical uses. With the able assistance of my excellent friend and companion, Dr. Jackson, of New-York, after having laid bare the important vessel, and with proper caution separated it from the deep jugular vein and parvagum, I introduced carefully underneath it, by

means of a curved eyed probe, a silk ligature, and then tied the artery. After waiting a few moments, and finding that the animal, so far from experiencing any inconvenience from this modern and dangerous operation, submitted to it with a grace and heroic resolution befitting the distinguished honour conferred upon him, we concluded, upon consultation, to tie the carotid of the other side, which was also done in a similar manner. I remarked to the pupils present at this Greco-chirurgical clinique, that this was the *twentieth time* I had tied this important vessel, having performed it *nineteen* times on the living human subject in my native country. It is a coincidence not improper, perhaps, to mention, that shortly before leaving my own country the last time, I tied the carotid with success on a young man who, about a year before, had had the same artery tied on the other side, making perhaps the second remarkable instance of a human being recovering after both these great arteries had been successfully secured.

Though we found our feathered patient also had apparently sustained no serious injury, we deemed it suitable to the occasion to make a farther and more solemn sacrifice by dividing the spinal marrow of the intrepid chanticleer, and thereby terminating his martyrdom, and giving a brilliant finale to our ceremonies by offering up his whole life to the god of physic. The body was then transferred to one of the baggage-horses, and carried with us to Athens, where we arrived two days after. And, to complete the funereal rites, we there devoted his remains to the cause of gastronomy by having them served up to us in an excellent supper under the walls of the Parthenon; flattering ourselves at the same time with the consoling idea, that among the gorgeous array of canonized deities, heroes, kings, generals, orators, and

poets whose statues once adorned every summit and quarter of this proud city, she who was the tutelary goddess of Athens, Minerva, the protectress of science, and especially that form of this deity called *Minerva-Hygeia*, so named after a daughter of Esculapius, was looking down from the Acropolis with smiling approbation at this convivial result of our labours in honour of her renowned father. The last finishing-stroke was to secure from the wreck of the roasted victim an *os hyoides*, commonly called the *merry thought*, for my museum in America.

A few words more of Epidaurus and its wonderful monuments. Epidaurus was the mother-city of Ægina and Cos, and sent ten ships to Salamis, and eight hundred heavy-armed soldiers to Platæa. During the Peloponnesian war this province or kingdom was the ally of Sparta. Such was the veneration in which the Temple of Esculapius was held, that the Romans, in the year 461 of their city, during a dreadful pestilence, sent a deputation to Epidaurus to procure the sacred serpent, the symbol of the god of medicine; and which, it is related, was kept alive, concealed from all human eyes, within the sanctuary, and fed with the greatest care on milk and cakes. The request was refused. A vast amount of wealth accrued from the votive offerings deposited in the shrine, which was, in great part, plundered by the Roman general Sylla, to carry on the war against Mithridates. The divine honours paid to Esculapius were founded on his remarkable cures, and the reputation which he had acquired of having in some instances even raised the dead to life. Pluto, jealous that his dominions might thereby be defrauded, complained to Jupiter, who struck the great physician dead with a thunderbolt, in revenge for which Apollo killed the Cyclops who forged the bolt. Temples were then erected to him

in various places. He is generally represented in ancient sculptures and paintings with a staff, and coiled around it a serpent, for what reason is not known, unless it had reference to the serpent Python of the Nile, destroyed by Apollo, the father of Esculapius. The raven, as well as the cock, is also seen at his feet, the former having been changed by Apollo from white to black, in consequence of having rendered himself odious as the croaking tale-bearer that cast some imputations on Coronis, the mother of the god of medicine.

The animal, therefore, that we had selected for our sacrifice was peculiarly appropriate for the purpose, and the more so from its jet-black colour, which commemorated that of the degraded raven, that had wounded the honour of his house. The statue of Esculapius is also generally accompanied with those dwarf figures, or pigmies, or, as they are termed, vase gods, which are represented enveloped in garments, imaging forth, perhaps, a class of evil or good genii, who, as has been the current notion in all succeeding ages, and even in our own times, were supposed to have a mysterious influence in the production or cure of diseases. The descendants of Esculapius formed a *caste* called Asclepiades, who became a sort of itinerant doctors that were supposed to inherit his mysteries. He is deemed, also, to have been in mythological astronomy the *eighth* planet, and the same as the Egyptian Serapis, who also was the god of the healing art, and had a temple at Canopus, where important cures were performed, and an exact register kept of them; more than can be said of some of the less marvellous results of hospitals in our own times. Esculapius also shared some of the attributes of Morpheus, and patients were in the habit of resorting to his

temple to sleep therein, during which the god revealed to them the cure in their dreams.

The amphitheatre, we have no doubt, owed its construction to the god of the healing art. This remarkable structure is nearly preserved entire, with very few broken places in it. It is of immense height and compass, and we remarked, in various parts of the interior, small trees and thrifty bushes, the progeny, perhaps, of balsamic and healing plants, whose seeds were sown by the hand of the god. They were shooting up in all directions from the crevices and fissures in and about the stone seats, giving a wild and beautiful aspect to this romantic spot, and throwing over the whole of this splendid monument a cool, and fragrant, and refreshing shade.

We remarked in this magnificent amphitheatre, that the ranges of stone seats or steps were of nearly double the width of any other that we had visited or read of, affording thereby a more agreeable and comfortable resting or lounging place for the spectators; a rational explanation for which was readily brought to our excited imagination, in the supposition that this more agreeable arrangement was purposely designed for the better accommodation of the multitudes of cripples and invalids who flocked hither to listen to and consult the living oracles of the medicine god.

To complete my recollections of this sequestered and sacred place, I cut three walking-sticks, which I now preserve as choice mementoes of my *Grecian Mecca*.

As evening was advancing, we were obliged to *shorten our clinique*, having a considerable distance to ride before we reached the seacoast and our place of destination for that night. We now bade a last farewell to this lovely valley and its enchanting objects, and mount-

ing our horses, slowly wended our way over mountains, and rapid torrents, and through deep ravines, by fearful, and lonely, and often precipitous and dangerous passes, without a habitation or sign of living being to cheer us on our path. Frequently we rode through thickets and bosques higher than our heads, until at last we arrived in sight of the coast, after sunset, and a most fatiguing journey.

And now, for the first time in all our journeyings in the interior of this country, we were overtaken by a deluging rain, which poured down in torrents for hours, and drenched us to the skin. Near the seacoast we observed some small habitations, probably of fishermen, and by the time we arrived at the *khan* on the beach our condition was truly pitiable; but, after getting into the house, we found the host, though poor, exceedingly kind and obliging. Here, by means of a fire, we soon dried ourselves, and, after an humble repast, embarked before midnight, the wind being favourable, in a *caique* which we chartered to transport us to the Piræus.

We set sail under favourable auspices, but very shortly after leaving the coast the land-breeze died away, and we found ourselves in a complete calm. We now made our sleeping arrangements for the night. Most of the party took to the deck, such as it was, and laid down in the open air, wrapped in their blankets. For myself, I deemed it more prudent to crawl under the deck, and made my bed upon the sand ballast lying there. The weather being mild, I enjoyed, notwithstanding my pebbly couch, a very refreshing sleep, rendered by the pleasant and pure zephyrs of the often and justly lauded Ægean Sea, more agreeable than any I had had on land, except at Napoli.

As the morning dawned we came in sight of the

famous island of Ægina, and, with a gentle breeze springing up, we passed in full view of the truly superb ruins, situated upon one of the heights of the island, and familiarly known to all who traverse these seas, as one of the most ancient and celebrated temples in Greece, and which was erected to Jupiter, under the name of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. A greater number of massive and imposing columns are extant in this ruin than in any other we had seen or visited. Some, in truth, pronounce it the most interesting and picturesque ruin in Greece. It is of the Doric style of architecture, built by a colony of that most powerful tribe in Greece, the Dorians, who early settled here.

Ægina derives its name from a lady so called, who, after having been kidnapped from the home of her father Æsopus by that notorious old libertine Jupiter, under the disguise of his favourite eagle, was brought to this island. The island, though now fertile, is said to have been anciently so steril that it continued for a long time uninhabited, until Jupiter, in consideration, probably, of the solicitations of Ægina, converted the swarms of ants into men. They then devoted themselves, of necessity, to commercial pursuits, and are even said to have been the first dealers in *hard currency*, or *specie circulation*, having been the primitive coiners of a gold medium of exchange, and also the first inventors of a regular measure. They advanced so rapidly in mercantile rank and power, that they for a long time disputed supremacy with their neighbours of Athens; and when Darius the Persian demanded submission from the Greeks, the people of Ægina are said to have acquiesced in his authority out of spite to the Athenians, and to obtain security for their commerce on the coast of Asia Minor. For this they were punished by the

Spartans, and came into harness again with the Greek confederacy at the invasion by Xerxes, and exhibited such prodigies of valour at Salamis, that, by universal admission, they bore off the palm from all, even from Athens. But Pericles subsequently avenged the Athenians of this humiliation, and of their ancient hate and jealousy, by overpowering the brave islanders with his fleet of seventy sail, which resulted in their total submission to that imperial potentate.

In the course of the afternoon we found ourselves again safely entering the celebrated port of Piræus, which now seemed, after our perilous wanderings, almost like another home, especially to those cherished friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, who had been our constant companions.

On landing, we quickly set out for our long-desired and much-beloved Athens.

Though I have frequently spoken of the degraded and abject poverty of the modern Greeks, yet our visit, with all its ills and privations, was made a most delightful one, and will ever be fruitful of the most agreeable recollections.

Few of our countrymen have made so extensive a journey into the interior as we have, and without any serious accident; for which, in the then disturbed state of the country, we cannot be too thankful and happy.

On our return to Athens we found our friends very anxious about us, as two murders had just been committed near to the city.

Even one of our missionaries, who had been on a journey to the Peloponnesus, returned before us, in consequence of the country being infested with robbers.

There is but one hope, in my opinion, for the regeneration of this once classic and brave people, and that is in disseminating the blessings of education. The axe is

certainly laid at the root of the evil, as we have already said, in the meritorious and indefatigable exertions of our most worthy and excellent missionaries. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon them and their God-like labours. They have directed their attention to the rising generation in establishing schools for the children, and their success is already beyond every expectation. Should the country remain sufficiently tranquil for ten years to come, the light of education and Christian knowledge will be let in upon them, and will dispel the gloom of midnight darkness which everywhere shrouds and overhangs this fairy land of the hero and the poet. These schools are to be the nursing fathers and the nursing mothers, the heralds of the future promise of the Greeks. They will be the true benefactors of their race. The present adult Greeks are sunk too low in all the vices of Oriental indolence ever to be resuscitated. It is not in their moral, mental, or physical organization ever to be reformed or regenerated. In this opinion I have not been precipitate or hasty. It has not been drawn from a survey of the far-famed Athenian or Attican; but I have had an opportunity of seeing the Theban in his mountain and his capital, the Lebadean in his capital and on his beautiful plain, the Delphian about his rugged cliffs, and the inhabitant of the mighty snow-topped Parnassus. I have viewed the whole line, from the long stretch of Mount Helicon to near the highest summit of Parnassus, from Acro-Corinth to the plains of Argos in the Morea, and but one strong feature reigns through the whole.

But what must have been the character and condition of these people, when pilgrimages were made by thousands from other lands to worship at their shrines and their temples; when poets, and heroes, and emperors

came to enter the caves and fissures in their rocks and mountains, to consult and interrogate their mystic oracles in these hidden recesses, and to learn from them their future destiny. Poor deluded victims of fable, of folly, and of superstition!

Inexplicable and humiliating must the fact ever seem to us, that a people whose genius had reached so extreme an elevation of intellectual culture in architecture, sculpture, poetry, oratory, in military and commercial glory, and all the ennobling and refined arts of life, could have had their reason and their faith so completely absorbed and seduced, as it was, by the dreamy allegories and complicated machinery of a fanciful system of polytheism. Yet to this unphilosophical, but beautiful mythology, which pervaded every thought of their life, do we owe not only a vast portion of their admirable literature, but those magnificent monuments which everywhere enrich and embellish their land, and which all the world adore, while they mourn over the bewildering infatuation and impassioned idolatry which those monumental remains imbody, and express under forms so captivating. Forever must we still exclaim with Byron:

"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense ache with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon.
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore,
Boast of the aged, lesson of the young,
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore."

EGYPT.

After reposing for a few days at Athens, and enjoying the society of our much-esteemed friends there, we made the necessary arrangements to take passage for the Archipelago in one of the French steam-ships-of-war for conveying the mail, and which was to touch at the Piræus in a few days. She arrived at the appointed time; and now, bidding an affectionate farewell to our much-endeared Athenian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Perdicaris, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. Pittakys, Dr. Raisor, &c., embarked in her for the island of *Syra*. We found the commander, as in all this line of mail steamers, gentlemanly and agreeable, a skilful mariner, and in every way well fitted for his important duties. The accommodations were excellent, and we were always treated more as friends and companions, or invited guests, than as strangers or mere passengers from whom any compensation was to be expected. We are happy in having this public opportunity of returning our warmest acknowledgments for the polite treatment we have received from the able officers in command of these French vessels throughout all the East; as we have had numerous opportunities, during our excursions in the Mediterranean, of testing their capacities and participating in their courtesies. We would on all occasions recommend to our countrymen and travellers, to give the preference, in their journeyings in these seas, to this mode of conveyance.

After a pleasant trip to the island of *Syra*, anciently Syros, the great point of rendezvous for steam-vessels,

we were immediately transferred, while in the beautiful bay of the island, and without landing, to the steam-ship ready to proceed on her route to Egypt.

We observed, from the yellow flag that was flying from her mast, that she was in quarantine, and had therefore come from a region infected with the plague; and it may easily be conceived what our feelings were in passing to a vessel of this description, knowing, as we did, that the moment we touched her, we should be considered among the number of the infected, and be rigidly interdicted from all communication with the shore, and with every boat or person belonging to the island. This unpleasant transhipment created still more disagreeable sensations, when we reflected that we were departing still farther from home, and from our families and friends; and plunging into new scenes and into greater dangers, perhaps those of pestilence and death, the contingencies of which we could not anticipate without some degree of apprehension. But as we had made up our minds to the expedition, with a full knowledge beforehand of the dangers to which we should be exposed, we resolved to persevere at least with a good grace in the undertaking we had projected.

Directly after arriving on board, my attention was diverted from these gloomy thoughts by the arrival alongside of an open rowboat from the island, with the American missionary, Dr. Robinson, and a part of his family. He hailed the ship, and requested my professional advice for one of his children; for, though I had only been but a few hours in the port, and not at all on shore, he had, it seems, heard of me, and was resolved, at the risk of my infected position, to avail himself of my professional services. I descended down the side of the ship to the water's edge, and there held communion with my little

patient in the boat, which was kept at a respectful distance. Although this was somewhat of an Oriental mode of practice, with the exception that I could see the patient, though not touch the pulse, I adapted myself to the novel circumstances under which I was placed, and, with the intelligent account rendered to me of the disease of the child by its father and mother, I was enabled to make up a satisfactory opinion, and recommend a suitable prescription.

We shortly after weighed anchor, and proceeded on our way to Alexandria, in Egypt. We passed a variety of islands in our route, among them Paros and Antiparos, generally high and rocky, and apparently steril. It was at Paros that Miltiades, after the glorious victory he obtained at Marathon, was shorn of his laurels by his unsuccessful attempt to reduce the island to submission. Paros was famous for its quarry of marble of a homogeneous, close texture, that hardened on exposure to air, and was therefore preferred by Praxiteles and others for sculpture. Of this is the Medicean Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, Antinous, &c. The Pentelican was more convenient to Athens, and whiter, but, from its being coarser grained, was subject to exfoliations and decay. The most remarkable and important event connected with Paros was the discovery and disinterment of the marbles called the *Parian Chronicle*, which contain a chronology of Grecian history for over 1200 years, counting from the time of Cecrops, 1450 B.C. Antiparos, the smallest of the two, was famous for its deep grotto, supposed to have submarine communication with other islands. The last island in our route, before leaving the Archipelago, was the celebrated Crete, now called *Candia*. This is by far the most considerable in size, and had an ap-

pearance of much greater cultivation and fertility than any of the islands we had yet seen.

Crete has played an important *rôle* in the history of the Mediterranean. It was here that Theseus, the gallant son of Ægeus, king of Athens, slew the monster *Minotaur*, that fed on Athenian children. It was here that *Minos* early reigned, and instituted his great code of liberty and equality, and which subjected the youth, like the Spartans, to frugality, temperance, and severe hardships; to the study of arms, the rudiments of education, and music. By these laws, however, which wisely differed from the *agrarian* code of Lacedæmon, and permitted every citizen to accumulate what he could by his industry, Crete rose to great commercial power and wealth. In the Trojan war Idomeneus, king of Crete, furnished no less than eighty ships, a number nearly equal to the entire fleet of Agamemnon. But, like all other parts of the world, Crete, from its day of splendour and power, when it could boast, it is said, of one hundred cities, degenerated into the grossest depravity, for which Paul so severely reproaches them, and which led finally to their subjugation to the Romans under Metellus, who was on that account called Metellus Creticus. A towering peak, called Mount Ida, is in Crete. The island is about 270 miles by 50, and produces, besides a variety of fruits, oil, silk, &c., chalk in such great abundance that this substance, in the Materia Medica, is denominated *Creta*.

My esteemed friend and distinguished countryman, General Cass, has written a learned and very elaborate account of this island.

After a voyage of between four and five days, during which nothing special occurred to mar the pleasure of our very agreeable society on board, we at length de-

scried the coast of Egypt, which appeared in the distance, what it in reality is, a low, extended, cheerless waste of sand, recognisable from the blue waters only by its white glare, without a solitary tree, or shrub, or verdant spot to be seen.

The first objects that relieved this deathlike monotony and attracted our notice, were *Pompey's Pillar* and *Cleopatra's Needle;* famous and most enduring monuments of Egyptian antiquity, and not less interesting as most serviceable guides or landmarks, during the day at least, to the mariner traversing this coast.

As we neared the land, we very soon distinguished a number of large ships-of-war just leaving the harbour of *Alexandria*, and making a most imposing appearance as they successively loosened sail and got under way. We remarked, after they had reached a certain distance in the offing, that each fired a salute and hove to, which, we were informed by our commodore, was the general custom for Egyptian ships-of-war, denoting that they had safely passed over the bar at the mouth of the port.

These vessels, which were large and beautiful frigates, nearly of as fine models as our own, and built, we believe, at Alexandria by American naval architects, comprised a part of the Viceroy Mohammed Ali's fleet. We soon now began to discover the form of the coast and the entrance of the harbour, which contained the remainder of the fleet at anchor. The town was so low as to be almost obscured behind the shipping.

On entering the bay or harbour, which is quite spacious, we discerned on our left a range of fine edifices, which are the palaces and appurtenances of the viceroy. It was a rapturous sight, as we passed up, to behold once more, and to greet with proud exultation our own beloved "star-spangled banner" waving majestically in the

Egyptian breeze, in the land of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. What made it more delightful was, that, amid the flags of all other nations, and of every variety of colour and device, from the crescent to the cross, it was the only representative of our country; and what still yet enhanced our pleasure, was to find that it streamed from the masthead of a brig from our own dear New-York. We soon came to anchor, and immediately landed in a small boat upon the sandy shore, for there was neither wharf nor pier. Each of our party now mounted a donkey, which are always found ready there for such services, and proceeded to a comfortable French hotel, within the better part of the city, at a short distance from where we landed.

Our baggage was brought upon the back of a camel. After reposing a few hours, which we greatly needed from the excessive heat, we sat down to a substantial good dinner, prepared in the French style. Towards evening we rambled about the city, and now, for the first time, felt the exhausting effects of Egyptian heat; for during our repose at the hotel, the wind had changed from coming off the sea, to the land-breeze, or *kamseen*, from the desert; and of all the hot, dry, suffocating, enervating, and oppressive winds we ever felt, this surpasses. "Well," said I to my companions, on emerging from the door of the hotel, "if this is a sample of what we are to have, how is it possible for us to exist in it?" We all remarked, as with one sentiment, "It is as hot as an oven." It truly seemed to us utterly incompatible with existence. Though it was no later than the month of May, the extreme elevation of temperature had reached from 95° to 100° of Fahrenheit. What, then, we said to ourselves, ought we to look for in an Egyptian midsummer? The natives and foreigners, who appear-

ed to be perfectly conversant with the climate, had mostly deserted the streets, and sought shelter in their houses. We limited our walk to a search for the residence of our consul, *Mr. Gliddon*, whose house we shortly reached. Our object was to counsel with him on the steps we were to take in our contemplated journey into the interior, as, from the very warm reception we had just met with and were now experiencing, we deemed it a grave subject of consideration what course we ought to adopt for facing future evils. He received us with great kindness and courtesy, and furnished us with every information and assistance necessary for fitting us out. I was forcibly struck, upon entering his apartments, with the marvellous difference of temperature between them and the external air. Here, for the first time in my life, was I made most fully sensible of the value and importance of closing all the openings of a house, and thus shutting out the air and light, and with it the heat. In remarking to Mr. Gliddon the comparatively cool and comfortable temperature of his rooms, he replied, that the method he adopted to accomplish it was the only way by which they could live in Egypt. There was a difference, certainly, of at least from eight to ten degrees between the air inside and out, which we found to be the case also at our hotel, and by which we were enabled to obtain a refreshing night's repose.

The modern city of Alexandria stands upon the site and ruins of the famous ancient capital. We occupied the next day with an Arab guide in visiting every object of interest in and about the city, and also the ancient ruins. Our exploring cavalcade in search of antiquities presented to ourselves rather a grotesque and ludicrous aspect, but to the eyes of the natives, it would seem, we

had a very distingué and stylish appearance. Our cicerone was *Mustapha*, the janizary of our consul, who was rather an important personage, and preceded us with a drawn sword. Our party, four in number, were mounted on small donkeys about the size of calves, each followed by a small negro running on foot. Being desirous of tarrying as short time as possible in the fierce solar heat, we spurred our cavalry up to the top of their speed, and made them travel through the narrow, dirty lanes, at a pace they probably had never been accustomed to. This, with our broad chip hats and umbrellas, and the laughter which the whole scene excited among us, created astonishment with the rabble, and was a source of peculiar chagrin to Mustapha, who fretted himself very much, and solemnly protested that the levity of our conduct would compromise his character, and our unmerciful treatment of the donkeys put them *hors* (*horse*) *de combat*. He went so far in his rage as to tell us that his master was mistaken in our cloth, or he would not have confided us to the keeping of so dignified a personage as he, the said Mustapha, deemed himself to be. The cantering of a jackass was considered by him an act of sacrilege, and, as an evidence of his own ideas of decency and humane feeling, he furiously ran over a poor little naked Arab boy, and then cursed him for daring to murmur. To show the crude notions that are current among *gentlemen* of the exalted rank of Mustapha, he told us that, but for the viceroy's conscript law, Alexandria would be what she was, he said, in the days of Cleopatra, the greatest city in the world.

The modern buildings of Alexandria are of stone, and of several stories high, and appear to be of an approved construction, and among them the most considerable

were long ranges of modern-built warehouses, which we found, upon inquiry, were built and owned by Mohammed Ali, as magazines for wheat, cotton, tobacco, rice, and other products of this fertile country. The streets in this portion are not as narrow as in many parts of Italy.

A number of the ships-of-war in the pacha's fleet are from 90 to 120 gun vessels, all manned by Egyptians. The present city of Alexandria contains about 30,000 inhabitants, consisting of the ancient Copts, Arabians, Nubians, Ethiopians, and Caucasians, besides some Italians and French. Here is, indeed, the greatest variety of features that can be imagined, collected by the central position of Alexandria from all the four quarters of the earth. It was a *tableau vivant* to me particularly interesting, as it afforded so excellent an opportunity for studying the different varieties of the human race, and their traits of character, as illustrated by the peculiarities of complexion, physiognomy, and organization. From the most absolute, unequivocal, and deep black skin of the Nubian, that could possibly be conceived, to the fair Caucasian, with all the intermediate shades, the scene presented a mixture and diversity of the human race that no country in the world, probably, but modern Egypt can furnish.

The site of ancient Alexandria is a dreary waste of sandhills, stones, and fragments of bricks and household utensils, to remind the traveller that here was once the abode of human beings; that in a circumference of 15 miles was a city containing from 3 to 400,000 of the human race. Where are they gone? Where is the once famous Alexandrian Library, the then wonder of the world? not even a wreck of it is left behind. On this waste of sand, nothing stands but the huge obelisk

of Egyptian granite, called Cleopatra's Needle, of one entire piece, larger than the sandstone Obelisk of Luxor, in the Place Louis Quinze at Paris; and the beautiful colossal Pillar of Pompey, of the same stone. This last is a round pillar of exquisite workmanship, and also of one entire piece. These are the only mementoes in this sandy waste to call to one's mind what the city was in the days of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and Cleopatra.

The ruins are in the immediate environs of the modern city, and are a mass of rubbish, partly submerged in the sand of the desert. They look like the confused masses of brick and mortar after one of our ravaging fires. In many places, however, the cellars of the ancient buildings were apparent, and could be penetrated without difficulty. These remains of the old capital are several acres in extent, and, taken in connexion with what must have disappeared, show that a vast population, as all historic authority agrees, must have for ages existed in this once favourite capital of the great Macedonian conqueror, Alexander; and which he honoured with his name and adorned with his munificent patronage, and with that wondrous library, which contained all the science, learning, and literature then extant. Excavations are from time to time being made, and various antiques, such as coins and other articles, are found in abundance. The only objects worthy of particular notice, of a monumental kind, are the Needle and Pillar, already mentioned.

These are vast *monoliths* of the Sienite of Egypt, hard, compact, and of gray colour, being of the peculiar variety of that primitive formation of rock found at Siena, in the mountain ranges of Upper Egypt. They are every way worthy of the grandeur of the ancient archi-

tecture of this country, and did not disappoint us, as some things in Greece did, by their size falling short of our expectations. They are both of great height.

Pompey's Pillar stands about half a mile from the city, on a sandy elevation, and makes a most conspicuous and magnificent appearance. My own impression is, that it is probably one of a series of columns that once adorned some vast edifice. It is smooth, perfectly cylindrical, and highly polished, with a regular pediment and beautiful capital. There is not a vestige of inscription upon it, and it is in every respect as perfect and unmutilated as though finished but yesterday, though it has stood there, in all probability, over 3000 years. How this and the needle have been so miraculously preserved through all the desolating wars and visitations of hordes of Greeks, Romans, Persians, Saracens, and Turks, in their successive conquests, is to us an enigma perfectly inexplicable.

Cleopatra's Needle is nearer the modern city, and, though thus named, is doubtless far more ancient than the Pillar, and of more pure Egyptian architecture, being, as is familiarly known, an obelisk covered with hieroglyphics, most beautifully executed, and in excellent preservation. That both the pillar and the needle, though they derive their present names from some imaginary and poetic association in later times with the loves of Pompey and Cleopatra, were built for ages before the time of those individuals, by monarchs who little dreamed that their character would be thus profaned, is proved by the fact that the hieroglyphics on one side of the needle, or obelisk, are exclusively devoted to a narration of the deeds of the famous Egyptian conqueror, that other Napoleon or Alexander, SESOSTRIS, whose history covers, indeed, the façade of almost every temple,

obelisk, or column now extant in that country. He was the first of the nineteenth dynasty, and existed at least 1400 years before Christ. Within a few feet of this obelisk is a second, which is prostrate, and partly buried in the sand. Our cicerone Mustapha assured us that the prostrate obelisk emitted sounds of music, in the same manner as, it is said, the colossal statue of Memnon at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, does when struck with the rays of the morning sun. Since this fabulous story was put in circulation, some 3000 years ago, and when, it is possible, as is conjectured, the priests kept a man inside of Memnon, like the boy in Maelzel's automaton, to make the music and astonish the multitude, this property of spontaneous self-supplying harmony has been found a very convenient bait to whet the marvel-loving appetite of tourists, and has accordingly been transferred to sundry other ancient ruins of Egypt. How much of credence is to be attached to it we leave others to say. The needle, like the pillar, is a complete and entire work, and in not the slightest manner defaced.

I broke off a fragment of each with some difficulty, as a memento, not only of the monuments, but as specimens of the geological character of the rock from which these immense shafts were taken and dressed by the chisel, and, by some machinery or process now unknown to us, transported several hundred miles down the Nile to the seashore.

The only other objects worthy of particular mention are the extensive Catacombs, or sepulchral caverns wrought in the solid rock, on the margin of the sea, and the beautiful *Baths of Cleopatra*, near by, which are cut out of the same rock, and which are actually washed and filled by the sea.

We entered the Catacombs by a very narrow pass-

age opening towards the sea, and by the aid of torches passed from one large chamber to another, the ceilings of which were ten to fifteen feet high. Though the rock which was quarried out of these strata was no doubt used for building, the original intention of these excavations was, it is equally certain, to appropriate them for the interment of the dead. We saw in them a number of niches, which, from their shape, were evidently for the reception of bodies, and in various places we found human bones scattered about.

The baths were so clean and inviting, as the waves rudely dashed into them, that my companions were tempted to cool themselves from the excessive heat with this refreshing luxury.

Ancient Alexandria is supposed in its circuit of fifteen miles to have once contained not only 300,000 free citizens, but as many slaves. It was built by Alexander as the seat of his empire, and the emporium of commerce with the Indies, which it continued to be to the time of the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

Alexander the Great, after a brief reign of twelve years, in which he conquered Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, Persia, and India, died at the early age of 32, at Babylon, and was buried in a golden coffin, by his distinguished general and half-brother Ptolemy, at the town of Alexandria, and worshipped with divine honours. The sarcophagus that enclosed the coffin was recovered in 1802 by Dr. Clarke, and perfectly identified. It is now in the British Museum. Ptolemy had, previous to the death of Alexander, been assigned to the governorship of Egypt, and afterward became the first of the Egyptian kings of that race.

Save those two solitary and exquisitely-elaborated shafts which remain on this spot, and project their beau-

tiful forms so gracefully upon the horizon, standing amid the crumbling and misshapen masses of ruins at their base, and eloquently speaking, as they point to the heavens, of the gorgeous splendours of this once renowned capital, and of the generations that have successively lived and flourished here and gone to other worlds, there is nothing that can in the faintest degree imbody to the imagination any conception of what this great emporium was in other days. There is no doubt, by what is recorded in the hieroglyphics on the obelisk, that Alexandria was a mighty city for ages before the time of Alexander, who enlarged and adorned it, and gave it his name. But who could believe that here, also, after him, reigned for several hundred years that long and illustrious, yet (like all other monarchical dynasties of the world) blood-stained line of the Ptolemies, who were so famed for their cultivation and protection of letters and the arts? Such was the renown of the Ptolemies, that statues were erected to them at Athens in front of that celebrated structure the Odeon, built by Pericles in honour of the victory at Salamis over Xerxes, and the roof of which was formed of the masts, and spars, and spoils of the Persian fleet. The Odeon was burned by Sylla, and rebuilt by King Ariobarzanes. Here, too, at Alexandria, that divine and accomplished, but depraved queen, Cleopatra, ruled in imperial magnificence, and shared the throne in incestuous marriage, as was then the usage, with her two brothers; till, repudiated by one, and the murderess of the other, her wretched life was terminated by her own hands, in frantic despair at the supposed death of her infatuated paramour, the Roman general and triumvir, Marcus Antonius.

The *Mareotic* Lake lies just out of the town, in the rear of Pompey's Pillar, and is now used for the manu-

facture of salt. It was once drained, but the exhalations that arose from the marsh and stagnant water that remained, were found to be exceedingly noxious, in consequence of which the water was again readmitted. We can very easily understand why the old city of Alexandria, and even the modern one, should have become unhealthy, from the action of the rays of the sun upon an extensive surface of wet sand and mud, left after the draining of this lake; and that even the plague in this country should follow the intemperate and sultry heats, operating upon such a prolific laboratory of deleterious miasms, rendered more active and injurious by their admixture with the infected air of the filthy and overcrowded cabins and shanties of the poor Arabs in various parts of the city and suburbs.

The air of Alexandria and its environs, from its dryness and heat, may nevertheless be conducive to the relief of pulmonary invalids, and the more so from the occasional mixture with it of paludal exhalations, as it is familiarly known in all countries that consumptions never or rarely occur in marshy and fenny districts.

This fact has been well established in modern times in Europe, where the climate is equable, but it does not hold in our country, where marsh exhalations, or the malaria of our river and lake bottoms, are no guarantee against the pernicious influence which our sudden and extreme alternations of temperature produce upon the lungs.

Celsus, in recommending Alexandria to his Roman countrymen as a place for pulmonary invalids, may have had reference to the condition of the climate which we have stated. He says particularly that there is scarcely a day there that the sky is not bright and serene, from the tranquil state of the air. We have no doubt, how-

ever, that the excessive heats that prevail most of the year would be too exhausting for most pulmonary patients.

Near Alexandria is the Bay of Aboukir, which recalled to us the famous naval battle of the Nile by Lord Nelson, one of the most brilliant victories in the annals of the British empire. It was, perhaps, the most sanguinary, except that of Trafalgar, and for the few hours that it lasted, reddened the sea with its dreadful carnage. The French and English blood spilled on this occasion exceeded, perhaps, in amount, all that ever was shed in the boasted ancient naval conflicts in these seas for the last 3000 years, from the time of the Trojan war under Agamemnon to the present day.

But what avails these triumphs of modern times, and what advantages have been gained to the sum of human happiness by such wanton havoc of the human race? What feelings of sadness and humiliation must naturally come over the mind of the traveller when, standing on this dreary and now silent waste of sand, he reflects on that horrid and wilful slaughter by contending hosts, calling themselves Christian beings, and whose mutilated bodies here once crimsoned the innocent wave with their gore. Alas for poor human nature! where are the actors now?

Having made our arrangements and laid in our stock of provision, we now embarked on board an open canal boat, and, bidding adieu to Alexandria for the present, proceeded on the Mahmoudiah Canal, so called, built a few years since by Mohammed Ali, and connecting, by an excavation of fifty miles through the desert, the sea-coast at Alexandria with the River Nile.

It is a respectable work, which does much credit to the enterprise of the viceroy, and through this channel

passes nearly the entire commerce of Egypt. We met a great number of boats coming down, and laden with produce of every kind, particularly wheat and cotton. As usual in other countries, we were drawn by horses on the banks, and at a very good rate of speed. We had set out in the morning, and arrived a little before evening at the little town called *Atph*, on the Nile.

The river is here of good width. We now left our canal-boat, and embarked on board of one of the common sailboats of the Nile, which we had chartered to convey us to Cairo. These craft are an open sort of scow, flat, and rather narrow, and ordinarily with two masts and two large lateen sails, and some of them provided with an apology for a cabin, into which the passengers may creep during the night. They are without beds, blankets, chairs, or any accommodations whatever, and are manned by Arabs, and by natives of every part of Egypt and even Nubia; the latter being as black as the Ethiopian, but with better formed features, and certainly, we should judge, of superior intellectual capacities to the common African from Guinea that we occasionally see in our country.

In these boats every passenger must provide his own comforts in the way of bedding and food; and for the matter of sleep, he is abundantly well taken care of during the night by armies of vermin, of a far more venomous description than anything we should imagine that Moses called into being, or that we had yet encountered in our travels, not excepting the battle-ground of Marathon. Of this we had a very fair sample the first night of our voyage up the Nile. The setting of the sun seemed to be the signal for them to commence their nightly revels, and they accordingly came out in legions and cohorts from their crevices and hiding-places during

the day, and committed most painful depredations on our American blood, interfering materially with our slumbers. They are, to a certain extent, *hydrophobic*, but the element of water is not fatal to them; for, notwithstanding the sinking of boats, or even of men, they seem to have life-preservers, and to possess the means of surviving all disasters "by flood or field," that they may carry on their implacable war upon the human species. It is a common practice, before chartering the boats, to submerge them as well as the crew, with the vain hope, that, when both parties rise again, they shall be emancipated and disembarrassed of these unpleasant companions. But this is not the case; for they cling with a pertinacity as incomprehensible as it is painful to the traveller; the captain and crews being apparently, in every sense of the word, perfectly bug-proof against every annoyance of this kind. Native blood, probably, from the miserable penury and impoverished diet of the inhabitants, enjoys a degree of immunity from these insect invasions, while a fresh supply of the rich and wholesome American juice would seem to be a delicious treat. Fond as the Egyptians, in their worship, were of dogs, cats, lizards, snakes, alligators, toads, and beetles, we imagine that the class of coleopterous insects we have been speaking of were religiously excluded from their category of household gods, or the people of the olden time must have had skins tougher than the hide of their own favourite idol the hippopotamus. Happy for Moses and his companions, miraculously, through God's providence, spared from these marauders, that would have so sorely afflicted his people in their bondage, and drained the cup of bitterness to its dregs.

The Nile boats are ordinarily manned by a *reis* or captain, with from ten to fifteen oarsmen, who alternate-

ly row, or tow the boat by a line on shore, or attend to the sails when the wind will permit. Notwithstanding their awkward build, and clumsy rigging, and flattish bottoms, they are the fleetest boats, and sail the nearest to the wind of any we have ever seen, not excepting our famous pilot-boats. This must be owing to the peculiar form of the lateen sail.

The river presents on both sides fertile alluvial banks, which, when the water is low, as it was at the present time, appear in many places of considerable height. At intervals we came to small villages, which were nothing more than clusters of wretched mud cabins, surrounded often, however, by luxuriant fields of grain, tobacco, and maize, which latter was of a growth so much larger and taller than the stinted apology for our Indian corn we had seen in Europe, that it gave the scenery in this part of Egypt, to us, a homelike and cheering aspect.

The river being low at this season (May), sandbars were visible in great abundance, and often, during the day, a number of our men were obliged to leap overboard, which they did as nimbly and as readily as their own crocodiles, to push the boat off as often as she grounded, which happened many times during the day and night.

We frequently landed, during the day, at some of the principal villages, in search of provision, which, in some of the more considerable towns, we found at the market-places. We were occasionally enabled to procure tolerable mutton and fowls at moderate prices, the former under such circumstances as were not calculated to have made it very acceptable except to our keen appetites. There was, in fact, no such place as a regular market. The sheep are most slovenly and disgustingly slaughtered on the ground in the open sun, and the pur-

chasers had to contend with numerous and greedy competitors in the shape of swarms of flies, which seemed ready to devour the carcass entire before it could get to the hands of the cook. We found abundance of excellent cucumbers, tomatoes, and watermelons, which proved an acceptable and refreshing addition to our meals. Occasionally we met with fresh-baked bread, quite palatable, and in the form of thin pancakes; also apricots and tobacco. Some of the hucksterwomen had an apology for a market-house, in awnings made of palm-leaves to shelter them from the burning sun. The prices of articles were very cheap: chickens, four *piastres* (20 sous) apiece, apricots three piastres, &c. Frequently, when the above articles could not be had, we resorted to the expedient of supplying our larder by depredating on the flocks of pigeons. These are of the domestic variety, and multiply in such prodigious numbers that they sometimes almost darken the air, like our wild species in the Western States. They fly about in tens of thousands along the shore, and are made common property of by travellers.

When landing at the mud villages or elsewhere, we were carried ashore on the shoulders of some of our Arab crew, who accompanied us to keep off their poor naked countrymen, who otherwise, but for the hearty kicks they received, would have teased us to death with their importunities for *buksheech*, as they call money. They swarm worse than flies, and seem to be literally a nation of beggars; yet do they appear happy in their misery. Every mud hut almost turned out half a dozen or more brats, who frisked about like gnats in the sun. From their bronze and tawny skin, they might readily be taken for groups of young papooses, and their parents for genuine American squaws

and Indians; but they are infinitely more nimble and industrious than our lazy, lounging aborigines.

Under seventeen the children are left to run literally stark naked. After that period both sexes wear a girth, and some of the females a short blue petticoat, which is but a sad apology for a covering. We saw many of the boys *minus* a finger from the right hand, purposely cut off by their parents, as we were informed, to prevent their being pressed into the pacha's service; all of which one of the little fellows made exceedingly intelligible to us by the vivid gestures and pantomime for which the Arabs are renowned.

The loss of one eye, also, is not uncommon, and, though generally imputable to the destructive ophthalmia of this country, is sometimes, we were told, the result of design, to procure the same exemption which is obtained by mutilation of the hand.

The finger-nails of the women, with the Eastern, or, rather, Asiatic notions of beauty, are died a reddish yellow with henna, which, with jet-black hair and eyes, and teeth of exquisite whiteness, give them a singular appearance. We saw on our route but one pretty Arab girl. She was about fifteen, and carrying a jar of water on her head, which was partly covered by a veil, disclosing, however, a large black eye and dimpled cheek. Except for the veil, she was perfectly naked.

The features of some of the men possess great symmetry and delicacy, and are strikingly handsome. Their eyes are deep black and peculiarly piercing. Their forms are generally slender, and the muscles, owing to their constant use, and so much walking and hard labour, are developed in harmonious proportions. They are seldom encumbered by adipose matter. Their heads are shaved close, and but few of them have beards.

Their ribs are very prominent, the stomach much depressed, and the skin of a copper colour, but rough and cracked by the torrid sun.

The pigeon-cotes are small conical houses, shaped like sugar-loaves, and, from their height being greater than the mud-cabin edifices of their owners, are frequently the first objects seen among the beautiful waving foliage of the palm-trees.

One of the odd things we remarked on the Nile in various places are the buffaloes, which occupy the place of our tamed cattle, and are often observed coming down in herds to the river to drink, and to enjoy the cooling luxury of bathing in the stream, in which they sometimes remain for hours with their bodies totally immersed, and the tip end of their noses only above the water.

We also saw these animals employed at work on the banks, turning curious and awkward machines, to raise the water, to the height, in many places, of some ten to twenty feet, for the purpose of irrigating the fields. At other times, we observed the water raised by means of a bucket attached to the middle of a rope, swung by a man at each end.

In various places, also, along the shore, we saw long trains of loaded camels, with their naked drivers, and women in a state, if possible, of still greater nudity, filling jars of water near the margin of the river. Besides multitudes of pigeons, we saw pelicans, gulls, hawks, numerous flocks of cranes, and other water-fowl that naturally frequent in such abundance, as they have done from time immemorial, a river so prolific as the Nile is in furnishing from its mud exhaustless sources of food to these descriptions of the feathered race.

The water of the Nile at this season, though low, was running in a rapid current, and of a yellow colour, re-

sembling that of the Seine and the Tiber, from the sand which it brings down. When first taken from the stream it is unfit for use, from its foreign admixtures; but, when left to settle for half an hour, becomes transparent, and, from the earthen vessels used being porous, and admitting of transudation, and therefore evaporation, it is rapidly cooled to a temperature that seems almost icy, thereby forming a delicious drink. This is one of the really ingenious and most useful applications of chemistry come down to us from the earliest periods of Egyptian history.

The river is very winding, but the appearance of the country monotonous, and such as we have described it. The Nile, the boast and pride of ancient and modern Egypt, is not one third the size of our majestic Hudson; but justly was it denominated, from its fertilizing properties, the queen of rivers, and even deified by the ancients, who resided on its borders and frequented its waters. One very singular feature of it is, that, for a course of ONE THOUSAND miles, it receives no tributary stream. The frightfully dry and burned-up state of the whole alluvial and sandy tract on its borders, indicates the salutary and benign influence of the inundation of these regions by the rising and swelling of its waters. To all appearance, this dreary and monotonous waste, would, without it, be inhospitable to man and animals, and the whole of the vegetable creation would languish and die. The most interesting associations of sacred history connected with this river and the adjacent country, give an abiding interest to its otherwise desolate and mournful wastes. The little clusters of human habitations are built of mud, about the height of a man, flat upon the top, of various shapes, with only one aperture for the entrance and exit of the wretched inhabitants.

Some hundreds of these abodes of human beings are often clustered together, presenting not even the neatness or masonry of the dwellings of ants or wasps. From time to time, as you journey along, the eye is relieved and the heart gladdened by the sight of a few of the noble and majestic palms and mulberries, which always announce that there, such as it is, is the residence of man.

Nothing denotes that the country or man is marching forward. There is no appearance of intellectual or moral elevation. A few of the bare necessaries of life, in their coarsest condition, are to be obtained among them. The most abundant article to be found is tobacco, which they use with the greatest prodigality. Indeed, the men who are left from the pacha's services, appear to me to consume nine tenths of their time in luxuriating in the smoke of this vegetable narcotic. I could not observe among the women, who are much more numerous than the men, any other employment than bringers of water from the river in large red earthen vessels, always on their heads, and very many of them, from twelve to fourteen years of age, carry, besides the water-jar, a naked infant in the arms, or, what is far more common, curiously astride of one of the shoulders. The universal dress of the women, old and young, when they have any clothing at all, is one entire piece of blue cotton, very loose, with sleeves, and with which they also cover their heads, and all the face except one eye. Not a shoe or a stocking is to be seen among them. They are generally thin and tall, and have all the beautiful symmetry which Nature has given them. Though in colour they generally resemble the Indians of America, the Bedouins are a little lighter.

We speak now of the common Arabs along the Nile

and in the cities. A fat man is a *rara avis* in Egypt, so neatly knit together are their fine, muscular, and well-turned sinewy limbs. But fat women, when they are fat, especially those of the better class, and who have borne many children, and also those of the harems, are literally *hills of flesh.*

For some distance before reaching *Cairo*, we saw, far off on our right, the wondrous Pyramids, whose pointed summits were the only marked objects that broke the unvarying and undulating outline on the wide waste of sandy desert.

These magnificent and mysterious structures, which far exceed in magnitude all other ancient monuments known, and whose origin and object have totally confounded the researches of every writer who has noticed them, from the time of Herodotus to the present day; constantly intercepted the blue outline of the horizon with their gray and pointed summits during all the remainder of the route to Cairo.

After a voyage of about four days, in which nothing of great moment occurred, we approached Cairo and its port on the river, called *Boulak*, about a mile and a half distant from and continuous with the capital. There were a number of craft of the description of our own vessel lying tied to the shore. Cairo, seen from the river, is far from imposing, excepting for the turrets and spires of a great number of mosques. Its locality is on the edge of the Syrian desert, and a few miles south of the city are seen the low ranges of the Mokattam Mountains. After we reached the shore we despatched our Arab servant in search of a house for our accommodation in the city, as he was familiar with the place. He returned in less than an hour with the information that he had succeeded in his mission. We now landed,

and our baggage being placed upon a camel, we mounted donkeys and proceeded to our new residence, which we found to be, not one of the ancient and roomy temples, but an empty shell of a small brick edifice, containing several diminutive apartments. This mansion, however incommodious in our eyes, and discordant with our enlarged American notions of comfort, was deemed a great affair in Cairo, and, besides, was situated on one of the principal streets in that curious capital, the width of which, though one of the main avenues, was no more than just about sufficient for a donkey to cleverly turn round in. So much for the *Broadway* of Cairo; for it richly deserves that appellation, compared with some of the streets, that are absolutely not more than three or four feet in width, barely sufficient for one or two persons to go abreast, and many of them not wide enough for that, but obliging us to go in Indian file. A camel can scarcely squeeze through some of the passages, and in others he would find it as impracticable as to go through the eye of a needle. In the upper stories of the houses the opposite verandahs of the windows are in actual contact, giving great facility for neighbours, provided they are on friendly terms, to visit each other from house to house without the trouble of going into the street.

We had first observed the Oriental mode of constructing cities at Valetta in Malta. The evident purpose has been, unquestionably, to preserve the streets, or, rather, lanes, cool from the excessive heats, which, as we have before observed, it effectually accomplishes, but at the risk of giving greater mortality to pestilential diseases when introduced into so impure and confined an atmosphere. Probably, also, one of the motives of this kind of architecture was the greater facilities and shel-

ter it gives for the escape of persons during civil commotions and assassinations, so sudden and frequent, more especially in modern Egypt since it fell under the dominion of the Arabs.

We should really imagine, at our very first entrance into Cairo, and we found no reason to change our opinion during our sojourn there of a fortnight, that the city was built upon the labyrinthine principle of a puzzle, in imitation of some very ancient structures in Egypt and Greece; for it appeared to us next to impossible to discover any certain landmarks by which to thread one's way through its minute ramifications. It would certainly occupy a year's residence to become sufficiently familiar with this place, for any one to find his way from home or back again, after plunging into its mazy pathways; yet, notwithstanding all this, Cairo is a beautiful and pure specimen of a truly Oriental city.

All that we found in our house were two or three settees, as apologies for ottomans, together with one table or "tripod," such as it was, for we believe it had but three legs—and a few crazy chairs. Add a nondescript, intended as the ghost of a bedstead, and we have the sum and substance, all told, of our *materiel* for commencing housekeeping in the metropolitan city of Mohammed Ali. We confess it did not present many inducements to us to become subjects of the viceroy, or to forswear our religion on the Koran.

As our residence may furnish some idea of the mansions of genteel life in Cairo, we must describe it. It was two stories high, built of a kind of white mortar; the door green, with an iron knocker and wooden bolt. The verandahs of the windows projected nearly to those on the opposite side of the street. There were twelve rooms, with the ceilings very high and the beams expo-

sed. Ottomans were placed in the recesses of the windows, which were without glass, but instead thereof lattice-work, affording free ingress to the innumerable small birds which abound here. There was an area in the second story, surrounded by the rooms, wholly open to the heavens, and furnishing a very pleasant lounge of an afternoon for smoking. This area in the Turkish houses is the *sanctum sanctorum*, and is always built for and appropriated to the harem, as the ladies that inhabit it can see into the street without being seen. The position of the rooms and staircase would be difficult to describe. Two thirds of the best houses in Cairo are built in this fashion.

Our servant, upon examining the condition of our culinary department, found that also to be a *tabula rasa*, or, to speak more properly in reference to its alchemy, a "*caput mortuum*," or "*residuum*," not being able to boast of a solitary utensil of any description whatever.

Our first attention was naturally directed to this apartment, and, in order to commence gastronomic operations, which our feelings repeatedly admonished us to do, we were obliged to have recourse again to the diplomatic ingenuity of our *factotum*, my faithful German servant Henry, who sallied forth with his new Arab associates in search of the ways and means. The first great movement was to transport from our boat our *portable* furnace, two of which we had purchased for the river voyage at Alexandria, and one of which, happily for us, remained entire, as the other was *hors de combat* by an accident *en route*.

This being arranged, the Arab guides conducted Henry, who was our *chef de cuisine* here in the land of the Pharaohs, as he had been in that of Agamemnon, to the market-place and groceries, where he obtained a

comfortable and palatable supply of meats, eggs, and fruits, which, the reader need not be assured, we eagerly devoured at our repast.

By the aid of my *travelling bed*, I also passed a very comfortable night. This bed is a contrivance I would recommend to all who visit Eastern countries. I was fortunate enough to meet with one at Athens which had lately made the tour of the East, and was of a superior construction, and of English manufacture. Its hollow brass supports and connexions, with a sacking bottom and a moscheto bar, occupy altogether a small package, which could be conveniently carried under the arm. With this, and the bed linen that I always had with me in my portmanteau, and my *Grecian pillow*, presented to me by a fair lady of Athens, I never ceased to have the means of obtaining a comfortable night's slumber, shielded from the reptiles and creeping things of the ground, and the armies of moschetoes that sometimes annoyed us from the air.

The next day, renovated by a good night's sleep, we were escorted by our faithful Arab servant, *Asaph*, who was somewhat familiar with Cairo, and whom we had had the good fortune, through the kindness of our consul, Mr. Gliddon, to engage at Alexandria, to the bureau of the acting vice-consul of the United States, Dr. Waln, who received us with great kindness, and immediately procured for us a *cicerone*, to conduct us to all the interesting objects in the city. He was an intelligent Arab, like most of this race, and spoke French and Italian fluently. All being mounted on donkeys, servants and masters, we proceeded, rank and file, through the winding and circuitous lanes, taking a general survey of the whole city. It occupies an area of no less than *seven miles* in circumference, which, it may well be con-

ceived from its compactness, though the houses are not often over two stories, must contain an immense population. The best accounts give the number at about 250,000.

I do not remember a single street that was paved, the foundation being the sandy earth, which is comminuted into the finest and most impalpable powder or dust. This, though constantly shaded from the sun, is always in a dry state, owing to the absence of rain at this season and the extreme heat; and it is thrown up in clouds from the incredibly dense masses of population who are always thronging the streets. In fact, it is astonishing, even though allowance be made for the narrowness of the streets, what extraordinary numbers of persons are perpetually moving to and fro, most of them on foot and many on camels and donkeys, and in some places absolutely blocking up the passages; so that each Arab servant on foot that accompanied our donkeys, found it difficult to clear away the poor wretches that encumbered our path.

At our first setting out from "our hotel," a long line of huge camels, tied one behind the other, wholly blocked up the narrow street and forced us against the houses. After that we again stopped to make room for a procession of men, with drums and donkeys, all in honour of a little black fellow perched on the top of a camel, and who either had been or was about to be circumcised. Next we passed two or three men with large skins of water of the Nile, which is very dirty, but the best they have to drink. Here we saw a house built of cane, with a shed in front, and under it a dozen or more Turks and Arabs sitting cross-legged, and smoking and drinking coffee and sherbet. Several men, with a crowd around them, were performing curious tricks,

swallowing swords, &c. A veiled woman begged for *buksheech*; her pretty eyes and silk dress told another story. Next were a dozen or more boys and girls, as naked as when first born, playing in the dust; dirty as they were, their faces were pretty and their eyes beautiful. Their bodies, however, appeared to be deformed, from their protuberance, as with most of the poor children, and owing, probably, to the vegetable crudities of innutritious food they live upon.

Of several hundred women we saw, at least seven eighths of them carried a child upon their shoulders, and about the same proportion were veiled; that is, no part of the face was visible except the eyes, which is the only feature exposed. The edge of the lids within is painted with a black pigment called *kohln*. The arched brow is clearly and beautifully defined with the same dark pigment, as if painted with a pencil. The eyelashes are long and black, and the eyes of a jet-black brilliancy. Indeed, this feature appeared to us, from the highest to the lowest classes, of an exquisite and most captivating and sparkling beauty. Most of the women we saw were barefooted, and covered with a loose, black kind of toga. The married women wore blue, and the unmarried white veils. Our servant Asaph was much shocked at some of them doing us the courtesy to lift their veils, and said if his wife had done so to a Frank he would have whipped her on the spot. These people think it more indecent for the women to expose their face than any other part of their person, as we often saw verified. "Why don't you scold them, Asaph, for their nakedness?" said we to our fastidious valet. "Wherefore I scold them," he replied; "I no see their face."

One of our party, before we left, adopted the Turkish

costume, by which he was enabled to pass his time much more agreeably, and hold familiar chit-chat with the groups in the street.

It is the crowds of miserable, naked Arabs, not the Turks, or the ancient Coptic races of Egypt, that give to the living panorama passing before us in the streets of Cairo, such a squalid and disgusting-looking appearance. They are debased to the lowest degree, destitute of all courage, and steal, rob, and lie, wherever they dare.

When the women unveil, the charm of the eye is dispelled generally by an ugly, large mouth, which teeth of snowy whiteness cannot redeem.

The costume of the better classes approaches the dress of the Turks, with the exception that the red fez cap is worn by the Arabs instead of a turban, which is rarely seen except among the older subjects of the sultan. A vast proportion of the inhabitants appear to be reduced to the lowest state of indigence and misery, and are almost destitute of every article of clothing. We saw a great number of negroes, comprising all varieties, from the jet Nubian and Abyssinian to the flat-featured Ethiopian.

There are but few fine buildings at Cairo. The tops of the houses are terraced, and in one part a cane-work roof is thrown over them. This is the *smokery*, and a very pleasant place. In some of the better buildings we saw an old bearded Turk taking his siesta, and two of the ladies of his harem fanning him. As we passed the spacious palace of Ibrahim Pacha, and the long line of white buildings connected with it, and which is the harem, we saw white veils and fancy silk dresses fluttering by the latticed windows, as the inmates were constantly eying us from within with childish curiosity. They are said to be generally ugly.

We do not recollect to have seen a single wheeled vehicle of any description, excepting one day a crazy one-muled machine, resembling one of our oldfashioned country chairs, which attracted more notice than its occupant who conducted it, and who proved to be a legitimate grandson of Mohammed Ali, the viceroy. It passed our door, as we, it appears by this, must have resided in the *court end* of the town; and when the young prince saw us emerge from our "palace," dressed in European costume and about to mount our donkey cavalry, he bowed and smiled most graciously, and we, of course, most complaisantly returned the salutation. His royal highness was a young man, but quite corpulent and short in stature, and in appearance struck us as having evidently a greater quantum of adipose than cerebral matter.

Of all the places we have ever visited, *Cairo* will be pre-eminent in our recollections, for the "compound of most villanous smells" which there perpetually salutes the olfactories, and the like of which was certainly never elaborated from any mortal place. To attempt to describe it would be vain and hopeless. It must be truly a *plague* to everybody; and, in our opinion, if we had remained it would have terminated in a true plague with us. The odour is so peculiar that it never will be erased from my memory. It is undoubtedly produced by *human effluvium*, pent up and concentrated to its maximum intensity in this excessively dense population, and deriving its peculiar aroma from the great variety of human beings of different nations, races, ages, complexions, and habits, here congregated together from surrounding provinces, and in nameless conditions of wretchedness and destitution.

When we take into consideration this state of things, arising from the deplorably crowded and filthy condi-

tion of the poor of Cairo, it is easy for any one who has been an eyewitness to the circumstances, to perceive that a peculiar and specific cause exists in great abundance for engendering, *ab initio*, a peculiar and specific disease; and that disease, we think, might, *à priori*, from such data, be readily anticipated to be the *Egyptian Plague;* the impure and poisonous air inhaled being, in our opinion, calculated, by its action on the brain and nervous system and absorbents, to develop in such subjects precisely that assemblage of symptoms which are known to characterize that terrific typhoid pestilence.

The singular efficacy that the intermixture of human effluvia has in producing some particular morbid combination capable of generating disease, is illustrated familiarly in what is noted by Sir Gilbert Blane of transport-ships and vessels-of-war in perfect health meeting at sea and exchanging crews, and thereby immediately causing fevers to break out by this unusual alteration in the condition of the parties.

A fortiori, then, must the highly-concentrated and widely-diffused virulent compound, derived from the breathing together in a confined compass of so many varieties of human beings of depraved and impoverished constitutions as are found collected at Cairo, the mart or point of union for the caravans between Arabia and Persia, and all Africa, render the atmosphere still more poisonous, and more readily excite a typhoid and malignant disease in such as come into the city from without, and especially from a distance, and who have not been immured in and accustomed to its pernicious qualities.

The only part of Cairo which looks at all roomy and elegant, and reminds one of a European city, is the

Great Square, which on one side of it has stone buildings of modern construction and considerable grandeur, with a mosque or two, and their slender minarets, to set off the beauty of the place. Around it reside most of the public functionaries and foreign diplomatists.

Into a basin within this square the water, during the inundations of the Nile, is, by means of a connecting canal, conducted with great pomp and ceremony; all the inhabitants participating in the festivity, and returning their grateful thanks in cries of Allah! Allah! for this inestimable blessing from Heaven, which arrives opportunely in the month of August, when everything is arid and parched, and the streets and houses, and every apartment are filled with dust.

Egypt, in truth, without its great and peculiar river, would be a vast uninhabitable desert. Unlike all other rivers, it annually brings down, not only its vast volume of water, accumulated from the mountain torrents at its sources, to refresh the thousands on its banks, but also comes charged with the fertilizing material which gives such remarkable luxuriance to the whole country.

Thus have the inhabitants in their possession a self-fertilizing agent, which supersedes almost the tillage of the husbandman, and which has made this kingdom, from time immemorial, the rich granary of the Mediterranean; always furnishing, be the changes of the seasons what they may, a great surplus of agricultural products for export, beyond what is required for home consumption. When the great square is filled with water, it is covered with small boats, which engage in aquatic sports for the amusement of the inhabitants.

It may not be irrelevant to remark, that the saw on this square the house which Napoleon occupied as his

headquarters, also the palace of the pacha, and the spot where General Kleber was assassinated.

The tombs of the Caliphs and those of the Mamelukes are a mile or more from the city, on the way to the desert. They are among the most interesting objects in the vicinity of Cairo, and consist of a series of lofty square edifices, with domes and minarets, and, from their lonely and sequestered position on the sand, seem peculiarly fitted as places of sepulture. The material is limestone. Some of them are supported by marble columns, finely carved, which give an imposing aspect to these magnificent structures. They are in the light and graceful style of Saracenic architecture, and in a high state of preservation.

The interior of each edifice is truly superb, containing rows of tastily-sculptured tombs, raised above the pavement, with Arabic inscriptions on the tablets or headstones. Each building seems to be the mausoleum of a particular family, as we observed tombs of children and adults as they were successively interred. That belonging to the present ruler, *Mohammed Ali*, is by far the most magnificent; and among the tombs in this, not the least costly is the one appropriated to his son-in-law, *Ali Bey*, whom he caused to be murdered. Space enough seems to be left significantly for others of his family whom he may wish to dispose of prematurely, and for his great self, when the Great Disposer shall see fit to call him hence to render up a very large account of his doings. The Saracens appear to have been not less prodigal, and certainly, in conformity to their fondness for display, more ostentatious and ornamental in their arrangements for the dead than the ancient Egyptians. Even the very pavements of these edifices are in every part covered with the richest Per-

sian carpeting, particularly that belonging to the viceroy, giving an air of domestic comfort and even voluptuousness to the interior, which we certainly found nowhere in Egypt among the dwellings of the living.

The mosques in Cairo are numerous and interesting, as in other Mohammedan cities. Some of them have a very ruined and ancient appearance, and are ornamented with long corridors of granite columns, plundered, probably, from the religious temples of another and more ancient idolatry in the Egyptian cities of Heliopolis and Memphis. The most considerable mosques which we recollect are those of *Azhar* and *Sultan Hassan*. The latter seems to be far the most ancient, is adorned with Gothic sculpture, and situated near the gate of the *Castle Hill*.

One of my companions, who had purchased and rigged himself out in a full Turkish dress, was enabled, in this disguise, to smuggle himself into the mosques, which no Frank is permitted to enter. He described the interior of these edifices as most gorgeous, and reminding him of the chapel of St. John at Malta. Pieces of gold, and silver, and ivory, and precious stones were worked in great profusion around several tombs. One contained a long extract from the Koran in letters of gold, worked upon a ground of pearl that could be illuminated. These extravagant decorations, as well as the costly and voluptuous character of all Oriental luxuries, where they can be afforded, show that the proud Saracen, whatever the world may think of his barbarism, considers his race, as the Chinese do theirs, and our Anglo-Saxon do ours, at the topmost pinnacle of human rank. Go where we may, we find that others have as much national and individual pride and vanity as we have, and

that, however debased the intellect, these traits of the human heart never suffer any diminution.

The CASTLE is situated upon a projecting and elevated point of rocks, forming a part of the range of the Mountains of Mokattam, to the east of the city. This fortress may be deemed, in fact, a part of the city, which it overlooks and completely commands. Beyond the castle, and on a still more elevated part of the mountain, Mohammed Ali has erected a considerable fort, where several hundred men can be garrisoned. The ascent to the castle is by a flight of winding stone steps, cut out of the rock, not so steep but that one may reach the summit on his donkey without dismounting. The entrance into it is by a massive gateway. Within we find many buildings, some in ruin, and others in good preservation; among them a neat palace, appropriated as the residence of the pacha himself. The interior has the general appearance of ranges of barracks for the accommodation of soldiers. In the square is a small fountain, which produces a cool and refreshing vapour. Here we saw a number of noble lions, confined with heavy chains about their necks.

The view from this elevation is commanding and beautiful. The Nile is seen winding its way from the mountains to a long distance towards the Delta. The town of Old Cairo or Egyptian Babylon, and the Island of *Rhoda* lie below, along the river, and beyond, far in the west, are seen the great Pyramids, and also those of *Sakkhara*. To the left of these the sandy waste once the site of the famous city of Memphis, and still farther on the western horizon, the interminable Libyan Desert.

Within the castle is one of the wonders of the world, as we should denominate it. This is JOSEPH'S WELL, so called, excavated into the solid calcareous rock, to the

depth of 270 feet, that is, to the level of the surface of the Nile. The Herculean labour required for this work may be conceived by its dimensions as well as its depth. On approaching and looking into the yawning abyss, the sight is truly frightful to behold. The dark water can barely be discerned at its immense depth below, and the diameter of the terrific and dismal-looking chasm is no less than 15 to 20 feet. And what is still more remarkable, the water on tasting we found to be so saline as to be quite brackish. It is constantly being drawn up by buckets raised by a wheel at the top, turned by a buffalo. A winding, spiral, descending stairway, six or eight feet in width, is cut into the rock outside of the shaft of the well, into which it looks by several openings like embrasures; and on reaching to the depth of 150 feet, we find the staircase enlarged to a horizontal, circular space, where, lo! *indeed*, and behold! we found another buffalo and his driver quietly turning another wheel, in the same manner as the machinery on the top. The stairway is easy of ascent and descent, both to man and beast, and perfectly free from danger. A narrow stairway, unprotected and within the shaft, leads from the lower buffalo station to the surface of the water, but was deemed by us too exposed and dangerous to venture upon its descent.

Whoever it was that excavated this enormous cylindrical shaft in the rock, with so much architectural precision and skill in engineering, deserves, in our estimation, a wreath of fame as lasting as that of the builder of the Simplon or the constructer of the Pyramids.

The water raised is conducted by pipes to various parts of the enclosure of the Castle, to irrigate patches of sod, and in a siege would be the only supply for the

garrison. The brackishness of its taste may be imputed to saline matters associated with the rock.

We were shown a large hall in one of the buildings of the fortress, in which it is said that the present viceroy convened his Mamelukes some years since, and, while regaling them with a repast, treacherously, by a stratagem and signal previously arranged, caused them all to be massacred by a body of soldiers concealed for that purpose, some within the hall, and others within the walls of the fortress. Only one Mameluke escaped, and the place where he dashed over the wall with his "Arab steed" was pointed out to us. From the height of the wall within the garrison and that of the precipice without, we should deem the story perfectly incredible.

Some distance below the Castle, and nearly opposite the Island of *Rhoda*, is a considerable village on the margin of the river, which is supposed to be the site of Old Cairo, or what was called the Egyptian Babylon; believed to have been built by the followers of the Persian conqueror, Cambyses. Many of the buildings are used as houses of recreation and amusement by the wealthier classes of Cairo, who repair thither at the time of the rise of the Nile, and, no doubt, take as much pleasure in this their watering-place, as our people do in summer season in their resort to the seaside at Rockaway or Nahant.

There are several mosques at this place, adorned, as usual, with minarets. There is also a small synagogue of the Jews, and the Roman Catholics have here a small hospital, occupied by the fathers of the Holy Land. We visited also a church here with spacious apartments, having an hospital and convent attached. This ecclesiastical establishment belongs to the Copts, who, as the ancient written or Coptic language of the country still

in use testifies, are believed to be the legitimate descendants of the primitive Egyptians.

The sect is now a modification of the Christian church, to which most of the Egyptians became converted when that religion, through the power of the Roman empire, was spread over all the countries subject to its domination. We were received with great kindness by the holy fathers, who in their dress and appearance reminded us of the Christian priests in Greece. Among other places within the enclosure which they conducted us to, was the celebrated cave or grotto of Saint *Sergius*, in which it is stated that the Holy Family, with the infant Jesus, reposed when they retired into Egypt. It is preserved with great care and sanctity. The exact spot where the Virgin and infant lay is particularly pointed out, and approached with great veneration by this religious sect; and it is said that the fathers of the Holy Land are annually in the habit of paying a certain sum for the privilege of saying mass in this sacred place. It is believed that the Roman Empress Helen, in her religious visits to Egypt, had this sanctuary beautifully adorned by masonry for its better preservation. It is now arranged in the form of a small chapel, with three compartments, divided by two rows of columns, and is entered from the church by a descent of eight or ten steps.

In one of the divisions, though the whole belongs to the Copts, all Christians, without distinction, are permitted to worship, be their denomination what it may. At the end of the middle apartment is the *cave* or grotto, covered in the form of a small arcade with smooth stones or tiles. In another of the compartments is a baptismal font, in which the ceremony of immersing the child is still performed.

In the ride from the Castle to Old Cairo is a common, with sand-hills on either side, and a few small, indifferent buildings of modern construction, with confused heaps of ancient ruins strewed about in every direction, evidently indicating the site of a former great city. The banks on the road appeared to be entirely composed, in fact, of fragments of ancient pottery and mortar, more than of sand, the crumbling remains, probably, of thousands of years.

From Old Cairo we took boat and passed over to the Isle of RHODA, which lies lengthwise in the middle of the Nile. On our way we looked out in every direction for the supposed spot where *Moses* is said to have been found in the bulrushes, but nothing that bore the least resemblance to a reed or canebrake was to be seen anywhere in this neighbourhood.

The Island of Rhoda is a modern Egyptian curiosity. Its proprietor is Ibrahim Pacha, who, in pursuance with his taste for modern improvements in Christian countries, has had the whole island, which is some acres in extent, converted into an English garden of the most tasteful description imaginable; looking, in truth, like enchantment, or an artificial oasis in the midst of the wild and desert scenery on the western side of the Nile. It is laid out with parterres of flowers, avenues of ornamental trees, shrubbery, and vines, gravelled walks, shaven lawns, fishponds, and fountains, in a style commensurate in beauty and elaborate taste with any private or public garden we ever visited in France, or even in England. Here we saw all the tropical trees and plants in beautiful perfection, beds of roses more fragrant than those of northern climes, and all the gorgeous and aromatic flowers peculiar to hot latitudes, shaded by the fig, date, pomegranate, orange, apricot, banana, &c. In

the midst of this picturesque scenery Ibrahim has erected a summer palace, with all the appurtenances usual in Eastern countries. Here he frequently resides.

The whole is under the direction of a thorough English gardener. It has been the fashion of Ibrahim and his father to avail themselves extensively of the advanced state of civilization in England and France; so much so in regard to France, that this power, through the free admission of their learned men of various professions, had acquired such ascendency as to incur the jealousy of other nations. The viceroy, however, has by this time found that his liberal encouragement of foreigners has tended more to their benefit than his own; for England and France have requited his hospitality by coolly *cutting up* his kingdom and *amputating* Syria from his possessions, to gratify their own constructive notions of the balance of power, and without so much as deigning to consult his convenience or wishes.

We were permitted by the gardener to visit every part of the grounds, and afterward conducted by him to a tent, where we were kindly regaled with some of the best Sherry I tasted in Egypt, and a variety of fruits, cake, &c. We observed around the island numerous rude machines worked by buffaloes, and designed for raising water from the river to irrigate the grounds, a provision absolutely essential, as everything of the nature of vegetation would otherwise be soon burned up by the excessive concentration of solar heat, not only by the direct rays of the sun, but through the increased power it acquires by reflection on the immense surface of the sands of the desert.

We now made preparations for a caravan to visit the grand object which leads most travellers to Egypt, the mighty PYRAMIDS; justly so denominated as the wonder

of the world, and one of the greatest works of human art. After riding for some hours, we arrived at nightfall at the foot of the famous *Pyramid of Cheops*, the most gigantic of those of *Ghizeh*, as the locality is called, and situated about ten miles west of the Nile. The three that make up this group stand on the margin of the vast Libyan Desert, entirely surrounded by an ocean of sand. The route from Cairo is through a perfectly flat country, which is composed of a black alluvial soil, interspersed with patches of sand, and having generally very little cultivation. On the right of the master Pyramid, at a distance of not more than half a mile, we discovered a cluster of mud cabins, from which issued, as we approached them, a dozen to fifteen Bedouin Arabs. They came down upon us with such fierceness and fleetness of foot, for which this muscular people are so proverbial, that we could easily have imagined that it was their intention to make us captives; and had we not been informed by our Arab guide that it was always their usage, when the prospect of gain presented itself, to offer their services as aids to conduct travellers to the top of the Pyramids, their savage appearance, with a loose mantle only flung over their shoulders, and their impetuous manner, would, at this lonely hour of twilight, have naturally awakened very serious apprehensions for our personal safety.

Having dismounted from our cavalry, the first business was to search for a place of repose during the night. In the extensive calcareous rocky formation on which the Cheops Pyramid stands, our Arab guide found a suitable *tomb* excavated on the east side, in which we accordingly took shelter. After striking a light, our attendants arranged our provisions, and we partook of a *catacomb* supper, concluding which, we made our ar-

rangements for rising in the morning by daylight. We then wrapped ourselves in our blankets and retired to bed. My companions selected for their couch several projections of rock, which probably had served as the resting-place of many a mummy in ages past. By right of seniority, I was honoured with a wicker couch, constructed of palm branches, the only article of furniture in our sepulchral quarters. In various parts of the rocky foundation on this side, we observed numerous other excavations of a similar nature, each from ten to fifteen feet in length, and from six to eight in breadth and height. They all, no doubt, had served the purposes of tombs. We passed the night with our new Bedouin friends lying around the door; but about their fidelity and trustworthiness we frankly own we had many qualms and misgivings, which rendered our sleep not a little disturbed.

We were summoned by our guides at early day dawn, and prepared for the ascent of the mighty structure, to witness the noble sight of the rising of the sun from the most elevated point of all the works of human art on earth. My companions, each provided with two Bedouins, one on each side, commenced the arduous task, selecting for the route of their ascent, as is the usage, one of the angles of this quadrilateral structure. They reached the summit in from twenty minutes to half an hour, after a laborious effort, clambering up, as they were obliged to, upon the projecting blocks of stone, which furnished, however, a tolerable foothold.

The Bedouins, as is proverbially known, possess a firmness of tissue, and activity of muscular strength unsurpassed by any race of people. This may be imputed to their wandering habits, constantly exercising the motive powers, and also to their frugal mode of life and

the drying nature of the atmosphere, giving a greater tension to the fibre; hence their astonishing feats of strength and the fine symmetry of their proportions. They clambered up the Pyramids with the nimbleness that the Chamois goat mounts the dizzy heights of the Alps. The manner in which they so essentially serve the traveller on the present occasion is thus: The layers or strata of the pyramid being nearly breast high, one Arab below receives the foot of the traveller, first on his knee, then on his shoulder, while the Arab on the ledge above seizes him by the hand, and thus an ascent is effected. My comrades were fortunate enough to arrive at the highest point of elevation before sunrise, and had the long-wished-for gratification to see the glorious orb of day emerge, as it were, from the sand of the desert. It had the fiery and blood-red appearance, and distinct and well-defined outline of this luminary when rising through a misty atmosphere. My companions found the summit a flat surface of about thirty feet square. Here, in common with all travellers, they inscribed their names, as perhaps Herodotus, Plato, Pythagoras, and Alexander, and even Sesostris, near 4000 years ago, had done before them; for they too, in their day, had come to visit and to gaze on this mighty pile. Among the names actually found inscribed, there were several as early as the tenth century, and in every intervening period up to the present time. In modern days, not the least memorable are those of Napoleon, Baron Larrey, Champollion, &c. Chateaubriand's was not there. He visited Cairo, but not the Pyramids!! What an omission for one imbued with the sublime poesy and religious feeling of that inimitable writer! His pyramid is truly his own fame; and such, in truth, appears to have been his own view of the matter; for,

as an apology for not visiting this memorable spot, he requested a friend to inscribe his name there, "For I like," says he, "to fulfil all the LITTLE duties of a pious traveller."

And here, also, on the topmost summit of mighty Cheops, one of my fellow-travellers, my excellent friend Mr. Waring, had the kindness to cut deep into the stone my initials, among the thousands they found all around them. For my own part, I deemed it most prudent, from the malady of the heart under which I had recently laboured, to forego the great delight it would have given me to have accompanied my companions to the summit of this wondrous monument of man's power and pride. Yet, notwithstanding, was I enabled to look round to the far horizon where Libya and Arabia lie silent, and, while sitting on the desert sand, watched with intense interest the first glimmerings of the harbinger of day. There, with my servant by my side, all nature lonely, vast, and mute around me, with my watch in hand, I marked the second when the first beams of the rising sun glanced over the wide and dreary waste and gilded the gray summit of Cheops, remaining until the entire broad disc had risen above the verge of the horizon; the time occupied being four minutes and a half.

I reflected that perhaps on this spot, enraptured with the sublimity of the same scene which I was enjoying, may have stood, in the remotest era of Egyptian history, a Sesostris, a Pharaoh, a Ptolemy, a Moses, and a Joseph, and, for aught we know, the Saviour of the world himself.

Here, I reflected to myself, had these majestic structures of human hands remained, for thousands and thousands of years, as the mighty sepulchral monument which

told of the countless generations that had been swept down the tide of time into eternal forgetfulness, leaving but this solitary landmark, this vast funereal pile, which has alone survived all other contemporary productions wrought by man, to commemorate at once the enduring power and divinity of his intellect, and the perishable nature of that mortality, which, in one long line of mournful procession, generations after generations, from the days of the flood, had passed on, and was, and is, ever still passing on, to the darkness of the grave.

Where are Persepolis, and Babylon, and where

"Palmyra's palaces forlorn!"

Where are Thebes and her hundred gates, and Memphis, that first of cities, whose origin is even lost in the remoteness of time! Their ruins are crumbled with the dust, and a thousand mighty cities, that have since sprung up, have also gone to the same tomb. But the Pyramids alone remain, the noblest, the greatest, the most enduring of human works, "the gloomy mansions of mystery and of wonder."

After thus soliloquizing, I made the entire circuit, on foot, of the Cheops and his brother Cephrenes. In examining more particularly the nature of the rock of which Cheops is composed, I found the base to consist of layers of massive blocks as high as my breast, of the geological formation known as tertiary limestone. It is easily worked, and is filled with myriads of minute shells cemented together, and many of them in their natural form and condition, and so perfect as to be easily recognised. In mounting up a short distance, I found the blocks in the superincumbent layers to diminish gradually in size, and the grain or texture of the stone to be more compact and consolidated; and, from a portion

which my friends brought me from the top, and which I have preserved with specimens from other parts of this Pyramid, I remarked that the summit layer, though of the same stone, was of a still finer texture, much whiter, and totally free from all marine remains, and admitting almost of a marble polish. These vast masses are all connected together by a durable cement, harder than the stone itself, or anything of the kind of modern invention.

The Cheops is a square of 746 feet, and in height it is 461, being, as is well known, the highest point yet attained in any human structure. It is believed to be 24 feet higher than the vast edifice of St. Peter's at Rome, and 117 feet above the highest point of St. Paul's at London. It may be observed, however, that the Cathedral of Strasbourg is now supposed to be next in height to the Cheops. In speaking of this vast pile of masonry, we have often stated that we believed the base of it to be equal in area to Lincoln's Inn Fields in London, and that of the Place Vendôme at Paris.

In viewing these monuments, as they stretch along in a line on the margin of the desert, beginning with Cheops below in the north, and extending as far as the eye can reach in the south, to Sakkhara and Memphis, the idea frequently came to my mind that they are all that have survived the wreck of time, out of perhaps hundreds of others now no longer existing, and that once belonged to and adorned, with the present structures, one vast graveyard—an ancient *Père la Chaise*. This idea to us was strengthened by the fact, that, whatever questions may arise as to the uses of those that are largest, there can scarcely be any doubt of the objects of those smaller pyramids and tumuli which are scattered in wide profusion in all directions, and which certainly

contained mummies of human beings. The catacombs we entered in these regions were filled with them; all of which seems to show that the Pyramids as well as the Catacombs were intended for receptacles as well as memorials of the dead.

It is remarkable that the door of entrance in Cheops, and the long gallery of 100 feet in length which we descended, at an angle of about 30 degrees, from this aperture, are but three feet and a half square; so narrow, indeed, that we had to stoop to pass through them. What kept up our amazement, was to find the passage-way lined throughout with broad blocks of solid red granite of the finest polish. As far as we recollect, all the passage-ways and rooms into which they opened were lined in the same manner.

At the end of the passage we entered, we came to a place of steep ascent, of eight or ten feet high, up which we were drawn by the Arabs. We then continued to ascend at about the same angle at which we had descended on entering, and, after proceeding a distance of 100 feet, came to a large chamber, which is 37 feet three inches by 17 feet two inches wide, and 20 feet high. It is lined throughout with highly-polished red granite, each stone reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and both the latter composed of similar slabs. The nine massive slabs that form the ceiling are monoliths, each nearly 18 feet long, and the mystery is how they got there. In the middle of this spacious drawing-room, towards the west end, stands a sarcophagus of the same highly-polished red granite. The length is over seven feet, depth and breadth each over three feet. One of the younger and more ardent members of our party penetrated some hundred feet farther into the intricate passages, and, from what he related, I did not regret that I

had not accompanied him. After reaching the termination of his rather hazardous exploration, he turned round in the dark cavern, and asked his two Arab guides what more was to be seen. They coolly replied, as they remained standing in the door, with torches in their hands, in a daring attitude, "Nothing more!" and then commenced importuning for "Buksheech" or money. Not a moment was to be lost, and my spirited friend, seeing his danger if he flinched, and being provided with a good cane, which he had on other occasions found most potent logic in the Bedouin vocabulary, began beating them most unmercifully, when they soon returned to their duty, and conducted him safely out.

The sarcophagus was so large that it could not have been introduced through any of the apertures, but must have been placed there during the construction of the Pyramid.

Though no hieroglyphics are found upon it, nor none have yet been discovered anywhere in or upon the Pyramids, I have no doubt, from the size and shape of the sarcophagus we saw, and its resemblance to those in which human mummies have been found, that it was intended for the same use, probably for the coffin of the reigning monarch, as the smaller Pyramids were perhaps destined for the reception of the next dignitaries in rank, and the Catacombs for that of the more common order of people.

The Cheops contains 85 millions of cubic feet, and there is full space enough, without weakening its structure, for 3700 chambers of equal roomy dimensions with the sarcophagus chamber described. Future explorations may discover great numbers of these, in which event it must be concluded that it was a receptacle not for one king only, but for several dynasties.

In defiance of the alleged passion of the Egyptians for the idolatrous worship of animals, we must, until farther proof is given, discard the too common opinion that such vast structures as the Cheops were designed only to contain the mummy of an ibis or a monkey.

In reviewing the immense constructions which the Egyptians everywhere consecrated to their dead; the costly sums expended in embalming the body; the care with which it was preserved for sepulture in rocky tombs, that it might not be washed away by the inundations of the Nile; the funereal rites and ceremonies that constituted the leading feature of all their religion, as imbodied and preserved to us in their thousand sacred temples, and in countless hieroglyphic and hieratic inscriptions and pictorial embellishments on them, and on obelisks, columns, statues, vases, sycamore and stone coffins, papyruses, and tablets, and on the interior of the catacombs; it would seem that this remarkable people always had uppermost in their thoughts the image of death. That they lived only as it were to honour the dead, to keep before them, as they did in the mummy placed in one corner of the room at their feasts, this one dominant thought, as the mournful rebuke to human vanity and passions, which taught the sublime lesson that, with the grave and its sable cerements and gloomy sepulchres, there should not be associated the repulsive dread and horror with which we of modern times are too apt to view them, but that we should give a solemn grandeur to all that connects itself with this final termination to our sufferings on earth, and read therein a guide for our conduct in this existence, and the sacred and precious pledge of the boon of eternal happiness hereafter.

The solemn pomp and pageantry with which the

Egyptians invested every circumstance connected with the transition of the soul from its living tenement to a state of eternal existence, is intimately interwoven with and imbodied in their beautiful mythology, which, it has been truly said, the Greeks surreptitiously borrowed, but greatly embellished. The same elevated conceptions which entered into their sumptuous sepulchres to the dead, are more fully evolved and more intelligibly explained in their mythological allegories, of which none could be more philosophical, beautiful, and consonant even with our Christian notions of to-day, than that which, on their tablets and papyruses found in their tombs and coffins, represents the soul of the virtuous man in another world, under the image of a reaper in a wheat-field, gathering with his sickle the harvest of his good actions on earth. All the symbols, too, of their mythology, portray sublime generalizations of thought on the subjects of eternity, time, truth, creation, and immortality. It is a mistaken notion that the religion of the Egyptians is to be sought for in what has been called their superstitious idolatry for quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, &c. This never debased their pure ideas on the subject of the immortality of the *human* soul. The *worship of animals*, as it has been miscalled, was, in our opinion, nothing more than their heraldry and emblazonry, such as ever exists among the rudest as well as most polished people. Communities, cities, districts, and kingdoms, as well as individuals, had then, as now, their shields, their crests, their banners, hatchets, and escutcheons, to which they were religiously attached, and under which they fought as their household gods and hereditary honours. What if the Egyptians, to reverse the order of time, were to stigmatize as the *theology* of Great Britain, the more than religious pertinacity

with which she protects, with royal compulsory edicts and patents, the peculiar symbols and shields, often more ludicrous than carved or sculptured beetles and toads, the highest titled honours that a monarch can bestow upon his subjects? And do not such symbols, also, in our own days, ever adorn the coffins and effigies of such as possess them? If they were evidences of a depraved taste under Sesostris or Psammeticus, so are they under a Greek, or Roman, or Persian king; under a Charlemagne, a Cœur de Lion, or a Victoria.

In the multitude of speculations which for 2000 years have occupied the minds of those who would clearly survey the purpose and intent of those vast and ponderous piles, the Pyramids, ingenuity has been put to the rack, and the subject attenuated into almost poetical fancies. Science, too, in her pride imagined that these mighty structures were reared solely for the purpose of exhibiting multiples of the cube, or that, from their nice adjustment to the cardinal points of the compass, and the supposed inclination of some of the passages towards the Polar Star, that their object was purely astronomical. As Sir Humphrey Davy's chemistry was called into requisition to dissolve the cementing material which glued together the incinerated rolls of papyrus from Herculaneum, so was Sir John Herschel's profound knowledge of the constellations appealed to, to determine the bearing of the pyramidal passages upon astronomical uses, and which he ascertained to be totally incompatible with the calculated orbits of the heavenly bodies.

It is evident, from the absence of all hieroglyphic inscriptions in and upon these monuments, that their period of construction goes back far beyond that most ancient species of writing, and, therefore, doubtless beyond all known historic records. The received notions, that the

two principal Pyramids were built by King Cheops and his brother Cephrenes, must be deemed without any just authority to support it. Nor can we concede to the ingenious suggestion of Professor Anthon, that they were built by the Israelites during the hundred years of their more severe captivity in Egypt. The meaning of the name, according to De Sacy, is *a sacred place, or edifice, set apart from common use.* The rock of which they are composed was not, as is the common opinion, brought from the distant mountains of the Upper Nile, but quarried from the calcareous stratifications on the spot.

Having now devoted as much time as we could spare to an examination of these justly-entitled wonders of the earth, we proceeded to inspect, at a short distance from the Cheops, that not less extraordinary production of colossal sculptural art, the *Sphinx.*

It may be considered as an enormous bust, far surpassing in magnitude all ideas that were ever conceived of gigantic proportions of the human form. Though it is apparently buried deep in the sand up to the middle of the chest, the height from that point to the top of the head is, we should judge, not less than thirty feet. It is believed to be cut out of one entire block of stone, and is of the same calcareous nature as the Pyramids. The face is rather oval than round, and the features well formed, without any expression of severity, but, on the contrary, mild and benignant. Though the physiognomy has been called *Nubian*, we discovered nothing in it that resembled what we understand, and everywhere saw, as that of the African negro. It was uncovered for a short time of its sand by the great exertions of Captain Caviglia, and the body connected with the human bust found to be, as was anticipated from the frequent bas-reliefs

and paintings of this fabled animal, that of a *lion couchant*, whose dimensions may be estimated from the length of one of the paws, which was fifty feet, and the distance from the breast to the tail 125 feet! On the paws, and also upon the granite altar, and upon the remains of a small temple, both of which were found immediately in front of the stone platform on which the sphinx rested, were seen beautiful hieroglyphics, and also some Greek inscriptions laudatory of the emperors Claudius and Nero.

The Greeks and Romans visited the ancient wonders of Egypt with the same keen curiosity that modern travellers visit *their* ruins to-day. As we carve our names and write our verses upon the Coliseum or the Parthenon, so did they upon the Sphinx and the Pyramids, and so probably will the generations hereafter record theirs upon the Arc de Triomphe and Column of the Place Vendôme at Paris, and on the yet-to-be projected structures which our own young country will, no doubt, in due course of time, transmit to the millions yet unborn of a remote posterity.

What the particular design of this remarkable production was, is as inscrutable as the mystery which yet enshrouds the individual history of almost every one of the thousand monuments that are scattered over Egypt. They still require a clearer solution of the yet untranslated, though clearly legible, hieroglyphics that most of them are covered with, but which have never yet been satisfactorily deciphered, spite of the luminous gleams of light thrown upon their meaning by the astounding discovery of the supposed alphabet of those symbols by Dr. Young and the illustrious Champollion.

One ingenious opinion of the object of the *Sphinx* is, that it is a hybrid representation of a female and the

body of a lion, and was intended as a religious monument, dedicated to the passage of the sun in the zodiac, from the constellation Leo to that of Virgo, and when the Nile inundates its banks. All, however, that was uncovered at the time of our visit was the head, neck, and shoulders, which we should certainly judge, looking at it anatomically, was intended, so far at least, as a part of the trunk of a man.

Having got through with this examination, we returned to our tomb to take some refreshment, and, not wishing to pass another night here under the guardianship of our Bedouin friends, we mounted our cavalry, and proceeded over the undulating sandy waves or ridges of the desert for some miles, to a small cluster or settlement among palm-trees, and called *Sak-Khara*. The whole of this distance on our right was strewed with smaller pyramids and tumuli in great abundance, confirming the idea we have already expressed, that this part of Egypt, as far as the eye could reach on the margin of the great Libyan Desert, was literally the kingdom of the dead and one vast burial-ground.

On our way thither, of all the hot and oppressive rides I ever took, this one, short as it was, surpassed. Though I had an umbrella, it seemed to be but a poor protection to the darting, burning rays, and we expected to be literally roasted alive before we reached our place of destination. The reflection from the sand was so intense that it was almost absolutely blinding. Such was the pain and suffering I experienced, that I took from my pocket a pair of double green spectacles, provided for the purpose. The relief it afforded was so immediate and astonishing, that I felt the most irresistible propensity to sleep; and such was the overpowering influence of this somnolency, that I several times caught myself

napping and falling from my horse; insomuch that I was obliged to take my specs off, in order to preserve my riding position by the renewal of the pain and suffering; such was the hazardous experiment of this mechanical anodyne.

Who can wonder, then, especially when to these circumstances of extreme heat is superadded, as often happens, clouds of fine sand raised by the winds, that Egypt should be the prey to epidemic *Opthalmias* of the most destructive kind.

We were not, therefore, surprised to find that, wherever we journeyed in this country, inflammation of the eyes, and all its terrible woes, were the prevailing class of maladies among all orders of the people.

By the time that we arrived at Sakkhara we were so overcome and exhausted by the heat, that we gladly sought shelter under the shade of the palm-trees, where we laid ourselves upon the sand for some time to repose.

Being now a little recruited, we proceeded to the *Catacomb of the Birds*, by the side of the village, in the midst of a sand-bank. We arrived at a small aperture, which was nearly closed by the sand, insomuch that our Arabs were obliged to remove this impediment with their hands before an entrance could be effected.

We now commenced the exploration by crawling in upon our hands and knees, preceded by our two Arab guides. The passage is not more than *three* feet in diameter—and gradually descended for some distance, until it conducted us to a large chamber or species of well, into which we were let down by our attendants. Here, in every direction, on shelves, were regularly arranged, as bottles in a wine vault, countless numbers of earthen jars, each covered with a lid, and closely cemented with mortar.

Our position, however, much excited as was our curiosity, forced itself upon our notice as one that could by no means be considered desirable. It was, in truth, a dark and most *pokerish*-looking place, and one in which it was very easy to imagine that we might, by some sudden act of treachery, have been buried alive; and if not placed upon the shelves as specimens for future antiquarians, been consigned less ceremoniously to the companionship of incalculable quantities of broken jars and rubbish at the bottom of the dismal-looking receptacle into which we had been brought.

The jars upon the shelves, upon examining them, were observed to be in an entire state of preservation, as if deposited yesterday. They lie horizontally too, like wine-bottles, tier upon tier, with the covers turned to the outside; and it would seem, from the fact of removing two or three, that there were similar ones behind, arranged in the same manner. The Arabs state that, even when hundreds are thus successively taken out, the same appearance of other rows behind is seen; by which it would appear that these now-subterranean passages must be almost interminable, and that the chambers are filled with thousands of these jars. Passages are seen going off in different directions, which doubtless lead to other chambers filled in the same manner. Hundreds and thousands of fragments of broken jars are scattered about the desert for some distance around the entrance of this catacomb. With the help of our Arabs, we brought out from the catacomb a number of them entire. I sat myself down upon the sand, and broke open several for closer inspection, readily anticipating what they contained. Notwithstanding the utmost care which I took in breaking them, the *mummied bird* within, which in every instance was the famed *Ibis*,

carefully wrapped in its grave-clothes, crumbled, with its investitures, almost immediately, when exposed to the air, into an impalpable powder. Those which appeared of a firmer texture, it was also found, crumbled in the same manner with almost the slightest touch. Two or three were, apparently, so solid, that I congratulated myself that I had secured the bones of the legs in a beautiful state for my museum; but upon attempting to envelop them, with the most delicate manipulation that I was capable of, in order to transport them, they also, before the process was finished, dissolved into hundreds of pieces, and my hopes of success entirely vanished.

I have, however, the satisfaction to say, that I have in my possession one of the jars from this catacomb, which is in an entire state, and unopened. Though I could scarcely be said to have had an opportunity to ascertain precisely the zoological character of the tenants of these earthen coffins, I should judge by the beak and legs that they did not differ materially from the heron of our own country. The size of the jar which I have is about fourteen inches in height, and about six to eight in diameter. The top is broadest, and from thence it tapers gradually to the bottom, being, in fact, an inverted cone. This was about the dimensions of all that we saw. The material is of coarse red earthenware. The birds have a faint mummy odour, but their linen swathing has no bituminous appearance, though we have no doubt that the feathered animal upon whom such careful sepulchral honours were conferred, had gone through the regular process of embalming. The cement of the lid to the jar, or the luting, in all the specimens we saw, was of *lime mortar*, and not the mud of the Nile, as has been erroneously stated by some.

In addition to what has already been observed on the

subject of living and posthumous honours paid by the Egyptians to many inferior animals, there is no doubt that this reverence was enhanced by the actual utility of several species of them. Thus the ichneumon destroyed the eggs of the crocodile; and Josephus relates of Moses, that, in leading his army into Ethiopia, he made use of the *ibis* to devour the swarms of serpents that infested his passage. Even in Thessaly, in Greece, killing one of these birds is said to have been punishable as homicide; and, to anticipate our narrative, we saw, in the interior of Asia Minor, that the *stork* is domesticated with great care, doubtless for some useful purpose. From immemorial time, the usefulness of the dog, and cat, and of certain species of birds, has always been held in great regard, as important in our domestic economy; and modern researches in ornithology and entomology have furnished sound arguments in favour of giving protection by law to numerous families of the feathered tribe, hitherto deemed annoyances, but now found to be of inappreciable value, by selecting for their food certain descriptions of insects that prey upon the grain-fields and fruit-orchards of the husbandman.

Frederic the Great, as we saw at Potsdam, appropriated a special burial-ground beneath his palace windows for his favourite dogs.

Even the great bard of the North, Sir Walter Scott, had a monument erected at Abbotsford to his faithful dog; and Byron travelled with his menagerie. Then why should not the Egyptians, whose absorbing and dominant thought ever appeared to be to bestow almost imperial honours upon the dead, have indulged this ruling passion in regard to their inferior animals, many of whom, as history informs us, rendered them such substantial service; which was probably, also, another most

plausible motive for the homage shown to them, by adopting them, as we have supposed, for their general or local heraldic insignia. As to the much-talked-of idea that this great people believed that the human soul actually resided in or passed through the bodies of various animals, by a process termed metempsychosis, or transmigration, and that they therefore actually worshipped such animals as *deities*, the supposition, however accordant with the religion of some Eastern nations, in our opinion has no authentic proof to sustain it, and is at war with the grand and imposing conceptions which reign throughout the beautiful philosophy of their whole system of mythology.

On the other side of the sand-hill, which has covered up the catacomb of birds, and the rocky ridge in which it is excavated, are found extensive *Catacombs* for human beings. The one we entered was sufficiently capacious to admit of our standing erect in it; and the passage, which was an arched excavation, a *tunnel* in the solid rock, slightly descending, continued of the same dimensions as far as we went. Our Arabs, who had preceded us, soon returned back with mummies in their arms, which they brought out for our inspection. We made a hasty *post-mortem* examination of these anatomies on the spot, and each selected, with the commendable spirit of an antiquarian, some favourite portion of the subject to preserve as a relic. One took for his share of the spoils a gracefully-turned arm, another a delicate hand, not less elegantly proportioned. After thus allowing my companions an opportunity to indulge their taste, which I had a right to do as the *Prosector* in this Egyptian clinique, of which they were junior members, I contented myself with an exquisitely-formed leg and foot, which I deemed to belong, most unquestionably, to a lady of

rank, a brunette belle of 4000 years ago, that might possibly have *gallopaded* in the royal saloons of Sesostris or Pharaoh, or, peradventure, in those of Moses himself.

We now took a view of this extended, sand-covered, rocky ridge, as it stretched away far to the south around Memphis, and which we observed to be still studded in every direction along the margin of the vast desert with its hundred pyramids. Though not a vestige remains, if it be not the gigantic Sphinx, of the mighty city of Memphis, which was supposed to have been located in this part of the desert, a passing remark is due to the memory of this wonderful capital of Egypt, and by many believed to have been the most ancient city of the world, and the largest that ever existed. It covered a great many miles in extent along the west bank of the Nile, and is supposed to have been built by Menes, the first mortal king of Egypt, who succeeded to the reign of the gods 2000 years B.C. He was contemporary with Yao, the first emperor of China. Herodotus saw Memphis in its grandeur about 400 B.C., and says it was built on the ancient bed of the Nile, the river having been turned off for that purpose to the east by its founder, who erected an immense embankment or dam to protect the city from inundation. This city surpassed Thebes in extent, and was the principal capital. It was adorned with magnificent temples, of which the most celebrated were those to Vulcan and Venus; also colossal statues and sphinxes, which latter Strabo saw (as we had seen, the only one now remaining), also even then partially buried in sand at the time of his visit, and when this vast city, sacked by Cambyses and other conquerors, and reduced to a mass of ruins, had nearly disappeared from the earth. The temple of Vulcan stood near the present site of Sakkhara, and in

front of its porch were colossal statues 45 feet high, made each out of a block of red granite. Even in the twelfth century one of these still existed; and so late as that period, such was the extent of the ruins, that to travel over them required half a day's journey in every direction. This strongly leads to the inference that the entire chain of near 100 pyramids which we beheld was once a part of ancient Memphis, more probably the immense cemetery in which its millions of dead, who once lived, and rejoiced, and worshipped here, are now inurned. What sublime conceptions such reflections bring to our thoughts of the matchless power and splendour of ancient Egypt!

We now cast a farewell glance over the ever-memorable region of pyramids and catacombs that are spread along the desert south in lonely and silent grandeur, but eloquent of the wondrous deeds of the mighty people who once existed here. We bade adieu forever, perhaps, to those solemn monuments, which have survived so many human generations, and which will, in like manner, go far, far down in the stream of time beyond the limited space where we and all our contemporaries shall soon arrest our footsteps. We thought of the initials which we had here left on the summit of Cheops, mingled with those of Napoleon, and, peradventure, Alexander, and Cambyses, and a host of other immortal names: humiliating commentaries on the vanity and mutability of all earthly things, and of the childlike solicitude with which the greatest conquerors of the earth, alike with the most obscure individuals, had here eagerly sought, as it were, to carve in advance, upon this great mausoleum of the human race, their own *post obit* inscriptions: unwittingly forgetting that, while so doing, they were acknowledging that, with all their boasted

power and pomp, the tree of death was irrevocably planted within them, and that their lives, and their riches, and their thrones and crowns, must perish all before a mightier Lord of Hosts, and be forever forgotten.

Some farther reflections suggested themselves before taking leave of these remarkable objects. That the Egyptians revered their dead, or naturally, as might be supposed, with a deep-thinking people like themselves, framed upon that great and mysterious event which forms the dark and impenetrable bourne between life and eternity, the whole superstructure of their religion, is evident from the fact, that the bodies of the poor as well as the rich were alike preserved from decay by every method of embalment with aromatic gums, mineral tar and asphalt, natron or soda, that their alchemy supplied them with. The rich and exalted were saturated with solutions of costly myrrh and frankincense, and the common people salted down with the cheaper ingredients of soda and nitre; and thus, while, in addition to these laborious processes, higher and more enduring honours were lavished upon the memories of the deceased by costly coffins of the indestructible sycamore, and sarcophagi, and structures excavated out of solid rock, from the mighty pyramid to the humble catacomb; these arrangements all happily contributed, and were no doubt so intended, in the necessary exposure of the body during the inundations, to the prevention of any of those deleterious exhalations from animal decomposition which might predispose to the production of fatal diseases. The same reasoning, so far as salubrity is concerned, will apply to the dead of all animals; and Dr. Pariset even has contended, with much force of argument, that the plague never appeared in Egypt until

the practice of embalming fell into disuse, and the atmosphere thereby became impure.

After returning to Cairo and recruiting, we set out upon our donkeys to visit the last *lion* (not sphinx) to be seen in the neighbourhood of this capital. This was the ancient city of Heliopolis, so often mentioned in Grecian history, and by the Egyptians called On or Aun, which was situated upon the edge of the Syrian desert, a few miles to the northeast of Cairo. This ride was particularly agreeable, after our trackless path over the hot and dreary wastes of Libya, upon the other or western side of the river, as we now passed several cultivated fields, and were often shaded on the road by the branching palm, the fig, and other trees. From the aspect of this region, which is even now fertile and producing good crops, we could rationally explain why, in such an ocean of sterility as most of Egypt is, this was so celebrated for its abundance of good things as to be denominated the *land of milk and honey*, or the Goshen of scriptural times.

Heliopolis was one of the most renowned of capitals, and was in such high repute for its learned institutions many centuries before the Christian era, that Moses chose it for his favourite residence. The immortal Plato, too, came from Greece and studied here for three years; and Herodotus and other distinguished foreigners, following his example, also travelled to this remote city, and here completed their education. Its people were deemed the wisest and most ingenious of Egypt. Many believe it coeval with Memphis in its antiquity; for Strabo, when he visited it near 1900 years ago, only saw it in ruins. Who could realize to himself, that, in the quiet green fields near which now stands the little village of Matarieh, not a vestige is to be found of the

former grandeur that once covered this spot, but one solitary and magnificent Obelisk, which, more marvellous still, no mortal hand, in all that long lapse of time, has had the hardihood to desecrate. It is all that is left; but its tall, pointed, and noble form; its massive, solid texture of red granite, covered throughout with hieroglyphics, and the whole in most exquisite preservation, as if just escaped from the skilful chisel of the artist, is, though alone, and the only relic that remains, worthy to be the chronicler of the glories that once adorned the capital to which it belonged.

This obelisk is perhaps the most beautiful in all Egypt; far more so, we thought, than that which has been called Cleopatra's Needle, at Alexandria. It is about 70 feet high, of one entire shaft of stone, and eight feet square at the base, the lower part of which yearly feels the inundating wave of the Nile, as appears by the mark left upon it about five feet above the ground. The constant action of the water on the surface of its base, though it has been thus repeated, perhaps, for five or six thousand years, has not made the slightest impression upon the ever-during granite, if we except the discoloration of the mark itself, showing what power the primitive rock of Egypt has had in resisting the decay of time. The monumental remains, in truth, all over Egypt, most plainly show, that, however other parts of the globe, and some countries on the immediate borders of the Mediterranean, may have been convulsed and changed by earthquakes, or floods, or the encroachment of the sea, Egypt must have enjoyed a long and silent reign of thousands of years of undisturbed and uninterrupted quietude and exemption from elemental influences from the very earliest period of her existence. Not an obelisk or column would appear to have been

thrown down, or even canted from its base, by any terrestrial commotion during this prolonged space of time. But what mighty and destructive moral, political, and social revolutions and earthquakes, what devastating and scourging wars and pestilences, have passed over this devoted land, the melancholy obelisk and the Pyramid, standing in its lonely grandeur, but too well and too loudly proclaim!

In the successive and desolating invasions of Egypt, first by the Shepherd Kings, then by that cruel monster Cambyses, and afterward by Greece and Rome, embracing a space of more than 1500 years, the world have to be thankful that those conquerors, often as they razed noble cities to the earth in the fiery and tempestuous track of their depredations, had not yet discovered the terrific agent of gunpowder, which would seem to be almost the only power that could have demolished into atoms the impenetrable structure of the obelisks and Pyramids. Thus have they survived; and, fortunately, with the invention of this potent instrument of death, has sprung up necessarily a better and more humane feeling among the nations of the earth, and a new extension of the lease on time been obtained for the security of these sacred works of human art.

Near the village of Matarieh we visited the celebrated TREE under which, it is said, Joseph and the Virgin, with the infant Saviour, reposed on their flight into Egypt. It is what is now called Pharaoh's fig-tree, and not the sycamore of our country. It is in a small enclosure, and near it runs the stream, the water of which came so opportunely to assuage the thirst of the Holy Family in their perilous pilgrimage. This sacred spot appears to have been visited for many centuries by all Christian pilgrims; and many of the devotees, anxious

to leave a memorial of their piety, have inscribed their initials, to the number of several hundreds of names, upon various parts of the trunk and branches of the massive and aged tree. We, in common with a few of our countrymen who may have wandered thus far, with our accustomed practice, carved there also our names; and, by means of one of our travelling implements, I removed a knotty portion of the rough bark, which I afterward had carved, on my return to France, into a small pyramid, as the most suitable shape in which to preserve this precious relic. Whatever may be the pretensions of this tree to the character it has obtained, it is very certain that it has for ages acquired a great degree of sanctity, and been scrupulously respected both by Turk and Christian.

Having thus completed the tour around CAIRO, we lastly directed our attention to its professional character and diseases. With the very polite and kind attention of Dr. Pruner, the physician-in-chief of the central hospital of Cairo, and high in the confidence of Mohammed Ali, I had every facility furnished me of becoming acquainted with the peculiarity of Egyptian diseases, and of examining the medical school and the hospitals of the metropolis.

Amid the political and moral degradation of the Egyptians, we were delighted to witness the attempts at the formation of a medical school, and the establishment of well-educated medical men among them. The countenance and protection given by the Pacha of Egypt, Mohammed Ali, to Europeans to reside in the country, is everywhere apparent. French, Germans, Italians, and English are to be met with, filling important and responsible stations in the army, navy, medical school, and about the court and person of this celebrated Eastern despot.

Whether this be for selfish or humane objects, is a question which must naturally arise in the mind of every observer who travels in that country; and there are few, we think, who will not ascribe it to the former. But a great general good to the Egyptians must nevertheless flow from this almost only wise policy of their cruel and hard master.

From a fear, too, no doubt, that a sufficient inducement could not be held out for foreigners of merit to take up their residence in this benighted country, the pacha has from time to time been in the habit of sending to the medical schools of Europe, and particularly of France, a number of young Arabs, to be educated at the expense of the government. In this way a ready communication is had with the foreign practitioners and the native eléves of the country, who assemble in the hospitals and medical schools, until the former have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Arabic language to impart instruction in the native tongue. In this way we have witnessed the lessons of the professor conveyed to the pupil by a young Egyptian physician who had been educated in Paris, French being the language used for this purpose. The Arabic, as I was informed by the professors, is extremely difficult to be acquired; and those only who had resided in the country for eight or ten years were able to read it, and, above all, to speak and understand it sufficiently well to hold intercourse with the natives, and impart instruction directly to the pupils.

The medical school of Egypt, which for some years has been located at *Abou-Zabel*, is now removed to *Esbekie*, in the immediate vicinity of Cairo, the former being too remote from the capital to enable the professors, from their necessary duties in private practice, to do full justice to the institution. The school makes

part of a large and well-arranged military hospital, beautifully and pleasantly situated on the eastern bank of the Nile, in the suburbs of Cairo. This hospital contained 1300 patients when we visited it. The immediate connexion of the medical school with this large hospital, together making one great edifice, is, in my opinion, an admirable arrangement for the benefit of the pupils, and well deserving of imitation in other and more enlightened countries. The lecture-rooms of the professors are all exceedingly well arranged, and the amphitheatre for anatomy is particularly well constructed, with an abundance of light from a cupola on the top. A large and well-arranged pharmacy, with specimens of every kind of domestic and foreign drug, while it abundantly supplies medicines to the wants of the hospital, serves as a means of instructing the students. A large laboratory is connected with it, in which the new chemicals, such as alkaloids and others, are prepared, to answer the demands of the physicians, and, at the same time, extend information to the pupils, by making them acquainted with chemical pharmacy.

The number of pupils attending the lectures at the time of our visit was 260. They are not only attendants upon the lectures of the professors, but residents in the hospital, in order to observe the treatment of the patients, and to become familiar with the almost endless forms and features of disease.

They are all educated at the public expense, have their quarters in the hospital, where they eat and sleep, and are obedient to a regular military and medical discipline, and rank as *sous aides* in the surgical staff of the army. Here they are compelled to remain from three to four years, in the constant pursuit of their studies, and in the regular observance of disease, at all times obedi-

ent to the call of their superiors, and ready to administer to the wants of the patients.

The beautiful order and methodical arrangements, as well as neatness, in every part of this establishment surprised and delighted me. It unites the activity of the French with the cleanliness and good system of the German hospitals, and therefore may be said to have the excellence of both.

The anatomical museum is very respectable, and will serve as the nucleus of a good collection. It consists mostly of bones, casts, and wax models, with the excellent tributary aids of parts, and the whole *subject*, of the ingenious invention of Dr. Azoux. From the expense of alcohol, and the great waste, owing to the excessive heat and dryness of the climate of Egypt, few or no specimens of morbid parts can be preserved as wet preparations. They are compelled to resort to drawings and wax models to perpetuate their similitude.

The apparatus for the illustration of the physical sciences is neat, and sufficiently ample.

The Civil Hospital is situated in the city of Cairo, and is located in a spacious building, but recently one of the palaces of Mohammed Ali. It is placed very favourably for good air, near the principal square of this very curious and truly Oriental city. It is an admirable transfer of the noble and superfluous domain of a single individual to humane and charitable purposes, to the wants, and necessities, and the afflictions of the poor and the diseased. As the medical officers informed me, it had only been established about one year, and was but a beginning of an asylum and a home for the suffering and the sick.

It contained between two and three hundred patients, besides apartments especially appropriated for a lying-in

establishment. Although there is a male and female department in the same building, we found the peculiar Eastern vigilance and harem-like care that the females shall not even be seen by the male patients. On no pretence whatever is any male admitted into the female part of the hospital unless he be a professional man, and then he must accompany à medical officer of the establishment, who alone has authority to introduce him.

Connected with this Maternité is a school for the education of young women, to fit them properly to be accoucheuses or sages femmes. It has a well-organized class of young females, from the age of fifteen to twenty, under the care of a French professor, aided by a young Arab, whose acquaintance with the French language enabled the pupils to comprehend readily the lessons of the principal. The class consisted, on the day of our visit, of sixteen. They were dressed as Europeans, were very neat and respectable in their appearance, and exhibited various tints and shades of colour, from the tawny Arab to the jet-black Nubian and Abyssinian.

They were all assembled in the class, at their lessons, when we entered, and were receiving instruction from the professor. Their note-books were in Arabic and French. I was requested to test the practical knowledge of one of them on the manikin. One, the most convenient, and as black as ebony, was requested to come forward. Different questions in French were put through the young Egyptian, and on the machines the pupil proved by her manipulations with the fœtus that she not only comprehended perfectly the question, but that she understood well the subject.

When their knowledge is thought sufficient, they are permitted to exercise the art upon the patients of the institution. In this way, after a residence of some time

in the hospital; subjected to regular discipline and instruction, they become very competent practitioners of this branch of the profession. They informed me that all of them were educated at the expense of the Pacha; that his object was to place them in the harems, and thereby dispense with male obstetricians; and that Mohammed Ali, from time to time, was in the habit of purchasing young females at the slave-market at Cairo, and placing them in the maternité for instruction. In this way he kept up a constant supply for the wants of the different harems of his family and favourites.

This establishment is undoubtedly founded upon the liberal and humane plans of the French, who annually educate and send forth a large number of well-instructed and competent young women, not only in every direction through their own provinces, but into other countries. It is to be hoped that in Egypt a more enlarged and moral view will be taken of this system, and, ere long, that its salutary and benign influence will be extended far beyond the gardens and walls of the harems, and that the almost countless poor may receive something in return for what they labour so hard to support.

Every facility seemed to be afforded in this obstetric school, in preparations, apparatus, and instruments, as well as the living subject, to make the pupils competent and useful practitioners.

In Egypt we found the Lepra to assume the same features, and to be treated in the same way by the European practitioners as it was in Greece. Syphilis, in all its forms, is also very prevalent in both these countries, but is a much more mild disease, and yields more readily to remedies than in Europe or America.

The dry and arid climate of Egypt, while it seems to render these diseases more mild, and particularly

syphilis, produces in the Arabs a variety of obstinate cutaneous affections. We saw many cases of the different forms of Porrigo, but it readily yielded to cleanliness and the application of an ointment composed of equal parts of lard or common cerate, tar, and powdered charcoal. Want of cleanliness alone cannot be said to cause this affection, as the Arabs generally are worshippers of the Prophet, and have their heads shaved, and observe the ordinances of their religion with much more exactness, punctuality, and fidelity than the Christians. Before they turn their faces towards Mecca, and offer prayers, which are most imposing and solemn, they invariably wash their faces, hands, and feet; and this they do three and five times in the twenty-four hours. The other parts of their bodies receive very little attention, and, consequently, are in a more filthy condition.

The Egyptians are a very temperate people from necessity: there is no wine or ardent spirits peculiar to the country. To this, more than to climate alone, we would ascribe the greater readiness with which their diseases yield to treatment. From the state of nature in which they live, there is very little predisposition to inflammation; and hence the readiness with which they recover from wounds, and the remarkable success of surgical operations.

The salutary and desirable process of union by the first intention, or adhesion, is much more common and complete than in any part of Europe, or even in America. This has been ascribed by some to the heat and dryness of the climate alone; but we would give a part of the credit to the sound and natural constitutions of the Arabs. In the more civilized and refined countries of Europe and America, there is frequently either too much inflammation, or too high a degree of irritability, to have

this object accomplished. Both these states of the system are well known by every surgeon to interfere with, and, indeed, frequently to frustrate, this process entirely.

Even the wound made in the operation of lithotomy, which is performed in the lateral way, except that the prostate and neck of the bladder are cut directly downward towards the rectum, as recommended and practised by Vacca, frequently heals by the first intention, as I was informed by my excellent friend, Dr. Pruner.

My experience in New-York warrants me in saying, that the adhesive inflammation is, *cæteris paribus*, more favourable for union by the first intention during our hot seasons than in the cold weather of winter. This I have noticed in an abundance of instances, and have been in the habit of ascribing it to the lesser degree of inflammation that follows operations and injuries in the summer months.

Aneurisms are almost unknown in Egypt. Dr. P. informed me that, during a number of years of extensive private and hospital practice, he had had only one case requiring an operation. It was a ligature upon the brachial artery. I presented him with a set of the *American instruments* for conveying the ligature beneath the artery, and showed him the manner of using them; with which beautiful, simple, and ingenious inventions he assured me he would make an application of the ligature in the first case which came under his care.

Since visiting a number of Oriental cities, it is no longer surprising to me, that they should, from time to time, be scourged with typhoid forms of disease, and particularly the appalling and terrific forms of it denominated the Peste or PLAGUE. As long as their cities remain, and their habits continue, it must be, from time to time, the companion of the Mussulman. The features

and appearance of this disease, like the Asiatic cholera, are frightful indeed, from the overwhelming operation of the contagion, infection, or poison that produces it, upon the nervous system. It certainly resembles the action which some of the more deadly vegetable and animal poisons have upon animal life. From the mild vegetable miasm that produces intermittent and remittent fevers, there is a variety of causes, vegetable and animal, differing in intensity and violence, until we arrive at the most concentrated of all, which is the *materies morbi* of plague itself.

From the facts which I collected at Cairo, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Constantinople, in each of which places the disease existed, and in the first of which I saw a number of cases, my belief is, that it is not contagious, but infectious and atmospheric. Dr. Bulard, the distinguished and intrepid French physician, whom I met in the East, and with whom I returned to Europe, has been several years immersed in the plague, visiting those cities in which it prevailed, for the purpose of investigating its nature, and the causes that produce and influence it. As we performed our quarantine together at Orsova, I had an opportunity of collecting many curious facts in relation to the disease, and, at the same time, becoming acquainted with many of his views and opinions.

He does not believe the disease communicable from one person to another in the pure air of the country; they must be, as he says, in a pestiferous atmosphere. In three instances in which the clothes from the dead body were worn by three individuals, two took the disease, but the experiment was made in an impure atmosphere. He thinks it would not be communicated in this way in a pure air. It cannot be transmitted by

inoculation with the blood from patients labouring under the disease. He informed me that he had made more than one hundred trials with the blood, at different stages of the complaint. He even doubted that inoculation with the matter from a charbon or inguinal bubo would produce the disease out of a pestiferous focus.

Dr. Pruner informed me that he never knew an instance of plague to follow an autopsy among the pupils of the hospital, and that they made post mortem examinations of plague subjects as freely as those who died from other diseases. Dr. ———, of Alexandria, stated to us, that he sent the clothes and mattress of a person who died of plague to London, and that a quantity of the discharge from the charbons and buboes was mingled with them, and cotton was imbued with it purposely. It arrived safe, was taken home, but no disease was communicated by it. His confidence in the non-contagiousness of plague was so great, that he was induced to make this bold and unjustifiable experiment.

In the astonishing number of autopsies which Dr. Bulard made in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Constantinople, amounting to upward of six hundred, he found the morbid appearances very varied. The brain, the stomach, intestines, liver, and spleen, were the organs generally either congested or inflamed. One of these organs was sure to be found in the above-mentioned state if the patient survived the initiatory stage, or collapse of the whole system which ushered in the disease. Many perish in this stage. Those who survive it require a very guarded and cautious depletory treatment, from a fear of the secondary collapse, which too frequently also is fatal.

As far as I could ascertain, there is no settled method of treatment among the practitioners of the East. All

are very cautious in depletory means, and particularly venesection; yet leeching and cupping may be and are resorted to. Another will say that quinine in large quantities, from the commencement of the attack, is the only chance the patient has, in from five to ten grain doses, several times a day, and continued through the stage of excitement.

From the great discrepancy which I found to exist in the treatment of the peste, and from what I saw for myself, it should, in my opinion, be treated upon the same principles as an aggravated form of malignant typhus; always bearing in mind the necessity of watching very closely for the unexpected collapses, which suddenly and fatally steal upon us.

We visited also at Cairo the Lunatic Hospital. The inmates are in a truly deplorable condition, being literally naked, and confined like felons, with heavy chains around their necks, as if it were a crime of the most atrocious character to be chastised thus by God's providence with the greatest affliction that human nature can suffer under. The light of civilization, and the blessings of the humane and philosophical treatment of these wretched beings, as universally adopted, and with surprising success, in all Europe, has not yet reached benighted Egypt, however great the progress made by the viceroy in the *modernization* of other medical charities to the improvements of the age.

In our last visit with Dr. Pruner to the military hospital on the bank of the river, we were amusingly escorted by the doctor on a beautiful donkey, preceded by a janizary in red Egyptian dress, with a long Turkish sword by his side, and running the whole distance on foot ahead of us, we following on, in Indian file, through the mazy, winding lanes of the city and suburbs. The

doctor was in his usual full Egyptian dress, with a long sword girded upon him, the ordinary costume of a physician of rank. This spectacle would certainly have made some of my friends smile, considering the sombre gravity and sable habiliments in which our profession move in most other parts of the world. The doctor did not go through the wards with a drawn sword; but this appendage to his dress was very politely and formally taken off from him by his servant on our entering the antechamber of the hospital, and as politely readjusted to him when we were about to leave. At the hospital I was presented to one of the professors, a French gentleman who had resided many years in Cairo, and a man of high consideration in his profession. He also was in the full Egyptian dress of a gentleman, which we consider rich and beautiful, and well adapted to the climate. We may, without doing full justice to it, briefly say that it is composed of a red fez cap, a short round-jacket and vest neatly embroidered, short pants in full folds to below the knee, where they are drawn close, and the lower limb adorned with beautifully-embroidered, long, tight gaiters, all of the same material, terminating with a red morocco shoe, and, to complete the whole, as we have said, a long Turkish sword.

At the request of this gentleman, who, by-the-by, was mounted on a magnificent gray Arab charger, we accompanied him to his house; his janizary, also with sword, preceding him on foot. Among other interesting subjects of conversation with this physician, he informed me that he was writing a paper to prove the existence of a certain species of epizootic worm which infests the human body in hot countries. To illustrate the correctness of his views, he produced a large folio volume of *Avicenna*, in the original Arabic, from which he read to

me the paragraph in that ancient and estimable author in confirmation of his views.

Though I was not enabled in Egypt to obtain, what I greatly desired, an original copy both of Avicenna and our other great Arab apostle in medicine, Rhazes, yet was I honoured in a most distinguished manner, by the presentation from my much-valued friend, Dr. Pruner, of a manuscript copy of the *Aphorisms of Hippocrates*, in royal octavo size, of exquisite penmanship, almost like copperplate, and in admirable preservation.

A note appended to it, in Dr. Pruner's own handwriting, calls it "The Aphorisms of Hippocrates, commented upon by an Arabic physician, Abderrahman, the son of Ali, the son of Abi Saadek. The manuscript is judged, by the famous sheikh Mohammed Aiād e Thanthaoui, to be from three to four hundred years old." I must acknowledge my thanks to Dr. Pruner for another valuable work he presented me, as a specimen of the advanced state of the precious art of printing in Egypt. It is a thick quarto, neatly bound in boards, of excellent, clear, and clean type and paper, being a translation into Arabic of a *Treatise of Hygiene*, from the French, for the use of the scholars in the medical school formerly established at *Abou Zabel*. It is from the press at Boulak, the little town which we have already mentioned as the landing-place on the Nile, near Cairo.

We have a few words more to say on the distressing affection well known as the *Ophthalmia of Egypt*. The extensive ravages produced by this malady are, in my opinion, owing to neglect of early and proper treatment. It is purely an inflammation of the external membranes of the eye and eyelids, and it is very correctly, from the very copious discharge of pus that accompanies it, denominated *Purulent Ophthalmia*. A great majority of

those affected with it do, in fact, receive no treatment whatever; but, from the observations I made among our Arab attendants, I found it readily yielded, in the beginning, to active and prompt means, based upon the common principles of the treatment of ophthalmia in our country. If these remedial measures are omitted, the inflammation is very commonly destructive of the eye by suppuration. Nothing is more usual in Egypt than to see Arabs with the loss of one eye. We can readily understand that, when this disease once commences in an army or encampment, it will be speedily propagated by means of the myriads of the common fly that abound in all parts of Egypt. These insects cluster in great numbers about a sore eye, and, from the quantity of discharge that is continually flowing, their feet become, in my opinion, the vehicles of the propagation of the contagious virus. Every one who has been in Egypt, and has witnessed the loathsome sight of hundreds of flies swarming about the faces of sore-eyed children, and wallowing in rivulets of pus, must be convinced that they are the organs or agents by which the disease is transmitted from one person to another, and thus becomes epidemic. I do not know that I ever saw a poor Arab woman with her child astride her shoulders, but that the latter had one or both eyes streaming with the pus of this ophthalmia, and its little hands actively at work in brushing off the offensive and obtrusive visiters. In travelling on the Nile, I made for myself a gauze veil as a protector, having serious apprehensions, from coming in constant contact with ophthalmic cases, that I might myself become a subject of this disgusting malady. The sore eyes, the sore legs, and cutaneous eruptions that afflict the poor Arabs, are frightful to behold; and the nidus which this extensive

surface of disease presents for the sustenance of the insects we have mentioned, seems only to whet the appetite of the latter with a keenness which is almost ravenous, for they dart from a diseased to a healthy subject with the fierceness of a hornet.

I regret that I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing *Clot Bey*, a French physician, who is the surgeon-in-chief of the army of Egypt, and the personal friend of the viceroy. He was the first physician who introduced modern European practice in Egypt, and commenced his career as a poor hospital-boy at Marseilles, furnishing another instance, so common in France, of the facility with which, through the means of cheap education, genius can surmount the impediments of poverty.

He was absent in Syria with the army under Ibrahim Pacha. I was informed by Dr. Pruner that Clot Bey had had two or three occasions of tying the larger arteries for aneurisms, such as the femoral, and, I believe, the external iliac.

Man continues to be sold by his fellow-man, as has been the practice from immemorial time in this country. The Sacred Writings inform us that certain portions of the human race were, in the earliest recorded ages, made slaves of by others. This traffic at Cairo I saw under most abhorrent circumstances, which were the more disgusting, as the swarthy race that are masters of Egypt are themselves, in part, the descendants of negro slaves. Hundreds of the negro tribes, of a jet-black colour, and of all ages and both sexes, are constantly being brought from one to two thousand miles in the interior of Africa, where they have been stolen, but most of them, disgraceful to say, sold by their inhuman parents for a string of beads or a shawl, to be transported to this great mart, where they are produced on the place appropria-

ted for that purpose, and shut up in pens until a convenient time for the sale.

I was treated with great kindness, not only by Dr. Walne, our vice-consul, and by Mr. Waghorn, the agent of the English overland steam-route to India, but by many of the distinguished official functionaries. In our morning visits we were regaled with a profusion of refreshments, such as coffee, pipes, sweetmeats, fruits, and watermelons, which were handed round to us by some dozen or more nimble servants; but at dinner the Turkish cuisine far exceeds even the French in endless variety of courses. One day, dining with the bey, after the usual prelude of coffee and pipes, water was poured upon our hands from a silver pitcher into a silver basin. Embroidered napkins were then offered to us; after which, a large silver waiter was brought in and placed upon a stool, to which we sat down cross-legged, and commenced with the first course, which was pigeons and chickens, served on hard cakes without knife or fork. Following the example of our host, we made the best use we could of our fingers, and tore the meats to pieces in the same manner that he did. To these succeeded an immense variety of other dishes, among which was a plentiful abundance of confectionary; the different courses consuming a space of two hours.

To return to the *slave-mart*. Not only were negroes here sold by their mulatto Arab masters, but we saw also Circassian and Georgian girls, of exquisite beauty and whiteness of skin—the beau ideal of a race that is deemed the most perfect of human beings, of the same species as ourselves—brought here, like cattle, to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The black Nubian girls, with nothing more than a brown cloth or grass band wrapped around the loins, were playing with their beads.

One, a little girl of fourteen, interested us much. She had a quick, bright eye, and pleasing countenance, and was amusing a group with lively stories. But her own story was one of a mournful character. When we came near her, she sprang up and importuned us to buy her, promising that she would do all to please us; and, expressing her predilection for us, put out her tongue to convince us that she was in perfect health. The price was sixty dollars. Her story was, that she was torn from her brothers, and sisters, and parents while she was milking goats, and placed on a camel and carried away; in relating which, she burst into tears. The Circassian girls were better clad. One was of great beauty, of snow-white skin, light hair, and blue eyes, and attired in a pretty silk dress, ornamented with ear-rings and other jewelry, and altogether *recherchée* in her appearance; yet was she a poor slave, and never more would see her own romantic mountains on the Euxine. When we approached her, she laughed and appeared happy, as they are taught to do; but I could see that the laugh was forced and hysterical. It was a thrilling and heart-rending spectacle. She said her parents had sold her. The price for her was 12,000 piastres! The appearance of these lovely girls, so like our own matchless countrywomen, contrasted deeply with the monkey faces, shining black skin, and tallow-greased woolly hair of the negroes.

After due deliberation, we made up our minds to go into Palestine by the route of Damietta, and so across the lower part of the Syrian desert. This we were induced to do by the advice of our friends, who made careful inquiry of the *Sheiks* as to the disposition of the Bedouins towards travellers in the direct route from Cairo to Jerusalem. We were informed that there was

too much danger for us to undertake the route, as the Bedouins had of late become very much exasperated, which put the lives of travellers in great jeopardy. We had partly arranged a caravan for this expedition, but deemed it most prudent to abandon it, and therefore embarked from Cairo, and descended the Damietta branch of the Nile to that city, upon the lower part of the Delta. This was a voyage of about four days, being somewhat speedier than our upward trip, as we now had the current with us.

One of our companions found a good deal of sport going down, and at the different towns where we stopped, by means of his fowling-piece. He carried such havoc among the sacred birds, the cranes, hawks, gulls, &c., that it would have made the ancient Egyptians weep, could they have burst their mummy cerements and come out of their catacombs. Our deck was literally strewed with the dead of these feathered tribes; and when Asaph was carrying them on his back through the villages, his feelings were very much mortified to hear the taunts of the Arabs for killing such miserable, uneatable trash, as these once-adored animals are deemed by the present degenerate races in possession of Egypt. We have found this wretched and oppressed people—for they are all slaves to the viceroy—everywhere kind to us. In the villages they would insist on our sitting down by the side of them to eat cucumbers and smoke pipes, which they would bring to us; yet they have nothing they can call their own. Ask them to whom that fine field of rice or tobacco, or that tolerable-looking house or boat belonged, and the answer always was, "To Abbas Pacha." It would seem that he owned not only the whole of Egypt, but the bodies and souls of the people. They live in mud huts, 200 or 300

of which are clustered together, and this hive of miserable beings is dignified with the name of *town*. About two thirds of them appear to live almost exclusively on cucumbers at this season of the year. It is rare to see an able-bodied man, as these are all pressed into the army or for the public works.

The women do the chief labour in the river towns. Sometimes we saw girls, almost entirely naked, astride of buffaloes and camels, and occasionally, in this manner, crossing the river, and obliging us to steer our boat out of their way. While they were making this perilous transit, we could see nothing but the head of the rider and the nose of the animal. The most gallant young gentleman of our party had quite a flirtation with some of the girls, and told one of the naked ones (through Asaph), rather ironically, that he feared she would get her *stockings wet*, when she replied that he was an impudent Frank. He bantered another, who was veiled, about her ugliness, when she told him her eyes were prettier than his, and, out of spite, waded off to the boat and raised her veil, when her teazer was forced to make her a present.

The towns in this route are more numerous and considerable, and of a better appearance, and the scenery far more interesting, than by the branch of the river by which we had ascended. The soil is much better, and under higher cultivation; still, however, an unvarying alluvial plain throughout its whole extent, without a mountain or even a hill to be seen, nor any of those ancient and remarkable relics of art which we had gazed on with so much pleasure in other parts of Egypt.

As our boat landed at Damietta, a gentleman in a Frank (i. e., our own) dress immediately came on board, he having, as we approached the city, descried our

American flag; for, under all circumstances, both on the water and on the land, wherever we could, we sought protection under our own glorious banner, and in whatever clime or land it was in our power so to do, kept it waving over our heads both by night and by day.

The gentleman who came on board was an Italian, and spoke also French fluently. He introduced himself as an *attaché* to the American Consulate of Damietta, and voluntarily offered us his services. Our first inquiry was for a hotel. Though, from the wretched appearance of the place, we did not flatter ourselves certainly with the prospect of any luxuries here, we did hope for something a little better than our poor boat-accommodations. He quickly took us in charge, to conduct us to apartments belonging to the consulate, but did not raise our expectations by any encomiums upon them in advance, the reason of which silence was clearly explained to us when we arrived there, for we found them presenting a most woful appearance indeed. They were rooms truly, but they strongly reminded us of our garret accommodations at Marathon. The hen and chicken apartment, at the house of our friend the Mayor of Delphi, was a comfortable saloon compared with our lodgings at Damietta. They consisted of two or three small apartments, in the most filthy condition imaginable, without a solitary article of any furniture whatever; and these were the only apartments in the place that could possibly be obtained; and the dwelling-houses, if they may be called such, were the most deplorable we had seen in any modern town. Before attempting to install ourselves into our new home, we deemed it important to send a deputation or committee to the consul himself, who was an Arab, and lived adjacent to the city, in a *rookery* on the sand. Being of that commit-

tee, I proceeded on my mission, accompanied by our faithful Arab servant Asaph as our interpreter; and, after a considerable walk through the sand, with a blazing sun over our heads, we reached the mansion of our country's representative. From the hesitation which was manifested in admitting us within the precincts, and the barricaded condition in which the rookery had been placed, I had scarcely any doubt in my own mind that this was the *female* part of the American consulate, otherwise called, in Eastern countries, the harem of a private gentleman. After considerable delay, we learned that his highness was not at home; but our impression was that he was not visible. We left our *cards*, and, as my own was in the Arabic character, designating my profession and country, he could readily understand who we were.

On returning to our boat to make arrangements for moving our travelling equipage on shore, the consul shortly after made his appearance, and seemed every way disposed to do his utmost to make us comfortable. To our great regret, however, we found that it was not in his power, consul as he was, to extend to us any hope of better quarters than had been offered us by his *Chancelier*. The first thing most imperatively demanded was something in the way of satisfying the cravings of hunger, as our provisions on board were very scanty, having been obliged to rely, from day to day, upon what we could pick up along the river at the little towns, and also by depredating with our fowling-pieces on the flocks of pigeons, neither of which resources had furnished us with any great abundance. While some of our Arabs were engaged in removing our travelling furniture and luggage on shore, another was sent with our faithful Henry to the market-place for something to eat. After

diligent search some *materiel* was collected, and we repaired to our quarters, and there enjoyed a frugal repast with a keen appetite.

Our hunger being now to a certain degree allayed, we took into prospective consideration our accommodations for the night, and unpacked and arranged our sleeping apparatus. My travelling bed with its moschetobar served me most providentially on this occasion, and was literally a royal luxury, as it raised me in every sense above the condition of my companions, who were compelled to stretch themselves upon the floor by my side, wrapped in their blankets. In this *Arabian saloon* we reposed for two nights, which will be ever memorable in my calendar; for of all the congregated armies of moschetoes, of colossal stature, that ever serenaded and wounded poor mortals, these with which we were entertained on the two nights at Damietta surpassed. Perfectly protected as I was, I could have passed the night most comfortably; but my companions were tormented to such a degree that I thought they would have gone mad, and my deep sympathy with their sufferings kept me awake. One was driven from his inhospitable bed, and sought shelter in the open air, and got upon the roof of the *hotel*, where, from the greater coolness, he was enabled to envelop himself completely in his blanket, and thus, with this coat of mail, was protected from the farther fierce attacks of the enemy. The next morning I found my professional services in great requisition, and was summoned to examine the wounded whose cases for cutaneous injuries, produced by moscheto bites, exceeded anything of the kind I had ever before seen. They were disfigured throughout the surfaces exposed beyond all description.

The town of Damietta, once the emporium of the

eastern part of the Delta, is situated on the eastern side of the Nile, about ten miles from its mouth. The species of clothing known as *Dimity* was once manufactured here, to such great extent, and of such excellent quality, as to derive its name from the town. In ancient times it was famous for the cultivation of the papyrus-plant, a three-cornered reed, whose fibrous membranes were glued together, and formed the paper (a word derived from that plant), upon rolls of which the Egyptians recorded their hieroglyphic and other writings, found in such numerous quantities in the coffins and catacombs, and extending often to 50 yards or more in length, as may be seen in the museums of the principal capitals of Europe.

The more ancient Damietta, situated about five miles from the present town, was, some centuries since, deemed of such importance as the key of Egypt, that the leaders of the sixth crusade besieged it for seventeen months before it fell to their arms, when it was found a perfect charnel-house, the population having been reduced, by famine, pestilence, and war, from 70,000 to 3000 persons.

We found nothing of any interest, ancient or modern, at this now inconsiderable and miserable-looking place.

Our intention was to go from Damietta, across the lower part of the desert, to *El Arish*, and from thence to *Gaza* and *Jerusalem;* but our consul informed us that we should have fourteen days quarantine at El Arish, four at Gaza, and four without the walls of Jerusalem. And we also ascertained from him that the governor of Jerusalem had, in consequence of the breaking out of the plague in that city, interdicted all communication, prohibiting those within the city from going out, and those outside from coming in, which was to last for a month.

All these difficulties and dangers staring us in the face, we resolved, by a vote of the majority, against, however, our most earnest desires and pious intentions, to turn our backs upon Jerusalem. We had no idea of undergoing this imprisonment on the sands of Syria, with the greater additional probabilities that, while we were being purified ourselves for the better security of the Arabs, we might, from the filthy condition of their quarantine establishments, engender the disease in our own persons.

Jerusalem, which had been one of the principal objects of my travels to the East, the place of all others I had most desired to see, was now to be abandoned forever. That holy city, which was once the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth, I was not destined to visit. It can well be imagined what my disappointment must have been when obliged to turn my back on the *promised land.* It was, however, no doubt all right; and, believing it to be so, I was resigned. That holy land must therefore, in all probability, be to me forever a *terra incognita.*

We next arranged to return to Alexandria by the way of Rosetta; but here, too, we found ourselves in a dilemma. The cholera was prevailing at Rosetta, and if we entered it on our way to Alexandria, we should, under the prevailing views of contagion in the East, be here also subjected to the necessity of undergoing quarantine. Consequently, we made up our minds to take the river route back to Alexandria.

On this back track by the delta of the Nile from Damietta to Alexandria, one of our young companions had quite a series of rather perilous adventures. Supposing the head wind would detain our boat some time, he proceeded on a gunning expedition along shore, accompanied by Asaph. On arriving at one of the mud villages,

his feelings were so outraged by an Arab unmercifully beating his wife, that he could hold in no longer, and commenced kicking him for his brutality, and, finding this fail, he drew back, and cocked and levelled his gun at him, when the dastardly husband desisted in fear and trepidation. At this, a number of fierce-looking Arabs, espousing the cause of the brute, rushed upon our companion, and threatened to despatch him on the spot. Preserving, however, his coolness and presence of mind, he gave them to understand that he would fire upon them if they advanced, whereupon they ran away with their accustomed cowardice. What were his sensations now, on returning to the bank of the river, to see no vestige of our boat, and to learn that it had passed down some time before. He now gave himself up for lost; but, fortunately, another boat coming along at this moment, he was permitted to go on board, and, approaching the stern, where the owner, a fine old Turk, was sitting under an awning, our companion made himself very much at home, and squatted himself down alongside of him. Carrying out this air of familiarity and rank, he took up one of the old Turk's costly pipes, and, handing it to Asaph to light, commenced smoking with a degree of nonchalance, or, rather, cool impudence, which quite disarmed the old fellow, and made him burst out into a loud laugh; and such was his gratification, that the choicest refreshments were now brought up from below, consisting of coffee, watermelons, cakes, sherbet, sweetmeats, &c. It was the host's turn now to try the mettle of his guest, which latter was astounded, not to say somewhat frightened, to see the Turk suddenly snatch up the gun and level it in *his* face. After holding it so for some time, he put it down, and then again commenced laughing. In a short time after, our

companion and his kind friend overtook our boat, and both came on board, bringing their pipes along. We found the old gentleman very agreeable, and quite ready to join with us in a glass of brandy and water. He very politely insisted on our calling upon him at his residence at the town some distance farther below, and he now took leave, and, having the fastest boat, soon got out of sight. The next day we stopped as he desired, and found horses and servants waiting to carry us to his palace, where we were most hospitably entertained with a sumptuous dinner sufficient for forty guests, consisting of lamb, chickens, fruits and vegetables, confectionary, pipes, &c., served up in the Turkish style. We found ourselves, in fact, in the house of the *bey* or *governor* of all this part of the Delta, and shall long remember with pleasure these distinguished civilities from a gentleman of the highest rank in his native land, towards utter strangers, who had no claim upon him, but were deeply indebted to him for rescuing our friend from imminent peril.

On my return to Alexandria, having suffered considerable indisposition while descending the branch of the Nile to that city, I felt no wish to make a long sojourn, as both the Plague and Cholera were prevailing.

After making the usual calls of courtesy upon our consul, and visiting, by appointment at the palace, the viceroy Mohammed Ali, we fortunately found a conveyance to the Levant.

From Alexandria we embarked on board of one of the French steam-ships-of-war and returned to the Island of *Syra*. On our arrival here, being still under the quarantine flag, we could not land without being sent to the lazaretto, and therefore were immediately trans-

ferred to another steam-ship, and thence proceeded to *Smyrna*.

The sail from Syra to Smyrna is very beautiful. We passed a great number of the islands of the Archipelago, and were most of the time in sight of land. We saw the Island of *Samos*, so celebrated for its fertility and its delicious wine of classic fame, and in later years for the terrific slaughter of its inhabitants by their ruthless oppressors and invaders the Turks.

ASIA MINOR.

The approach to the coast of Asia Minor is bold and imposing. We landed at Smyrna after a voyage of two days, and put up at a very comfortable hotel. The city is situated on the declivity of a hill, with a spacious and beautiful bay in front, furnishing a capital harbour, and therefore a favourite rendezvous, as is familiarly known, for ships of war of all nations. The wharves are well constructed and convenient for all the purposes of commerce. Here, also, are some warehouses, and a considerable appearance of the bustle of commerce. There is nothing grand or striking in the aspect of the city. It is divided into two quarters, one occupied by the Turks and the other by the Franks, which latter are of all Christian denominations, but consisting chiefly of Greeks and Armenians. These two portions of the city, though both under the same pachalic, appear to be very distinct.

We must not omit to return our sincere thanks for the kindness with which we were received upon our arrival and afterward by our countrymen who are settled here as missionaries. They came down to welcome us to Asia Minor, and pressed us earnestly to stay at their houses, which, however, we declined, deeming that it would be intruding too much upon these much-esteemed friends, whose means in their pious vocation must be limited, to billet ourselves upon their generous hospitality.

The most interesting objects that we found were the Turkish cemeteries in the environs of the city. The tall, graceful, and melancholy cypress are here planted

among the white marble tombs in thick groves, resembling, at a distance, an evergreen forest of extreme and imposing beauty, again vividly recalling the graphic poetry of Byron

> "Within the place of thousand tombs
> That shine beneath; while dark around
> The sad but living cypress glooms,
> And withers not, though branch and leaf
> Are stamp'd with an eternal grief."

One point of interest to which our attention was directed by one of our American missionaries, who kindly accompanied us to the spot, was the place believed to have been the site of one of the seven churches of Asia. It is a small enclosure of about an acre, unoccupied, and adjoining to a large Turkish cemetery, and contains a small ruin, which is thought to have been the altar of the Christian edifice. We were told that such was the prejudice of the Turks against this supposed Christian enclosure, that it was a current belief among them that, if their bodies were interred there, they would not rest in peace, but rise again, and take refuge in their own consecrated graveyard.

On the mountain elevation in the rear of the city, which commands a most extended view of the harbour, sea, and distant islands, there are some remains of ancient ruins; one of which is stated to have been a temple dedicated to Esculapius, from the foundation of which we professionally supplied ourselves, as in duty bound, with a specimen.

Having been furnished with a letter of introduction from the Turkish ambassador at Paris to his friend the Governor of Smyrna, we were politely conducted by our vice-consul, accompanied by his janizary as interpreter, to the Castle. Here we were courteously received by his excellency, who treated us with pipes and coffee. He

kindly offered his services, and made inquiries touching our own country, and was particularly desirous to know whether we permitted polygamy, expressing great astonishment that we should deem one wife a fair allowance for each individual. This subject seemed to interest him much more than anything relating to the commercial importance or political condition of the American people.

The missionaries told us that they had established Christian schools, but had to abandon them; for such was the Mohammedan antipathy to any innovation of this kind, that even the Armenians themselves, though professing Christianity, joined with the deluded Turks in suppressing them.

I attended Christian Protestant service in the chapel of one of the foreign consuls, and was delighted to hear a sermon from my countryman Mr. Riggs, the missionary from Argos, in Greece. His text was from the Gospel of St. John, and the discourse, though in modern Greek and extemporaneous, was delivered with remarkable fluency and eloquence, the congregation consisting of some fifty of the Greek residents of Smyrna.

While at Smyrna we went to see worship in the church of the Armenians, who claim to be the legitimate descendants of the primitive Christians. These people have their own quarter, and are numerous and wealthy, of fine persons and great dignity of deportment, and wear a costume of their own, of which the huge cap is most striking. The women are extremely beautiful and fair, coming as they do from a region not far from the famed Circassia, the cradle, as it is deemed, of female loveliness. We never, in fact, saw so much female beauty in any city of the East as is found here in every class of its mixed population. The services of

the Church were a curious *mélange*. The men and women were separated by a partition of bars, and the former were all kneeling and praying, and bumping their foreheads many times, in the manner of the Turks, from whom this practice appears to have been borrowed. The ceremonies performed by the priests were similar to those of the Catholic Church. The chanting was performed by boys. After the service the men retired, and the women, all veiled in white shrouds, were admitted, and, passing in succession, kissed the priest's hand, and then put on their shoes and passed into the gardens belonging to the church. Here is a large picture of heaven and hell, and containing some 500 figures, the grotesque and even ludicrous attitudes of some of which seemed but little calculated for the solemnity of the place.

The Jews also have their quarter; and upon this unfortunate and persecuted chosen sect of God, every other denomination, Turk, and Armenian, and Greek, unite in heaping revolting oppression and unmanly contumely. Yet they heroically and patiently submit to every wrong and insult, and contrive, by dint of hard industry, to obtain a comfortable livelihood. The dress of the Jewesses struck me as peculiarly beautiful and classical. A cincture of gold links was around the waist, and bandelets to the forehead, and bracelets to the wrists, all of the same metal. The men, in personal appearance, are far handsomer than the women.

The Greek quarter did not impress us with much respect for this branch of their race. The Smyrniote Greek women, however, who greatly exceed in numbers the other sex, are of extreme beauty compared with their kindred in Greece; but their forms are bad, from their extraordinary obesity. I never saw such a collection

of enormous and misshapen fat females before. They wear a pretty cap, covered with gold lace, around which the hair is braided. Their dress is slovenly and immodest, something in the Egyptian style, and they all chatter French as fluently as magpies. One of their greatest deformities is their huge feet; but their features, and especially the eyes, are exquisitely beautiful. The Ottomans dress in their superb costume, which is the richest and most elegant we saw in Smyrna or elsewhere. The women are of surpassing beauty. In the slave-market we saw about fifty, chiefly negroes from Nubia.

Smyrna is deemed the Paris of the Levant, and contains 60,000 Turks, 40,000 Greeks, 10,000 Armenians, 10,000 Jews, and 5000 Franks. The plague in 1814 destroyed 40,000 persons.

Smyrna is the capital of Asia Minor, and, next to Constantinople, the largest and most Oriental city in the Turkish empire. It is very beautifully situated on one side of a large bay, gradually rising on the side of a mountain. The town looks very well at a distance, as it is approached from the sea, from the great number of mosques, with their white, towering minarets; but when you enter it, everything has a Turkish character. The streets are generally very narrow, merely alleys, but usually roughly paved. In most of them, the windows of the first story are made to bow out in the Turkish and Egyptian fashion, so that the occupants can easily shake hands, and step from one house to the other.

We now embarked in an Austrian steamer at Smyrna, and took our departure for TROY. We arrived in the Dardanelles the day after our departure, and landed at Abydos, in Asia Minor. Here, through the politeness of the American consul (an Italian), to whom we

presented ourselves, we arranged a caravan for the interior. The party consisted of our guide, who was a Turkish Jew that spoke Italian, an armed Greek, my faithful servant Henry, and my companions and myself, all mounted on Turkish horses, with Turkish saddles.

After a fatiguing day's ride, we arrived about twelve o'clock at night at the little village of *Buonar-bachi*, where, by the influence of our firman, we were immediately admitted into the walled enclosure of the pacha's residence. He received us with great kindness and civility, and treated us most hospitably. Turk and pacha as he was, we had had the temerity to rouse him up, at the late hour of our arrival, from his peaceful slumbers, and when the whole village, indeed, was as still as death. One would have imagined that, but for the firman, we might rather have looked for the bowstring than for the very cordial reception which we did meet with. He took me by the hand as the senior of the caravan, and conducted me up a crazy flight of steps, to what appeared like the upper loft of a stable, and insisted that I should sit down upon the carpet rug upon which he had been reposing. This I declined at first, from complaisance to his highness; but the more I resisted, the more he importuned, and I at last yielded. I was no sooner seated than his servant arrived with a pipe, and in a very few minutes afterward I was regaled with a cup of coffee. The same attentions immediately followed to my companions.

His highness made many inquiries of us about the Viceroy of Egypt, his troops, ships, seamen, &c. He was prodigal of his encomiums on the superiority of the Turkish ships, and said most of them were built by our distinguished countryman, Mr. Rhodes, the naval architect of the sultan. He spoke in the most exalted terms

of Mr. Rhodes, who, we learned, possessed such vast influence over the sultan, and was so great a favourite, that his majesty offered Mr. R. a *pachalic*, which, however, was modestly declined.

After we had smoked our pipes for a short time, we were served, upon the floor, with a tray by the side of us, containing the blackest and the sourest composition, in the form of bread, that I ever tasted or beheld, accompanied by *potcheese* of a kindred quality, that had the lactic acid developed in the greatest abundance. A stone pitcher of water constituted the third article of repast. Of these materials we partook as liberally as their *delicate* nature would permit, not having tasted food since the morning, and being considerably jaded by a tedious ride in the hot sun. We requested our guide to ascertain, in as polite a manner as possible, if something better could not be had. The reply was, that it was all that the larder of the pacha could furnish. We apprehended that it would require some time for the digestion, even of travellers such as we were, to dispose of such crude materials. After finishing our supper, we were all arranged for the night in an adjoining room, on a grass mat upon the floor, which the pacha had himself caused to be prepared, and where we passed the night without taking off our clothes.

Although this was hard Turkish fare, we shall ever feel particularly grateful to his highness, as it was the best in his power to give, and was given with great goodwill. Our sleeping chamber was close under the roof of the pacha's mansion, through the openings in which we could count the stars, while we were being agreeably serenaded during the night with the tramp, and flapping, and lugubrious cooing over our heads of scores of that common, domesticated, and apparently sacred bird in

Asia Minor, the *stork*, a species of crane, generally of gray plumage and of tall and graceful form.

The next morning before sunrise we arose, and, after being served with a second edition of our supper, I desired Henry to ask if some milk could not be procured, which in a short time was brought to us, and with this delicious addition, though goat's milk, we were enabled to make a more generous repast; after which we mounted again, and proceeded through an undulating and fertile grain country, abounding in excellent fields of wheat, to the supposed site of ancient Troy. We found ourselves in an extensive forest of huge oaks, on an elevated spot commanding a view of the Mediterranean, and nearly opposite the Island of Tenedos, with a distant view of Thrace on the Continent of Greece. Here we dismounted, and in rambling about the woods we discovered here and there large fragments of pillars of beautiful marble, and in one place the most COLOSSAL SINGLE COLUMN we had ever beheld in all our travels. It appeared to us to be quite equal in dimensions to Pompey's Pillar or the obelisk at Heliopolis. It was broken into two parts, being a monolith of a plain, smooth, and polished surface, and apparently of the simple Doric order. If it be all that is left of immortal Troy, it is a magnificent relic, in its mournful and imbowered solitude. It must have inspired even the ruthless Goth with its beauty, to have been permitted thus for 4000 years to remain intact and undefaced. Though prostrate to the earth, it is touchingly emblematical of the fallen but mighty city, whose mournful history may, in truth, be as briefly and sublimely expressed in this superb shaft of marble as it was in those two emphatic words of the Mantuan bard, "Fuit Ilium."

In this forest we met a straggling Turk, whom we

laid under contribution to convey us to any ruins that there might be in the neighbourhood. He conducted us to an immense ruin in the midst of the forest, being the foundation, apparently, of an edifice of enormous magnitude. We entered through a large archway into what seemed to be the cellar, and which was divided into several compartments, all sustained by massive arches, upon which must have reposed some stupendous superstructure. In perusing the late interesting work of our countryman, Mr. Stephens, we have been reminded of these ruins by his descriptions of the splendid structures which he saw at Palenque and other places in Central America, and which he found almost covered with impenetrable forests of huge timber. If there be any parallel to be drawn from this similitude, our American ruins, which are represented to be in a state of preservation about equal to those of the Acropolis at Athens, must have a claim to a much higher antiquity than many imagine, at least 3000 to 4000 years.

In all directions around the forest where there was any habitation, we saw columns and portions of former ancient edifices strewed about the huts, entering into the garden fences, and serving various purposes.

That there was once, and in a remote period of time, far beyond the memory of man or the evidence of recorded history, a vast city on this location, there can be no doubt; and, from the site of it, and the best traditions that remain, we believe that this neighbourhood accords fully with the position described by Homer as the residence and capital of the immortal Priam. It is true that we are told that a *new Ilium*, many years after the first great capital had crumbled into ruins, was built at some short distance from the latter. It is possible that such may have been the fact, and that a temple

was erected there, and that the treasures of the ancient city were removed to it; for so hallowed, even in the time of Xerxes, was the renowned story of Troy, that it was then on every tongue as the most delightful theme of the glories of bygone days. He, in his expedition to Greece, made, as is averred, a pilgrimage to *Novum Ilium*, that he might treasure it in his memory, as Plato, Herodotus, Strabo, and others had worshipped at the foot of the Pyramids. So also, like Xerxes, did the matchless Alexander, on landing in Asia Minor, repair with holy zeal to the shrine of this Troy, and there knelt before the sacred armour of the great Achilles, that he might breathe in some holy inspiration to spur him on to valorous deeds of arms. And, last of these illustrious conquerors, Julius Cæsar himself, boasting of extraction from the consecrated line of Trojan kings, came expressly from Rome to add his name to those who had made a journey to Troy personally to record there the homage of their admiration.

We descended from this forest to a beautiful plain, which we believe to have been that of ancient Troy. It extended from the forest to the range of mountains, of which Mount Ida is the most prominent and memorable.

At the extremity of this plain, towards the mountain, on the opposite side to the forest, we came to the River *Scamander*, which is rather less in size than the Cephissus at Athens, and a number of the sources or springs of which we counted near *Buonar-bachi*, with the greater satisfaction, as we knew they had been fully and completely identified with those described by *Homer* as existing but a short distance from the walls of Troy. We saw a number of the springs, but could not make them reach to forty, as some travellers have done.

We returned back that night to Buonar-bachi. In our ride we had a fair and distinct view of the mound on the plain and near the seashore, and which tradition states to be the tomb of Achilles, with a smaller mound near it, which is believed to be that of Ajax. The Greeks are stated to have buried their dead on the plains, and the Trojans theirs in the neighbouring mountains. We therefore may be said to have reposed for two nights in the memorable region between the tombs of Hector and Priam, and those of Ajax and Achilles.

We returned by a different route from Buonar-bachi to Abydos. On our way, at dusk of evening, we were suddenly surprised by the sight of eight or ten huge Turks, whom I pointed to our party, lying in the grass, and some of them across the pathway that our horses were going. We naturally, at first sight, supposed them to be waiting in ambush to attack us. We all drew up together, expecting every moment to receive a discharge of musketry. This was the most fearful and trying position into which we had yet been placed in Asia Minor. I was in advance of the party, and, on discovering the group of Turks, I stopped short, and quietly awaited the coming up of my comrades, to whom, on joining me, I suggested that the most prudent plan would be to pursue our course silently, without a word being said, and to diverge a little from our route. This proved, we have reason to believe, a most fortunate manœuvre; for the supposed hostile party appeared to be all wrapped in sleep, without any one of them having been posted on the look-out. Even the sentinel, if they had placed one, must have been faithless to his duty; for we all passed on without molestation. For a long time we continued to cast a suspicious look behind us; and when at a rea-

sonable distance, we hastened our speed, believing that on this occasion, as on many others, discretion, as it proved to be, was the better part of valour.

Proceeding steadily onward, we finally arrived again at Abydos. We had been under the necessity of leaving our mounted guard some distance behind, his horse having broken down. He therefore, instead of being enabled to precede us into the town as our protector, was now, to his extreme mortification, compelled to remain in the rear, more chagrined, probably, at the apprehension that this detention would jeopardize his pay than his life.

Abydos is a pretty little Turkish town, on the margin of a well-sheltered bay at the entrance of the Hellespont, and has been made far more famous by the delicious poetry of Lord Byron than by any of that commercial importance which it is said to have reached in ancient times.

Here it was, in the fabulous ages, that the enamoured young Leander, of this town, swam the Hellespont to his loved one, the beautiful *Hero*, at the village of Sestos, on the opposite shore of Grecian Thrace. She on one fatal night, true to her love, had not forgot to light her torch on the accustomed tower, where she awaited his coming; but the impassioned youth, borne off to the sea by the force of the current, perished in the waves.

Thus is the story beautifully imagined by Byron:

"The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water,
When love who sent, forget to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale and breaking foam,
And shrieking seabirds warn'd him home;

And clouds aloft, and tides below,
With signs and sounds forbade to go;
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear:
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
'Ye waves, divide not lovers long!'"

Here, too, Byron, inspired by this heroic example, also swam the Hellespont, which he accomplished with admirable skill.

We now embarked in a French steam-ship-of-war bound for Constantinople. Leaving Abydos, we shortly passed through the Hellespont, about a mile in width, being the narrowest part of the Dardanelles. It is lined on each side with numerous forts and extensive batteries for a long distance above and below, giving it a most formidable and warlike appearance, such as we have never seen in any other situation, and fully realizing all that we had heard or imagined of its matchless strength. This, with the picturesque scenery of the shores, and the notable incidents of history and of fable that are associated with this neighbourhood from the remotest times, give to this passage a peculiar enchantment. It was in this memorable strait that the fair *Helle*, who bequeathed it her name, was drowned while being borne across it with her brother on the back of the fabled ram of the golden fleece, to escape from their unfeeling mother in Thessaly. It was to recover this ram in Colchis, whither the brother had fled, that Jason and his comrades embarked in the Argonautic, or first great maritime expedition. It was at the entrance of the Hellespont that landed the assembled hosts of Agamemnon, who were engaged in the long ten years' siege of Troy; and it was here that Xerxes and his Persian myrmidons passed over into Greece by a *bridge* (we presume a

bridge of boats), covering the sea and shores of the adjoining coasts with his hundreds of thousands of men; and it was here also that the gallant young conqueror Alexander came, in his turn, with a mere handful of troops, to avenge the stain which the Persian invaders had inflicted upon Greece, and, following up his march in a succession of splendid victories at the Granicus and at Arbela, pursued the Asiatic hordes even to the mouths of the Indus and Ganges.

The night after leaving Abydos, we found an Austrian steamer on shore above the Hellespont, and, after two or three hours' ineffectual efforts to get her off, were obliged to abandon her and pursue our voyage.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Leaving the Dardanelles, we passed the little Sea of *Marmora*, or Propontis, as it was called by the ancients, and the next afternoon arrived in sight of the wonderful Constantinople, and came to anchor in the Golden Horn.

As we had come from a plague region, we hoisted the yellow flag at the mast; directly after which a boat with a Turkish officer came alongside, and informed us that we would be obliged to perform quarantine.

Being very anxious to know what disposition was to be made of us, we eagerly inquired whether it was to be performed in a large frigate which lay near us, and was the quarantine hulk, or whether it was to be done on shore at the lazaretto. We made many anxious inquiries of the captain and officers on board of our steamer, what was to be our fate, but could learn nothing. In a short time, however, we were ordered on board of the hulk, to go through our sanatory probation, totally unconscious of what that process was to be. On arriving at our place of destination, we crept through a port-hole, closely watched by Turks in authority; and immediately on reaching the gun-deck, a dark and grimy door, from whence a column of smoke was issuing, was pointed out to us, and we were ordered to enter. The apartment was as dark as a dungeon, and we could not see each other's faces. Presently, as our eyes became accommodated to our new residence, we dimly discerned

a large brazier, from which columns of smoke were issuing. The fumes, however, had an aromatic and delicious odour, and, as we afterward were informed, were produced by the burning of the sacred wood of Mecca. In this holy smoke-hole we remained less than five minutes, when a door opened on the opposite side, and an officer beckoned to us to come out, deeming that we were sufficiently purified to be admitted into the imperial city of his sublime highness the sultan. We accordingly left the hulk, on the opposite side to that by which we had entered, and by a small boat were conveyed to the capital of the Ottoman empire.

This farcical process of disinfection furnished, no doubt, numberless fat sinecures in its train, but precious little protection against the spread of contagion, even supposing for a moment, what we have by no means had sufficient evidence to believe, that this disease is one of a contagious nature "per se;" and what rendered this smoky mummery perfectly ridiculous and absurd was, that, in a few minutes after we had arrived at the wharf, I found my servant and all our baggage on its way directly from the infected steamer to the shore, without having undergone any of these wise measures of precaution that we had been subjected to for the exclusion of pestilential diseases.

We took lodgings in a private Italian family in a pleasant part of the Frank quarter of Constantinople, called *Pera*.

A more imposing and beautiful appearance cannot be presented to the notice of any one, than is exhibited to the traveller on approaching Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora. The almost innumerable white mosques and minarets that rise in bold and majestic re-

lief amid the houses, and the thick forests of dark-green cypress that denote the burial-grounds scattered through the very heart of the city, together with its elevated and beautiful position, and its background of mountain scenery, give it a rank very justly distinguished among all the cities of the East.

Constantinople is a much less Oriental city than Cairo, but it is in external appearance and situation infinitely more imposing and attractive. Of all the places I have yet seen, this capital presents by nature and art everything that is impressive, grand, and beautiful. It must only, however, be viewed in its approach from the Sea of Marmora or the Bosphorus to be seen to this advantage. Were a traveller to rest satisfied with this alone, he could never cease to award to it the palm of the queen of cities. The bold mountain scenery which surrounds it on the Turkish as well as the Asiatic side, and the wide expanse of water which spreads itself around, present a nobility and picturesque effect which may be said to be unrivalled. As we first approached it from the Sea of Marmora, I counted forty-five minarets, towering, white, majestic, and lofty, towards the heavens, indicating that there were *there* temples of worship. Presently, on a more near approach, the extensive circular domes gradually arose to our view, and other public buildings by degrees were brought in sight, making the tout-ensemble a fairy scene indeed. At length we arrived opposite Seraglio Point, which juts out into the Bosphorus, and may be said in some respects to resemble our Battery. Here is situated the seraglio and harem of the sultans for many centuries past, but not now occupied by the present potentate. Some of these buildings are pretty good exteriorly. They consist of many

palaces, ancient and modern, and a very extensive range of rooms like prisons for the harem. There is a wall yet remaining, three miles in extent, which denotes the limit of the ancient city of Byzantium, so called when occupied by the Romans under Constantine.

Passing around this point, a new scene opens itself. From Seraglio Point, a noble arm of the Bosphorus, called the *Golden Horn*, puts up to the extent of perhaps three miles. On each side, for two of these miles, the whole of Constantinople may be said to stand. Across the Bosphorus again, on the Asiatic side, and opposite to Seraglio Point, is *Scutari*, a large town containing many thousand inhabitants, with several palaces; and one occupied by the present sultan as a summer residence, with the constant appendage to all of them, *a harem*. The view from Seraglio Point up the Bosphorus is like a fairy scene on each side as far as the eye can reach. It is thickly studded with white villas of every style of architecture, Turkish, Venetian, Chinese, &c.; and among them frequently is seen a palace, once the residence of some of the old and former sultans. The present sultan has a winter palace on the Turkish side, as he always resides on the Asiatic side in summer and the Turkish in winter. The arm of the Bosphorus, or Golden Horn, on each side of which I have mentioned that the greater part of what is called Constantinople is situated, is a noble and magnificent stretch of water. The width and the depth of it make it one of the finest seaports, probably, in the world. This branch of water, called by the Turks the Golden Horn, is no doubt so denominated from the facility with which it may bring an abundance to their favourite city. It winds up beautifully and romantically among the mount-

ains, and is finally lost in a fresh-water rivulet, where the sultan has a kiosk or summer-house, with waterfalls and grounds laid out with exquisite taste. Each side of the Golden Horn is what is by strangers called Constantinople; but the Turks only call the side commencing at Seraglio Point, *Stamboul* or Constantinople. The other side is called Galata and Pera, which is the Frank quarter. There is a bold ascent from the water on both sides; and on that of Pera it is very steep, and the elevation almost mountainous. There is no choice of either side for narrow streets, rough pavements, and want of lamps, of which last not even a solitary one is to be seen at night; thereby causing great inconvenience and difficulties, especially to travellers accustomed to the well-lighted cities of Europe and America.

The streets of Pera are so narrow that a vehicle of any sort is almost totally out of the question here, as in most of the Oriental cities. A few horses now and then are to be seen carrying loads, but men are for the most part the beasts of burden. As for attempting to ride on donkeys or horses here, as we did in many parts of the East, no one dare venture, from the steepness of the ascents. The fatigue, therefore, in getting about, and climbing up and down, can scarcely be imagined. How a lady is to be transported from one part to another I scarcely know. Indeed, it is very rare to see one in the streets, either in Stamboul, or even in the Frank quarter. Those Turkish females who are seen in the streets are wretched and misshapen hills of flesh, with their faces covered, constituting the most disgusting moving masses that could cumber the earth. If all female matter was presented to me in such huge and unsymmetrical forms, and yet all covered up, I am sure my admi-

ration of lovely woman would be very much abated. And, more than all, what would be said to see one of these mountains, with equatorial and polar diameters nearly the same, astride a little donkey, the common way the women ride here and at Cairo. It can scarcely be imagined, after being familiar with such pictures, how delightful and refreshing it would have been to have seen once more the female face and form divine. But, alas! this was not our happy lot.

Stamboul is strictly the Turkish quarter. Not a Frank, as far as I could learn, lives among them. This is equally as irregular as Pera, and the streets generally as narrow. Only two or three of them, with great difficulty and danger to those who venture to ride as well as those who walk, admit a wheeled carriage. If any wheeled vehicle is seen, it is of a most outlandish and grotesque form, without springs, painted fantastically with yellow, red, and black colours, and is drawn by two oxen, which are also fantastically caparisoned with bells and ribands. Within the vehicle are generally seen four, but more commonly five, of the before-mentioned female beauties, sitting flat on the bottom (for there are never any seats), the common complement of one ordinary Turk's household.

These creatures are commonly clad in white, head, chin, ears, and all. Now and then the muffler of the face exposed barely the nose and eyes. The latter organs they move about with great unconcern, as we saw when they were exposed, or when they could be discerned through their veils. Their features are generally very large, vulgar, and unmeaning, of a pale, chalky, and cadaverous hue, and very generally exhibiting an expression of melancholy. To complete the picture, *en*

coiture, there is generally one female of Nubian blackness, which colour is admirably set forth by the white; and a blacker skin than this ebony accompaniment generally possesses, I venture to assert, never sweltered under an equatorial sun or radiated heat amid the burning sands of Nubia.

The common method in Stamboul of getting about is to foot it, except that we are now and then interrupted by a pacha with two or three tails, as the case may be, on a splendid Arabian horse, with four or six runners on foot to carry his pipes and Koran, and be ready to make coffee for him as soon as he stops. The crowd of persons in this quarter is beyond conception during the morning and towards evening, at which time only the bazars are open, as it is a common practice in the East for all the shops to be closed during two or three hours in the middle of the day, when the Turks retire to their divans to enjoy their coffee and pipes. Stamboul is a place of bazars mostly, and they are almost numberless. They are mean, dirty little boxes or alcoves, in which the article exposed is not only sold, but made. Very little can be found in these far-famed and very celebrated places, except slippers and pipes, to gratify a European or American taste. Most of the bazar-keepers are Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Jews, and with strangers they are sharpers indeed. And the *valet de place* every one is obliged to have, in order to speak the language, is no less intelligent and clever, so that between the two parties a third position is far from being an enviable one. I searched not a little in the bazars for something choice and beautiful to purchase, but rarely succeeded.

It may not be irrelevant to state that, however similar, apparently, the Turkish name of Stamboul is to

Constantinople, its origin is correctly, we believe, imputed to the Greek phrase Εις τον πολιν, or "To the city," as used by the peasantry when going to the capital, and asked what was their destination. The early settlement of this place, ages before it became the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire, was made, as we are told, by a colony of Dorians from Greece, and antiquarians affirm that to this day, remains of the Doric dialect are detected in the language of the Turkish peasantry in that neighbourhood.

On the Stamboul side are situated most of the magnificent structures called *mosques* and *mausolea*. They are truly in size grand, and some of them are in their architecture beautiful. The *mosques* are very numerous, and more imposing from size than neat and chaste in their proportions. Some have two, others four, and one six minarets, which are very elevated and gracefully proportioned structures, perfectly white, standing majestic around the more humble and less conspicuous dome. It is these minarets which give to this city such a picturesque and attractive appearance when viewed from a distance. At a great elevation on each of the minarets is a small balcony, around which a man walks four times in twenty-four hours; at sunrise, noon, sunset, and midnight, he cries out, in a sort of mournful chant, the *muezzin*, which is an incitation to prayers. It is made in four directions over the Turkish capital. By the Turks it is called *Eyan*, and it runs thus: "Almighty God! I attest that there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet! Come, ye faithful, to prayer! Come ye to the temple of salvation! There is no God but God! Prayer is preferable to sleep!" I have heard and seen this called several times. It is solemn, imposing, and

sublime. It is made at the same hour on every day of the week, from all these temples, in all directions of this vast capital and the surrounding suburbs. At midnight it is especially solemn, and thus fell on the ear of the sensitive Byron:

> "Hark, from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
> The muezzin's call doth shake the minaret:
> 'There is no God but God! to prayer; lo! God is great!'"

Among the many mosques which ornament this great city, three are the most remarkable: *St. Sophia, Achmet the Second*, and that of *Sultan Mohammed*. The first is the most sacred and holy in the estimation of the Mussulmen, and is guarded with religious and pious care to prevent it from being defiled by any Christian. Such is the abhorrence they feel towards the Franks, that it is at the hazard of life for any one to enter it without proper authority from the sultan. To view the interior of this, and the seraglio and harem, is a favour almost exclusively granted to ambassadors, and now and then to commodores and admirals. None of the American missionaries, who had lived many years in Constantinople, had ever seen the inside of these great objects of curiosity and interest.

The Seraglio is a very extensive range of palaces, with all the decorations and fine trappings of a long line of sultans, up to the late potentate, who abandoned it from a feeling of insecurity, all his predecessors having been poisoned in this place, or in some way disposed of.

From the many bloody deeds also committed, and bloody decrees issued by the late monarch from this palace, it was by no means a favourite residence of his. He was said not to sleep there once in a year; for, since he ordered that all the janizaries should be killed,

amounting to nearly 60,000, his repose probably had been somewhat disturbed. The massacre was so general that but one of these functionaries escaped. This took place about eleven years since, and it is said that the whole sea and shores of the Bosphorus were so offensive, from the floating bodies of the dead, that a pestilence was apprehended. I was told, upon good authority, that the Turks, for more than a year after this terrible carnage, would not eat any fish taken in these seas, from a fear that they would be unhealthy.

The late sultan preferred wisely to reside in his palaces on the Bosphorus, surrounded by Christians, Armenians, and Greeks, having more confidence in them than Mussulmen.

Having been personally acquainted with the sultan's prime minister, Reschid Pacha, while he was ambassador at Paris, I waited upon him, by appointment, at his palace on the Bosphorus, accompanied by Mr. Brown, the head dragoman of the American chargé, as interpreter. He received me most graciously; and as he conversed perfectly well in French, I had no difficulty in a free intercourse with him. After partaking of pipes and coffee, he politely asked if he could do anything for me. I told him that I should be gratified to visit the most interesting objects worthy to be seen at Constantinople, among which I named the seraglio and harems, and the celebrated mosque of St. Sophia, which, as they are never visited except by special firman from the sultan, I felt the more curious to see. He said that he would apply to his sublime highness the sultan in my behalf, and send me a firman the next day, which he accordingly did, through the American chargé, with the usual ceremony of being enclosed in a red silk bag. It is well enough to remark that a firman from the sul-

tan is a formal document, on parchment, written in the Turkish language.

As an evidence of the rare and special favour granted me, I may mention that Mr. Brown, nephew and dragoman of Commodore Porter, our chargé, informed me that no American had ever before visited the palaces and harems at the Seraglio. They told me at Constantinople that I was the most favoured private citizen that had ever come to that capital, and that I have been the means of enabling them to see what they never had hoped of having the pleasure of beholding. Having full permission to take as many as I pleased, I caused to be invited all my countrymen and others whom I knew, that they might embrace this fortunate opportunity. Among the number was our distinguished and meritorious countryman, my excellent friend Mr. Rhodes, and his family, and Mr. Goodell, one of our missionaries, who had resided eighteen or nineteen years in this capital. Escorted by all the guides and attendants that usually accompany ambassadors, we visited first the ancient palaces and harems at the Seraglio.

In these palaces there is a great deal of massive richness and Oriental taste, totally different from the more modern on the Bosphorus, which are quite European.

The *old reception-chamber* of the former sultans is the most gorgeous and princely room of any that I have ever seen. The pillars of the canopy over the divan upon which they sat to receive the foreign ambassadors, are thickly studded with the largest precious stones of every possible variety that can be imagined. It is impossible to estimate or conceive the cost and value of these jewels alone. Connected, of course, with this great establishment, is a very extensive harem, through all which I passed. It makes a part of every palace es-

tablishment at the present time, and consists of a large number of good-sized bedrooms, arranged along galleries or halls, with such fine gratings to the windows that no one can possibly see the occupants from without, and these latter with difficulty see out themselves. Connected with a suite of these apartments is a magnificent saloon, in which they assemble for the sultan's inspection, and to amuse themselves with plays and in dancing. The beautiful arrangement of baths makes also an important part in these establishments. The whole of this series of buildings is now deserted, and it is only lately that any one has been permitted to see it. The only attendants about it are those wretched-looking human beings who are always considered safe about the harems.

St. Sophia is the most ancient of the mosques, and it is the largest. It is a peculiarly interesting temple. It is among the oldest in this region of the East that was dedicated to Christian worship. It was built by Justinian, and devoted to the purposes of a Christian temple in the days of Constantine. From this fact, it becomes an object of particular interest to every Christian traveller. The exterior decorations of minarets, of which there are four very elevated, and also the internal arrangements, are, of course, at present entirely Turkish. As in all mosques, there is interiorly an immense dome, supported on the sides, nay, all around, by marble pillars, with large galleries sustained by the same. Some of the pillars are of cylindrical form, each of one shaft of marble, porphyry, or verd antique, said to have been taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

When you first enter, the naked appearance and absence of decoration or beauty of architecture, produce the impression of that of an immense barn or vacant hall.

There is a sort of pulpit in one part, from which the Koran is read from time to time, and commented upon. The floors are all covered throughout with matting made of the palm-leaf, and kept remarkably clean. Not a Turk presumes to enter here or into other mosques, except barefooted or in clean slippers, and after having previously washed his hands and face. At all hours of the day you will see hundreds of Turks at worship on the matting, with their faces invariably turned towards Mecca. I have watched the followers of Mohammed in different parts of Turkey and in Egypt, and they appear to me to be infinitely more faithful and sincere to their form of worship than the Christians generally. The true worshippers of the Prophet, for pure fervour of devotion, deserve to be imitated by all Christians. It is impossible for any one who has not witnessed it to conceive an idea of the dignity and solemnity of their form and manner of prayer.

The only vestige which remains in the huge temple of St. Sophia, to tell of its once Christian character, is a colossal painting on opposite sides of the ceiling of the dome, representing the cherubim and the seraphim. Extraordinary, indeed, it is, that in this the most holy of the Mohammedan temples, this remnant of Christian apostacy should not long since have been effaced. Who knows but that ere long this relic of the early Christians may be pointed to again by the followers of the true God and his Christ? The entire ceiling of the dome of St. Sophia is said to be of mosaic, but, from its height, it cannot be seen. That it is of mosaic, is established by the disgraceful fact, that the mercenary Turks, for a suitable reward, clamber up to the ceiling and despoil it of fragments to gratify the avidity of *virtuosi* who wish to possess specimens of this remarkable

production of ancient art. If it were not that so much difficulty attended getting admission to this edifice, it would soon cease to be an object of admiration and attraction. Many of the other mosques, nearly as large, and of the same style, would be equally as interesting.

The *mausolea*, of which there are many in this part of Stamboul and near the walls of the seraglio, are interesting objects to visit. They are neat buildings, mostly in the neighbourhood of the larger mosques, and in them lie entombed various sultans and their families, from the earliest times of this empire. They consist of a large room, covered also with matting, in which are raised neat sepulchral structures of various sizes, to denote the different ages of the deceased. The sultan of each respectively, his lawful wives, generally four and five, and all his children, are deposited here. The mausoleum not only includes his lawful children, but those by his slaves also; so that the whole number is very considerable. In several I counted four and five wives, in one *forty-four* children, and, I think, in another *forty-seven*.

In closets around this sepulchral chamber are to be seen the costumes and jewels of the now inhumed occupant, and they are very costly and gorgeous.

All the illegitimate children of the former sultans, and also of the late one, were strangled or killed directly after their birth. The late great potentate, Mahmoud, is said to have had five, and some say seven lawful wives, and from four to *five hundred* female slaves. He is also said to have had forty-eight children. He was about fifty-three years old.

The next object that strikes a stranger's attention is their *cemeteries* or burial-grounds, all shaded with groves of cypress. They are very numerous and of immense

size, and are made conspicuous places, not from the beauty of their sepulchral monuments, but from being located in the most thickly-populated portions of the city, and planted with countless numbers of that most graceful and evergreen tree the *cypress*, that tells in every direction, "Here lie the dead!" Many of the Turks have their own private burying-ground closely adjacent to their houses, and, be they where they may, the funereal cypress is the invariable emblem. Monumental stones, also, are the inseparable accompaniment to a grave, and they are generally of marble, but are very uniformly rude, misshapen, and devoid of symmetry or taste. The Turks inter their dead in a very crowded and confused manner, only about two feet below the surface, and none but the best of them have the body enclosed in a wooden case. Their graveyards, on this account, become most loathsome and offensive, and proved so even to my tutored olfactories. In times of the pest they are disgusting to the greatest degree, as I experienced myself about the cemeteries in Smyrna, where the plague was prevailing during my visit.

One thing I saw myself which was horribly revolting. It was that the bodies are devoured by dogs, multitudes of which animals are peculiar to all Turkish cities, and I have seen them prowling about these solemn enclosures, with every evidence to warrant the assertion I have made.

Though those cemeteries in and about Constantinople are numerous and very large, yet by far the most extensive and beautiful are near Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

The Turks generally have a great aversion to be buried in Constantinople, from a belief that some day or other it will again be in the possession of Christians.

Many of them, therefore, are carried over into Asia, where they consider themselves more secure from any pollution with the Franks.

Where there are neither names to streets nor numbers to houses, it must be very difficult to form an estimate of the number of inhabitants. The computation, as near as it can be come at from uncertain data, is, that the whole number at Constantinople, including the adjacent villages on the Asiatic side, amounts to between four and five hundred thousand.

Excepting Stamboul, where the population is dense and very compact, all the other parts of Constantinople are spread over a larger surface than in European cities, and the houses are generally mean and small, with, however, the more general distribution of open grounds and trees; the burial-grounds constituting so many parks or groves, which, but for the loathsome causes stated, would contribute greatly to the salubrity of the city. The latter appearance is everywhere to be observed in the towns and cities, on the coasts as well as in the interior, both of Turkey and Asia Minor, and is a striking characteristic of the East. It is this dispersion of green foliage among the towering minarets, as we have before observed, that makes all Turkish cities and towns so attractive and beautiful when viewed from a distance, and causes the disappointment to be so very great when we enter and find them so repulsive.

Another part of the population ought by no means to be omitted in the general estimate, and that is the *dogs*. They form an entire republic, and a most numerous and independent one. They own no master, and no one seems to own them. From the droves of them in the streets, it is believed that there may be from *ten* to *twenty thousand* of them; and I think this number is not exag-

gerated. They lie about in all directions, and appear to be perfectly harmless, scarcely moving out of the way, and are the only scavengers. The Turks have no *hogs*, as the eating of such food is forbidden by the Koran.

Yet a Turk never owns a dog or has one in his house! They furnish frequently some amusement in the streets, by setting up a terrible barking when they see a number of persons in Christian or Frank dresses; and ours would no doubt vociferate in the same way at the novel and grotesque costumes of the Mohammedans. They never kill a dog, having some superstition on this subject connected with their religion; but *cats* are much caressed by them, and frequently seen in their houses. As soon, however, as the pest appears among the people, cats are a general object of massacre, not from a feeling of any particular vengeance, but because it is a general belief in the East that cats retain the contagion of plague, and spread it in a neighbourhood; and it is a fact that many of them die of it.

An interesting object at Constantinople is a sect of Mohammedans called *Dervishes*. There are two varieties of this description of Mussulmen: the dancing or turning, and the grunting or groaning. The former are by far the most curious and respectable, and have a beautiful place of worship at Pera. The latter are at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. They are both followers of the Prophet, but have seceded from the established Mohammedan faith, and are objects of hatred and persecution by the orthodox Mussulmen. They have a chief or leader among them, whom they appear to hold in the highest respect, and even veneration. The sect increases from converts from without, matrimony not being permitted among them. In some parts of their worship there appears to be great fervour

and earnest devotion, but at their strange gesticulations and characteristic features, the mind of every one must turn with pity and disgust. There is nothing in our country that can compare with them but the peculiar and unnatural people called *Shakers*. Which has the priority of rank, or precedence in time or years, I cannot positively say; but my belief is that the Dervishes are the most ancient. It is certainly a curious and interesting coincidence, that in the two great divisions of Christianism and Mohammedanism there should be in each a sect whose physical habits so remarkably resemble each other, without, it may fairly be supposed, either having the slightest knowledge of the other.

Each labouring, for all that we know, spiritually, as they certainly do physically, for a glorious and happy immortality, the one through the laws and rigid regulations of their renowned prophet and head, Mohammed, the other through the merits and sufferings of Jesus, the Redeemer of the Christian world. The good and faithful of each will, I have no doubt, be in mercy saved. The one will be judged by the Law and the other by the Gospel. It cannot be otherwise, when we know that *nine tenths* of the human race have never heard or even lisped the name of Christ, and when we believe in the abundance of mercy that perpetually flows from and surrounds the seat of Jehovah.

Fatalism is a striking feature in the character of the Mussulmen generally. They say, "Whatever is, is right," and under this belief they repose in the most unwavering security and confidence. The greatest temporal evils they use no means to ward off or avert, but content themselves by saying that it is from God, and therefore that it is in vain to escape from them, and that it is their duty to submit with patience and resignation.

It is on this account that the plague ravages and depopulates their cities, because they consider it a visitation from God. This faith leads them to seek for no means to cure or methods to arrest it when it happens to appear among them. If they would allow of medicaments to be fairly and properly tried, suitable means of cleanliness and ventilation to be introduced, as are generally sought for and used among Christians, I do not believe it would long continue so appalling and frightful a scourge to the Eastern world.

To the professors of the healing art, therefore, these countries hold out very few inducements. Few of the Turks ever think of seeking for relief under any emergency of suffering whatever. The physician or surgeon who resides among them must build his hopes upon the Frank population.

As far as I could learn, there never was an instance of a Mussulman submitting to an amputation or any other surgical operation; for, though every prospect of saving life could thereby be fairly presented, he prefers to adhere strictly to his faith, and to die. It appears to be widely different from that peculiar kind of brutal stupidity and indifference which is frequently seen in the negro of our country. It seems to be a quietness and serenity of mind, which is accompanied with resolute and unchanging hope, and from which state and condition nothing can divert or disturb. With our habits of thinking and education, we would unhesitatingly apply the epithet of ignorance and obstinacy to what they scrupulously and firmly believe to be a religious duty.

Perhaps the Turks may be said to have legitimately inherited this aversion to surgical aid from what is related of their great prophet, Mohammed himself. It is authentically stated of him that he had a tumour or wen

on his back, which he cunningly availed himself of as the *seal* of his prophecies, to impress them with greater force upon the credulity of his followers.

The place of worship for the *dancing or turning* Dervishes is a handsome plain building, without cupola or minarets. It is a large square house, with a circular area, with galleries above and below. The centre of the area is covered with matting, and is provided with a number of sheep and goat skins to kneel upon. In front of the area is seated the high-priest on a piece of carpet or skin, and on entering they make a most profound and graceful bow. This they invariably do, whether he be there or not, turning their faces to his seat or to the Turkish inscriptions above it. They then take their seats in the circumference of this circle, on the floor, in the manner peculiar to the Turks, and bend forward and bow their heads to the floor. In this regular order they remain in perfect silence until the chief arrives, when they all, by a bow again to the floor, signify their obeisance; but they do not rise up. The ceremony now commences, and consists in chanting, to all appearance, prayers for half an hour, when they all rise on their feet, preceded by the priest, and walk three times around in very solemn procession, bowing twice to the high seat, which is also on the floor, where they pass. This being through, the principal takes his seat, and they deliberately put off their graceful togas, lay them aside, and begin to turn until the whole area is filled with them.

To see them turning or whirling with their long petticoats and arms extended, spinning around and "making cheeses," as children say, and, though crowded together, never jostling or interfering with each other, is wonderful. Then a very peculiar and soft music was heard, as though at a great distance, and sweet and harmonious,

like that of the instrument called the harmonica. It was a stream of melody much less shrill than the bagpipe, and more melodious.

This dancing, or, more properly, waltzing, continued at least for half an hour, without a moment of intermission, and until they seemed exhausted. They were barefooted, and with their long under dress, which is like a very long and full petticoat, that filled out as they turned to a monstrous size, they exhibited an unique and very grotesque appearance. Their arms, at the same time, were stretched out, and raised up at a right angle to the body. They had three spells of walking and three of turning, each turning being preceded by a march around the room. Their togas are graceful and beautiful, of striped brown, and blue, and red silk, with a brown beaver hat, consisting only of a crown.

The second kind of these very strange human beings, or the *groaning* or *howling* dervishes, who reside in Asia, appear to be a lower order of men, and their religious ceremonies are more revolting and offensive. Their place of worship is also every way inferior in neatness to that of the others, but suitable to the condition and character of the occupants, and the savage-like nature of their performances. In their dress there is nothing but the hat that resembles the other species. They want the elegant and flowing toga of uniform shape and variegated colours which is worn by the dancers. As they enter the place of worship, as they all do, barefoot or with clean slippers, leaving their shoes at the door, all make a low bow to the principal or chief, or to his seat if he shall not have arrived. Seated on the floor, with their feet under them, in the Eastern custom, they appear to be engaged for some time in chanting prayers, and manifesting their reverence for

the head of the church, who is present and seated on the floor on a sheepskin. This being ended, they rise up, take off their outer garments, arrange themselves around the circumference of the room, generally barefooted, and with their toes approximated so that one great toe rests upon the other. The chief then commences howling in a moderately low tone, which they immediately follow and imitate. By degrees it augments, until it reaches almost a frightful pitch, and is accompanied with a great inclination of the body forward and backward, and a corresponding movement of the arms. The noise which they make is not only a howling, but it degenerates into a regular hog-like grunting of the most sonorous and audible sort. The ambition of each appears to be to excel his neighbour in these inharmonious and incongruous sounds and gesticulations, making it very evident to spectators, that the more superlatively disgusting is the conduct of the worshipper, the more eminently faithful is he considered. This curious exercise is continued perhaps for half an hour at a time, until, indeed, it would seem as if their very lungs would be ejected. The chief participates in the whole of the exercises, being sometimes on his feet, and then on his sheepskin, in different parts of the room, to urge and incite them to perseverance.

It may be said with great truth, indeed, that, physically speaking, they are earnest labourers in their vineyard. Besides this, they are in the habit of inflicting wounds in their bodies by different instruments, with a view to make a merit of the suffering and torture they are able to endure. They have two days of worship in the week, one on Tuesday, the other on Friday. The latter, being the Sabbath of the Mussulmen generally, is the best day for witnessing these performances.

From the time of Mohammed, one of the favourite amusements of the sultans of the Ottoman empire has been *archery*, and the late potentate kept up the practice of a long line of his predecessors. He devoted two or three hours of two days of each week to this recreation. With a number of his court, he proceeded from his summer palace by water to a certain spot, then rode on horseback to the high ground back of Stamboul, which has been used for this purpose for many centuries. This he did without any regal pomp or parade. Indeed, it was known by his subjects that he wished now to pass *incognito* among them; and to such a great degree did they conform to this wish, that no notice was taken of him by labourers and others as he passed by. Wishing to see him in a state of ease and relaxation, and in some respects divested of the trappings and pageantry of royalty, we repaired to the place on the day and hour set apart for these amusements. No one was visible on the extensive hills but his court and attendants, and a numerous guard stationed at a great distance from his person, in order to prevent the near approach of his subjects, and no doubt, too, for his greater personal security. We advanced to the guard, and were immediately stopped, and informed that no one was permitted to pass that way, or come at all within the guarded limits. Almost as soon as we were stopped the sultan espied us, and, finding that we were Americans, ordered one of his attendants to come to us immediately, and invite us into the enclosure. For this distinguished mark of courtesy from his sublime highness, we were indebted to our much-esteemed countryman Mr. Rhodes, who was of our party. We passed, therefore, the guard at once, and were admitted into his presence. He eyed us very closely, but we, of

course, from delicacy, did not approach too near him, such being the etiquette of an Eastern court. For an hour, perhaps, he sat as a European in a chair, smoking his pipe in the shade of some marble steps, used as a convenience for mounting his horse. During this time his court and attendants were exercising their skill with the bow. At length they ceased, and the sultan rode a splendid Arabian horse to the spot, threw off his cloak and cap, and commenced the exercise himself. Such an archer I never saw; such skill and strength as he displayed I probably shall never witness again. The trial was how far an arrow could be thrown with the wind; therefore it was one of pure strength only. It was truly astonishing to see how much he exceeded the others, though all were practised and skilled in the art. His arrows outstripped all the others considerably, and the last which he shot was at least fifty yards in advance of any that had been thrown by his friends. He shot only six arrows, and as he drew the last bow we went to see the spot which he had reached. A white handkerchief was wrapped around it where it stuck in the ground, to indicate to him the distance it had gone. When we arrived to the arrow, a number of his attendants had collected about it, and I expressed a wish to have it to take with me to America. As usual, to see the master-arrow, the sultan soon came up on his charger, when *Ali Bey*, a distinguished Turk who is constantly about the person of his highness, told him of my desire to preserve it, upon which the sultan directly ordered him to present it to me. This arrow is now in my possession, and is a most beautiful and perfect specimen.

The late sultan was a man of about my own size and age, with a black beard, and mustaches about two inches

long, and was habited in European style, with blue frock-coat and pants, with the exception of the red cap upon his head and a fan in his hand. He wore over his dress a rather short olive cloth cloak, which set very gracefully upon him. As he passed we pulled off our hats and waved them valiantly, to which he returned a gracious smile. He was an intelligent and very fine-looking man.

In various directions upon these extensive hills are erected marble pillars, to commemorate the achievements in archery of himself and predecessors. From what we have been told, Sultan Mahmoud excelled them all in the distance to which he could throw the arrow. He appeared to be a favourite with the people, and was on the throne a period of near thirty years, longer, I believe, than any of his predecessors. His appearance was uncommonly commanding, and his countenance indicated character and intelligence.

On every Friday (their Sabbath) he used to go in state to a mosque; and generally, on the Asiatic side, in summer, he repaired to a smaller one, not very distant from his summer palace. For this purpose he passed some distance either up or down the Bosphorus by water, and on landing, rode on horseback to the place of worship. Such a pageant, such a truly Oriental and fairy scene, can scarcely be imagined. The magnificence and massive richness of the state barges far exceeded, in reality, all the gaudy and florid descriptions that language can possibly convey. Three immense barges made up the group. That in which the sultan went much exceeded the others in dimensions, and was a little in advance of the two that accompanied him, one on each side. They were all rowed by a large number of expert oarsmen, and were canopied over with rich silk and gilded drapery. Within were sumptuous otto-

mans, sofas, and cushions, loaded with golden ornaments, glittering like a magic scene of enchantment in the sun and on the waves.

> "The barge he sat in, like a burnish'd throne
> Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
> The winds were lovesick with them: the oars were silver;
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
> The water which they beat to follow faster."

Three or four of his favourites accompanied him. The other barges contained the rest of his court. As he landed upon the wharf, a band struck up a peal of excellent martial music, and between a long line of soldiers he mounted a noble Arabian horse most richly caparisoned. A number of his ministers rode by his side and behind him, and thus they proceeded to the mosque. A group of military officers in full dress were also at the landing-place; and directly, as he mounted his horse, they all bowed their heads almost to the ground as he passed. There was no shouting, no noise—but the music. The Turks never remove their caps as a mark of respect; but if any Franks were about or near, it was expected of them to take off their hats. From the time he left the palace until he entered the mosque, there was a thundering roar of cannon from all the ships-of-war, and also from a great number of pieces placed on the heights around. It is a most noisy, blazing, and smoking time indeed, but the spectacle altogether is one of the most imposing and grand that can be imagined. When he returned from the mosque to the palace, it was by some private way, unobserved.

In all this multitude not a female was to be seen! Poor woman! What a disgusting and degraded state she is in, in this land of Mohammedanism; and so long as this continues, so long will man continue ignorant and

debased. It is humiliating and painful to the greatest degree to contemplate the degraded light in which they are looked upon, but more so to witness it. They are never seen in places of worship; nor, at the houses of the best Turks, do women ever make a part of the society of the most intimate friends of their lords and masters on any occasion whatever. Never have I seen an instance of one of their women riding with their husbands.

The women are in public invariably alone. If it is discovered that any improper intercourse has taken place between a Turkish woman and a Frank, it is certain death to her, and either death or the most ignominious punishment to the man. The woman, without judge or jury, is sewn up in a bag, by order of the husband, and thrown into the Bosphorus.

If the Christian religion had no brighter star to recommend it to the adoption and practice of all the nations of the earth, than that of giving to lovely woman her proper, just, and noble elevation in society, this alone would entitle it to universal sanction and adoption. Every man in every country, who misuses and abuses this best of gifts and most precious of treasures, ought to, and will meet, at an early or a later day, with justice retributive and merited. Devoutly thankful I am, that the lot of our countrywomen has not been cast in this benighted land.

The Armenians and the Greeks, who profess a modification of the Christian religion, ought assuredly to hold up to general detestation such unrighteous and unnatural treatment of woman; but, from what I have heard at Constantinople, they are not entirely exempt from the influence of bad examples.

The religious tenets of the Armenians permit them

to have only one wife, and they admit them into their temples of worship in a gallery, as the Jews do; but the galleries of the former are closely grated, so that you cannot distinguish a feature of their faces. After the men have got through with their religious exercises, some of the females come down into the church below, and manifest their communion and fellowship by kissing a book in the hands of the officiating priests, and then kneel before the altar. They are all covered with the disgusting habiliments of the Turkish women. The laws, moral and ecclesiastical, which bind the sexes in these churches, I very much fear, are too lax and insecure, and particularly so among the Greeks.

Scutari is a fashionable resort in the summer afternoon for the richer class of Turks, where they are seen lounging in their carriages and eating ice-cream. We have before spoken of the ordinary description of wheeled vehicle or clumsy-painted cart in which the women are seen riding. The better description of this machine, in which the rich ride, is seldom seen except at Scutari, and differs from the common kind only in being more fantastically ornamented with red silk, gilded and carved work, and other trappings, and sometimes also with precious stones. This is also drawn by a couple of oxen.

THE BOSPHORUS, BLACK SEA, AND DANUBE.

We took our leave of the Ottoman capital on the 20th of July, and proceeded in an Austrian steamer through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, which latter we crossed to one of the mouths of the Danube, and thence continued up that noble river, one of the longest and largest in Europe, stopping at Galatz, in Moldavia, on the European side, where we were not permitted to land, and from thence pursued our course, touching at many towns on the Turkish side, with which we had free intercourse, and, after a voyage of twelve days and nights, we finally reached our place of destination, *Orsova*, on the extreme limit of Hungary.

The whole Bosphorus, from Constantinople to the Black Sea, is one of the most beautiful routes we ever passed. On each side there is a succession of mountain, and green valley, and villas, presenting bold, richly-variegated, and picturesque scenery. The progress up the Bosphorus is slow, in consequence of the very strong and rapid current which comes down from the Black Sea.

On reaching the Black Sea we were struck with the dark colour of its water, and think it very appropriately named, when compared with the appearance of other seas that we have voyaged in. It is certainly of a much blacker hue even than the broad Atlantic, and contrasted still more forcibly with the light-green waters of the Mediterranean.

Our voyage across this expanse was pleasant, with the exception of one day of blowy weather, when we had a short and rough motion of the waves, and when most of us, and even those who had thought themselves tolerable sailors, were unpleasantly disturbed.

Three or four days, however, put a period to our inconveniences from this source, and brought us to the mouth of the Danube, which, from the well-known extreme length of that river, we found much narrower than we had anticipated, which is explained by the fact that the Danube, like the Nile, has a Delta, or several mouths.

The generally low and marshy character of the banks of the Danube, through the several hundred miles that we ascended it from its outlet, presented a very uninteresting appearance, and denoted the unhealthiness of the whole of this extensive region, of the truth of which we afterward had full confirmation in the sickness of some of our party, who were severely handled with remittent and intermittent fevers.

On our left we saw the extensive range of the high Balkan Mountains, where the Russian armies, a few years since, met and defeated the hordes of the sultan, and drove them beyond Adrianople.

The Turkish, or left side of the Danube, in ascending through its whole extent to Orsova, is far more interesting, and in a higher state of cultivation, and possesses a much greater number of beautiful towns and villages than the Moldavian and Wallachian. The numerous minarets and mosques on the Turkish banks strikingly contrast with the more humble and unobtrusive Christian temples on the opposite side of the river.

Contrary to our expectations, the Turkish territory

seemed evidently to present, in its advanced state of agriculture and general appearance of comfort, a much higher degree of civilization and social improvement than had been attained by their Christian neighbours.

Through the entire extent of Moldavia and Wallachia, the bank of the river is guarded every mile or two by a military post, to prevent the landing of travellers and the introduction of merchandise, and thereby to exclude the propagation of the plague, the inhabitants of those regions fully believing in its contagious character.

Many of these military posts are surrounded by extensive morasses, which have the appearance of canebrakes or rushes on our American rivers; and, to judge from the look of the soldiery and the inhabitants on both sides the Danube, and their pale and cadaverous complexion, we have no doubt that they suffer, most of the time, from the effects of malaria, which must exist in great abundance throughout the entire route to Orsova. Yet, notwithstanding the general marshy character of its shores, this river has a strong current, which is a great impediment in ascending the stream.

Our steamer, owing to the commencement of the rapids some miles below Orsova, could not go up to the landing-place, and we were towed up along the Turkish side in a kind of scow, from which we occasionally landed for exercise, but always at the point of the bayonet, being constantly under the escort of a military guard, to prevent our running away or the plague running out of us; but their kind protection was the most disagreeable plague we had to contend with.

Overjoyed as we were on again putting foot on Christian ground, we could not help at times exhibiting more or less hilarity, and now and then laughing outright at the mummery of this rigid surveillance upon our

persons and effects. As often as we did so, however, the ludicrous character of the scene was heightened by the pompous solemnity with which we were restrained by our guards often actually charging bayonet upon us to keep us in file, and at the same time taking care to preserve themselves at the other end of the musket at due pestilential distance.

From Orsova, as soon as we landed, we were deliberately marched off to prison in military style, where we were to remain ten days, to go through the ordeal of purification from the pest. It amused us much to observe with what care we were prevented from coming near the very oxen that drew our baggage to the quarantine establishment. The moment we approached them the guards were on the alert, and interposed their sticks and guns. In the language of this country, we were not fit to mingle even with the beasts, being considered ourselves as pestiferous. The general idea in the East is, that the pest is received, carried, and spread most readily by dogs, cats, and all similarly-clothed animals, in which category, it would seem, are included the poor oxen.

The quarantine establishment is about half a mile from the little town of Orsova, and is a large range of buildings, surrounded by high walls and guarded by soldiers. Orsova is in Hungary, about a mile from the frontier of Wallachia, and is directly opposite the kingdom of Servia, which is the last of the provinces which are tributary to the sultan. Servia is so far independent as to have a prince of her own, who is under the surveillance of Russia. She professes a form of the Christian religion similar to the Greek Church, but strangely pays a tribute to the Ottoman Porte.

On arriving within the enclosure of the lazaretto, the

doctor presented himself, but kept us at a respectful distance with his cane, considering us, no doubt, as damaged goods. He only touched our passports with the end of his stick when they were held up for him to read. This formality being ended, we were shown into our prison apartments; for *prison* it was in truth. We were locked up in one room, with a man to guard and attend to us, and were not allowed to take a step out of the enclosure without him. The windows, moreover, were grated with iron bars; and the window of the room in which I was had additionally a wire network outside the bars, to prevent the occupant from taking improper liberties with several provoking bunches of delicious-looking grapes that dangled down and nearly touched the grating.

It was something new in my history to be put under lock and key. At regular hours we were locked in like convicted criminals, and had only the liberty of our rooms and a small court in front of them.

The morning after our arrival, we stood at the gate of our apartments, and put our noses between the bars to snuff up some of the pure and free Hungarian air outside; but it was a squeezing experiment, though a very common and natural one, for all poor prisoners situated as we were.

At first we were all ordered to occupy one small room, being told that there were no others vacant. While viewing this apartment, and debating upon the inconveniences of such close confinement, itself almost sufficient to generate a plague rather than to disinfect us of impurity, my German servant Henry, observing our dissatisfaction, went of his own accord in search of the doctor; and, having made him acquainted with my name, the doctor emphatically asked him if I was Dr.

Mott from New-York; and, being informed that such was the fact, he expressed his utter astonishment that I should have got into such a box, and remarking that he was perfectly familiar with my professional character, returned immediately with my servant to introduce himself.

As he now approached my prison-cell, he pulled off his hat most graciously, and I the same with mine, not wishing to be outdone in courtesy, even in a prison, as it is always my rule to permit no person to excel me in politeness.

He told me he was rejoiced to find in me a brother chip, and one with whose name he had been familiar for years through the German medical works. He very politely requested me to follow him, saying that he would give me the very best apartments in the establishment. He immediately conducted us to a different part of the building, where I was furnished with a room to myself, one for my companions, also a kitchen, and a large room for the unpacking and airing of our baggage, and the accommodation of our considerate Henry, but for whose thoughtful attentions and knowledge of German we should have had nothing but the hard fare of common criminals.

During our whole confinement afterward the doctor visited us daily to inquire after our health, and to know if we were well taken care of, which we in truth were; our accommodations now, both in respect to food and lodging, being in every point of view comfortable.

Attentions under such circumstances can never be forgotten. A friend in need is a friend indeed, as the homely but excellent proverb has it; and I must take this occasion to express my deep thanks for the very handsome and kind manner in which the physician of

the lazaretto at Orsova welcomed the wearied strangers from the East, and mitigated, and almost made them forget, their prison confinement.

Having completed our quarantine of ten days, we took leave of our excellent friend the doctor, who cordially shook us by the hand and wished us a most happy voyage, expressing a hope that we should meet again.

Having one day now to spare before we were to set out for Vienna, we took wagons from our hotel, and proceeded through a most charming ride of picturesque mountain scenery, and, at the distance of ten miles, reached the town of Mahadia, one of the most fashionable watering-places in Hungary. Here we met a great deal of the best society of Hungary and other parts of Europe. The waters are thermal and chalybeate, and the arrangements for the baths delightful. I never visited a more beautiful place of the kind than this. The accommodations of hotels and private houses were of the very best description; the fare, to us particularly, after our perils and sufferings, most luxurious; and the lovely and romantic drives, and shady promenades, and gravelled walks, all that the most fastidious taste could possibly desire. It was, in truth, coming off our severe journey, a Paradise to us, and we passed the day most deliciously, forgetting all our past troubles, and revelling in the midst of music, beauty, and enchantment of every sort.

In the evening we returned reluctantly to Orsova, and prepared for our departure early the next morning.

We started accordingly, in an open wagon, and passed over the mountainous region of upward of 20 miles in extent, and through which the Danube penetrates by a gorge not dissimilar to our Highlands of the Hudson,

being the only mountain spur through the whole extent of this father of European rivers. Through this passage, called the *Iron Gate*, the entire river is compressed into whirling rapids, making it impracticable and unsafe for steamboats either up or down.

Occasionally the inhabitants venture down in flat-bottomed boats, much to their peril, as frequent fatal accidents have happened; and it was here recently, and since our visit, that some of my countrymen, attempting to pass in this manner, on their return from a tour to the East, met with a premature and watery grave; a mournful termination to overtake them, just as they were completing, no doubt, their long journey, and about to embrace their kindred and their friends.

After a most delightful ride over a very costly and beautiful road through the mountains, a part of which is close to the margin of the river, we reached the Danube again above the rapids, and there took steamboat, and, after visiting Pest, the capital of Hungary, and also Presburg, we arrived at Vienna in a voyage of about ten days.

Recruiting here a few days, and revisiting all the more interesting objects of the Austrian capital, we returned, in a rapid journey of ten days, to Paris.

Thus, at length, was our long and somewhat perilous tour of six months in the East brought to a close, and I was again once more restored to the society of my family at their residence in the French capital, and which, as my head-quarters during six years' absence in Europe, had become to me, in every sense, a second home.

The feeling of joy and thankfulness that this happy issue produced cannot well be conceived. Contented and grateful I am, that Providence has permitted me to traverse so wide a range of countries, and brought me

unharmed through so many perils; that, exposed as I have been to the baneful influence of various climates, and even also to the dreaded pestilence of the East, I have been, through His mercy, preserved from them all. For this favour, and for all the blessings I have constantly had spread before me, at home and through life, may I never cease to feel grateful.

THE END.

New-York, 1842.

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